

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVIII. — JULY, 1901. — No. DXXV.

KING ALFRED.

WE cannot, as Americans, be expected to agree with King James I., that "*the state of Monarchie is the supreme thing on earth,*" although, being children of the twentieth century, we are almost equally startled to hear from our own John Eliot, in his Christian Commonwealth, that for a Christian people to take the pattern of their government from the nations of the world — that is, to have a mortal king — would be "an offence to Christ, who intends to rule them himself." Assailed by Seylla on the one side, as represented by the self-complacent King James, and pressed by Charybdis on the other, in the shape of our insistently dogmatizing Apostle to the Indians, we might do far worse than take refuge with quaint old Sir John Fortescue, who, in his time of exile, — twenty odd years before America was discovered, — showed how and why it was "*the office and duty of a king to fight the batailles of his people, and also rightly to judge them.*"

Whatever our theoretical views may be as to the availability of kings in modern political circumstances, there is something that appeals to us in the chastened mood underlying the exiled chief justice's account of kingship. His utterance, moreover, fits the case of King Alfred, whose leadership shone out most conspicuously when he was at Athelney, — an exile in his own land of Wessex. After all, Fortescue's definition of kingly duty is but paraphrased from that which was on the lips of Israel when they re-

fused to obey the voice of Samuel, and clamored for Saul to rule over them. Who would not prefer to take his chances under Alfred in the marsh lands of Athelney rather than to live openly in the subjection of Eliot's Christian Commonwealth?

Of course, such a simple and straightforward account of kingship as Fortescue's was better suited alike to the circumstances of Israel in the days of the Judges, and of Britons and Anglo-Saxons at the time of the Danish invasion, than to the situation of the English during the wars of the Roses, when Sir John wrote his Praises of English Laws. For this reason, therefore, it is startling to find in Alfred's practice a parallel and precedent for the further dictum of Sir John Fortescue, that "*the King of England cannot change the laws at his pleasure.*" Indeed, we might almost say that Alfred gave the reason for Sir John's dictum five hundred years beforehand, when he explained, in the preamble to his laws, that he had added no new enactments to take the place of those of his predecessors omitted, with the advice and consent of his wise men, because he "could not know whether those who came after us would approve." It looks, then, as if Alfred and Sir John Fortescue were of one mind with Pym as to the relation of an English king to the laws of the realm. "The laws of this kingdom," said Pym in his arraignment of Strafford, "have invested the Royall Crowne with power sufficient for the

manifestation of his goodness and of his greatness."

It was accordingly a pardonable twisting of the actual facts of history in which the Puritans indulged themselves, when they pressed Alfred into their service against the arbitrary usurpations of the Stuarts. Our own William Penn, not a very noteworthy opponent, in later life, of the royal Stuarts, when he defended his good right to hold a meeting in the London streets, associated the goodness and greatness of Alfred with the liberties of Magna Charta and the immemorial immunity of Englishmen from arbitrary rule; and we also read of a similar incident in the early annals of the Anne Arundel County colonists. Indeed, the roll is a long one of those who, at moments of intense political feeling, dwelt fondly on the dim records of Alfred and Old English rule. Inevitably, these far-off worthies gathered around them all the perfections which were looked for, and not found, in contemporary sovereigns.

This habit of retrospection can be traced back, in one form or another, to the time of the Norman Conquest; and the glorification of Old English rule began under William the Conqueror's youngest son, King Henry I., who by his marriage and administration of affairs conciliated the vanquished Anglo-Saxons. But, curiously enough, Alfred had at the outset little or no part in this Saxon revival. Under the guidance of the Church, praises and retrospective glories clustered around that insignificant descendant of Alfred, one of the feeblest of Old English kings, St. Edward the Confessor. Lives of this saint appeared which glorified in him the good old days before the Conquest, and paid little or no heed to historical facts. As time went on, and the mediæval ideals of saintliness which were bound up with the popular picture of St. Edward lost their hold, the Confessor bulked less, and Alfred more, while the dictates of piety yielded to those of patriotism in these

unhistorical retrospections. The like them have always been dear to the English-speaking race, as we know by the popular vogue of the well-invented tale of Alfred burning the cakes, and the no less admirably devised story of Washington and the cherry tree. The very surname of "the Great" habitually attached to King Alfred dates, apparently, from the discussions on government so vigorously maintained in England during the seventeenth century, an epoch proverbially devoid of the critical sense in dealing with history. Alfred's praises were not sung by assailants of the royal prerogative alone; he was also held up by the champions of Charles I. as the typically perfect king, "God's vicegerent, and the head of the Commonwealth."

The historian Freeman, whose account of Alfred in the Dictionary of National Biography is one of his most memorable works, rejects for his hero this surname of "the Great," — which he would have to share with a Napoleon, — and deems him more suitably designated by his Christian name unqualified. Doubtless this point is well taken, and we may accordingly agree to abstain from calling Alfred "the Great," because he so utterly deserves the title. Indeed, the chief reason for being very critical as to the facts of our king's history — for being at some pains in rejecting the fables and inventions that swarm about him — is that his record requires no embellishment. None of all the unhistorical and enthusiastic improvisations about Alfred make him out better or greater than the unvarnished facts will warrant. "Even his legendary reputation," says Freeman, "is hardly too great for his merits."

Alfred himself took the matter of his own good fame very much to heart, as we know from an interpolation, for which he alone is responsible, which occurs in the thirteenth chapter of his translation of Boethius. He there speaks of a

man's good fame as of dearer worth than any wealth; "nor can any man with sword slay it," he adds, "nor with rope bind, nor does it ever perish." Again, later on in the same work, Alfred breaks away from his Latin original to make what we may call his plea for fair and serious treatment at the bar of posterity, as follows: "It behooves me in all truth to say that my resolve has been to live worthily, and to leave to men who should come after I have lived a remembrance of me in good works."

That being Alfred's own express mind, those who admire him must be doubly cautious how they accept as history the tales and legends that cluster about his name. They may note the fact that many glorious institutions of which he never dreamt — such as trial by jury, the British navy, the subdivision of England into shires — have had Alfred thrust upon them as their founder; but they must not suffer controversies as to these facts to obscure his genuine quality. His character was straightforward, uncomplicated, and his really great achievements are enough to assure him lasting fame.

To begin with, Alfred literally and ideally performed the whole duty of a king: he fought the battles of his people, and also rightly judged them. But over and above all this, he devoted himself, late in life, and for the sake of his people, to a strenuous course of book-learning, in which he persisted under incredibly adverse circumstances. Indeed, in this regard his high conception of the duties of kingship, along with the remarkable abilities which it called into play, forces us to place him side by side with Marcus Aurelius. But there is a difference, all in favor of Alfred's shrewder and more utterly self-devoted practical mind. Marcus Aurelius strove to realize in his own person the Platonic dream of a philosopher-king. Alfred did not think of himself or of philosophy. He thought only of the pity it

was to live in a time when barbarian hordes had destroyed schools, churches, and libraries. And this thought nerved him, even in the midst of alarms and affrays which had made of the first half of his reign a veritable Dance of Death, to think of writing, and causing to be multiplied for his people, such books as were most indispensable to ransom them from ignorance and barbarism. In short, Alfred was resolved to give to his people the means of self-improvement.

Charlemagne — a friend of Alfred's grandfather, King Egbert of Wessex — would certainly have sympathized with this determination to provide the people with means of self-improvement. Indeed, so far as Alfred merely preoccupied himself with securing learned bishops and encouraging sound schools, he was but doing in Wessex, and on a smaller scale, what Charlemagne had done, on a larger scale, for his far wider realm. But when Alfred undertook the task of himself preparing an Old English version of Orosius by way of providing his unlettered subjects with an encyclopædia of useful knowledge, and when he prepared his version of Boethius on Consolation and of Gregory's Pastoral Care for the spiritual edification of his Anglo-Saxons, then he went where the unlettered Charlemagne could not have followed him. Alfred showed, in fact, both in this and in other particulars, a certain suppleness and resourcefulness of mind which seems to indicate in him some strain of Celtic ancestry mingling with the robust vigor of his Teutonic nature.

How hard to deal with, in the matter of book-learning, Alfred believed the best of his Anglo-Saxons to be is shown by a well-known passage in the preface to his translation of Gregory's Pastoral Care. Alfred begins by lamenting the havoc wrought by the Danes, and proposes to his bishops that they should join him in translating certain books "which are most useful for all to know into the language which we can all un-

derstand." These translations can be made most easily, he urges, "if we have tranquillity enough." Here we note how the fear of more pillaging and marauding Danes is always lurking behind every plan and mocking every hope. Given the necessary "tranquillity," Alfred proceeds to unfold the crowning hope of all, and proposes that "all the youth now in England, freemen who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn, as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until they are well able to read English writing." Alfred had no illusions. He knew his Saxons well, and did not dream of elaborate schooling for them. This proposal, so carefully led up to, does not so much as hint at their learning to write.

It would doubtless be absurd to read too much between the lines of these prefatory suggestions made by Alfred to his bishops. And yet, such as they are, these suggestions form the chief basis of fact for that educational marvel of the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James, — the story of Oxford University, and more particularly of University College, Oxford, founded by Alfred the Great in the ninth century A. D. The neighborhood of Oxford was at that time far too favorite a haunt of the Danes to make the myth of Alfred's foundation there at all plausible. Alfred founded no Oxford Colleges; University College has as little connection with him as the King's Hall, now Brasenose College, Oxford. Those, however, who know modern Oxford best can see there something of Alfred's mind; his intense conviction, for instance, that national life without national education cuts a people off from the enlightened service of God and the Commonwealth. Alike at Oxford and at Cambridge, so much is patriotically sacrificed to the needs of the nation at large, so much is done in order to "man" the British Empire, that we may claim for both in equal measure that they are

regulated in the spirit of him who was "the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper." And yet, when we put the fullness and the complications of modern English life and education alongside of the utter and semi-savage poverty of life in Alfred's day, parallels and comparisons seem far-fetched and strained. But Alfred's prophetic appreciation of the need of learning shines out all the more vividly, like a beacon in the night of primitive ignorance. When contemporaneous surroundings are taken into account, we are constrained, in order to match in any way Alfred's proposals, just quoted, and the laborious steadfastness with which he did his part in carrying them out, to turn from the mother country to the colonies, and to those fears and tumults in the midst of which Harvard College, or rather the grammar school which so soon became Harvard College, came into being. "Not Marina herself," said Lowell, "had a more blustering birth or a more chiding nativity." The same may be said of Alfred's educational essays. Indeed, it is from Alfred himself that we learn of the ghastly shipwreck of learning and holy living in England for which he strove so hard to find some remedy. "I saw," he says to his bishops, — "I saw, before it had all been ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books." Alfred's remedial efforts were certainly not in vain, since, thanks to them, English prose literature had far earlier beginnings than the prose of any other European nation or literature of modern times.

For those who may be moved to scan more closely the career of Alfred, his life by Freeman, already alluded to, is ready to hand; and with it may most profitably be read an exceedingly careful and serviceable little book, just published, by Mr. Warwick H. Draper, M. A., late scholar of University College,

Oxford, and entitled Alfred the Great. A Sketch and Seven Studies.¹ Careful study must lead us all to conclude that Alfred is by no means the hazy, mythological personage which uncritical enthusiasm once threatened to make of him. He has escaped the fate of his descendant, St. Edward the Confessor, and we can form a clearly defined outline, if not a complete picture, of his life and character. Superstitions he had with which we cannot sympathize, such as the notion that the fires of Etna were infernal, and had therefore been perceptibly less fierce since the birth of Christ. But are we not learning in America — almost with a sense of relief — that the moral perfections of George Washington were not incompatible with his well-authenticated employment, upon occasion, of exceedingly strong language?

If this be our case with Washington, shall we not put up with a dash of superstition in one who has achieved the dangerous preëminence of being called "the most perfect character in history," and of being not infrequently coupled with Washington?

It will indeed be a healthy result of this year's celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of Alfred's death, fixed to take place at Winchester in July, if we learn to prize with discrimination the lessons conveyed by the life of Alfred, who was the father and founder of a great race. Indeed, he was himself the first exemplar of the virtues held in highest esteem by that race the world over, but nowhere more highly rated than in England and America, whose political and social institutions still embody so much of Alfred's spirit.

Louis Dyer.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TRUSTS.

NEITHER the trust nor the dread of trusts is essentially a new thing. That vast industrial expansion which marks the transition to what we call modern times brought with it instantly, four centuries ago, corners and combinations of capital much like those of to-day; proceeding by like methods to the same purpose; evoking expressions of complaint and denunciation which Mr. Lloyd or Mr. Bryan might mistake for their own, and restrictive legislation framed like that of our own time; and exhibiting much the same degree of sincerity and effectiveness.

But the early combinations, in contrast with those which we know, have this fact of added interest: they ran their course. The phenomenon may there be observed with tolerable completeness from its rise to its culmination,

¹ London, Eliot Stock, 1901.

and then to its end, when it died by a sort of half suicide, as a huge accident hastened in their action the elements of death contained within the thing itself.

The whole process may be studied most conveniently in Germany. Frankfort was the greatest trading city of the earth, and Germany was the "chief central market for the commerce of the world." Her traders reached out through the Rhine to the British Isles, through the Hanse to the whole north, westward into France, and, by a long chain of cities from Basel to Vienna, over the passes of the Alps to Italy and the Orient. The Venetian government gathered a considerable share of its revenue from the taxation of German merchants, who carried in or out of the port of Venice wares of a value which at that day seemed incredible. Fortunes grew with something like twentieth-century swiftness. The

house of Fugger increased its capital, between 1511 and 1527, from 196,761 gulden to 2,021,202, and Count Anton Fugger possessed at his death, in 1548, 6,000,000 gulden in specie and paper, besides great possessions in real estate. This house was more wealthy by five times than the Florentine Medici, who had been the chief capitalists of the preceding century. It is said that the profit on mercantile capital for a trading season of only one hundred days in a year was not unfrequently 430 to 450 per cent.

Germany, which had been barbarous, now awakened the admiration of foreigners, who declared that she "exceeded all other nations in greatness and power," and that "no other country had received in equal measure the favor of God." The power of the great merchants and the great capitalist families was likened to that of princes. A writer of the times says of one of these men that "the Pope saluted him as his son; the cardinals stood in his presence; emperors, kings, princes, and lords send ambassadors to him; all the merchants of the world declare his magnificence, and even the heathen regard him with wonder."

A good understanding united the capitalists of Germany with those of other countries, especially Italy, so that they were enabled to call on one another for aid in emergencies. The world-wide "money power" of those days, with its compactness and organization, thus had at its disposal a force which no potentate could defy. These men held a mortgage on the revenues of the Church; their agents traveled with the sellers of indulgences in the days of Luther, and half the receipts from this source throughout a third of Germany were theirs. We well know the results of those excesses to which their demands urged on this traffic. They overthrew the democracy of Augsburg, and replaced it with an oligarchy. They decided the imperial election of 1519, by withdrawing credit

from one candidate, and purchasing electoral votes for another, so that Charles V., the greatest ruler of a thousand years, was their appointee.

A new swiftness and eagerness of movement and action in the townspeople was matter of common remark. That was the age, as Professor Lamprecht observes, when men began to entertain "the modern conception of time." The conscious need for a more careful account of the flying hours called forth from a Nuremberg youth of twenty the invention of pocket clocks, impelled by springs, and in the city of Nuremberg four clocks on towers struck the quarter hours; giving notice a hundred times daily that the age of leisurely, half-indolent labor was ended, — a hundred times repeating the admonition to hasten, for the day was passing, or the warning that a new day of activity was approaching. Then, also, Sebastian Franck, the scholar, announced that "time is a precious commodity, which we should employ with the sharpest economy."

In this age of strenuous activity, intensified competition, and swelling wealth, the power conferred by combination in business could not be overlooked, and the discipline of lengthening business experience soon gave aptitude for combination. Peasants, nobles, clergy, and smaller tradespeople united in protest against the great companies. "Who is so stupid," wrote Luther, "as not to see that the companies are nothing but downright monopolies, which even the worldly, heathen laws forbid? For they have brought all kinds of wares under their control, and do with them as they will, and boldly make these things rise or fall, according to their fancy, and oppress and destroy all the small merchants, as the pike devours the little fish in the water." A complaint of the Knights in 1523 declared that the companies "without doubt rob the German nation more within a year, under cover, than the other robbers of the highway

in ten years; yet they are not called to account, but are held in honor." Representatives of the hereditary Hapsburg dominions complained at Innsbruck, in 1518, that the trading companies were so powerful as to "make prices at will," and the peasants of the Inn valley repeatedly petitioned for help against the destruction of all small artisans and merchants by the monopolies of the great.

Attempts at monopoly were sometimes local; sometimes they extended to wider areas, especially to foreign trade. In some instances, wealthy merchants or companies bought up commodities of all sorts by outbidding in the market place, or even intercepting goods before they had passed into the town. These were the "forestallers" or "engrossers" of English industrial history, "cheats, who flayed the people, taking not only unnecessary foreign rubbish, but also what is indispensable to life, as corn, flesh, and wine; screwing up prices according to their greed and covetousness, and fattening themselves on the cruel labor of the poor." Sometimes the producers of one kind of goods in a town entered into an agreement to fix prices; most frequently, of course, in trades where considerable capital was needed for implements or materials. There were many such instances among the fishermen, bakers, and butchers, and at Nuremberg the city established municipal breweries to check the extortion of the brewers' trust.

The combinations which, in their magnitude and methods, most nearly resembled the trusts of the present day were corners in foreign trade, or in domestic commodities like the metals, which had a limited area of production. They were made possible by two facts then new in business life: capital had accumulated so that a few persons were enabled to undertake large enterprises, and the habit of faithful coöperation had reached a certain rough perfection without which it would have been impossible for even a few men to act concertedly.

In the foreign trade, especially, great wealth was necessary, not only for making large purchases, but also to defray traveling expenses and provide depots *en route*. As early as the first half of the fifteenth century, merchants sometimes purchased, particularly at Venice, quantities of Oriental wares, — spices, silks, gold brocade, ginger, cinnamon, pepper, etc., — and, after consulting the chief merchants of the empire, fixed a price for each commodity. This method was later applied also to domestic commodities, such as hardware, leather, tallow, and agricultural products. Tradesmen who refused to enter into this arrangement were crushed out by a sudden lowering of prices. When competition had been stifled, prices rose again.

Attempts to repress the monopolists were frequent. The city council of Cologne, in 1505, commanded all the agents of the great south German trading company to leave the city, "because they brought no benefit or advantage to the common man or the city, but only great damage." If any of these persons wished to remain, he must become a citizen, and take oath not to carry on trade with any capital but his own. This enactment was evaded, and after a time another order forbade all persons to deal with the offenders. No better success attended similar legislation by the diets of states or the empire. In 1512, the imperial diet, in session at Cologne, made its first attack on the trading companies. It was "ordained and established that their pernicious business [of monopoly] be forbidden and cease, and that no one carry on or practice the same. Yet whoever shall do so in future, his property and chattels shall be confiscated and forfeited to the government having jurisdiction." The several states were commanded to proceed vigorously against the offenders, and were themselves made liable to the imperial authority for remissness in this duty. This prohibition was not enforced, in spite of querulous repetition at fre-

quent intervals during the remainder of the century. The failure of all such legislation is, however, in no wise mysterious. One who has even a superficial acquaintance with our own economic society must understand how the influence of great wealth in that day could make itself felt, through fear or favor, by every class, with a pressure as penetrating as that of the atmosphere. Many of the monopolists held places in the councils of cities or of princes; other officials were induced to make advantageous investments with the companies, or were purchased outright.

Of all these great trading combinations, the most famous was an attempt in 1498 at cornering copper. It united the resources of the Fuggers, the Herwarts, the Gossenbrots, and the Paumgartens, — a proportion of the world's capital which few syndicates of the present day have been able to command. Yet it failed. By the terms of the agreement, which is still extant, each of the associates was bound to procure a certain weight of Hungarian and Tyrolese copper, and bring it to the great market in Venice, where the metal was to be sold for the profit of the partners, at prices between an agreed maximum and minimum, expenses being shared in proportion to the several holdings. Ulrich Fugger and his brothers were to act alone as "trustees" in managing the sale of the common stock. The Fuggers were soon eager to abandon the enterprise. In little more than a year from the first agreement they sold out to their partners, receiving for their copper only thirty-six and one third ducats per unit of weight, although the lowest price allowed under the original contract was forty-three ducats. They agreed to abstain from hampering their former associates by entering the Venetian market before the syndicate had disposed of its stock, but promptly offered a quantity of copper for sale in Venice, through their associates, the Thurzi, and justified them-

selves by asserting that they were not forbidden to sell copper, and could not prevent its then going to Venice. The enterprise as a whole was defeated by the abundant production of copper in Hungary, which made it impossible to maintain prices. Dr. Conrad Peutinger, of Augsburg, was appealed to for a decision between the parties in their quarrel. He condemned the Fuggers for their treachery, but affirmed the legitimacy of the pool by use of the distinction so familiar to-day between reasonable and unreasonable prices. The copper was to be sold quickly at a moderate price (a maximum having been fixed upon as well as a minimum), and the agreement was therefore not injurious to the public. The permanent significance of the whole enterprise was expressed by Peutinger, a few years later, in the conclusion that a monopoly of copper is impossible, because the source of supply is indefinitely great.

Disaster more dreadful befell the Hoechstetters in an attempt at cornering quicksilver, — a seemingly light task, as the metal came chiefly from a single small district in the Austrian dominions. A monopoly at this source was in fact secured, but the discovery of new deposits in Spain and Hungary entailed not merely the failure of that enterprise, but the utter ruin of the Hoechstetter house. Similarly, the Meyers of Augsburg are said to have expiated, by the loss of twenty casks of gold, their indiscretion in attempting a corner in tin. The family of the Welsers, which had been famous in war and peace for nearly seven glorious centuries, yielded to the baleful fascination of similar projects, and history has had no further concern with the broken house of Welsch. The Elector August of Saxony entered into an association for monopolizing pepper as well as a great variety of drugs and spices. In the wreck which followed, two of his partners took refuge in suicide, while the elector himself gained

prudence, which he exhibited in later years by resisting like temptation from other venturesome spirits.

The monopolies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries probably caused occasional hardship, when articles for sale in local markets were bought up and held at advanced prices; but the commodities most commonly dealt in were not those of indispensable use. Luxuries of foreign origin were most frequently chosen for attempts at monopoly; and with regard to these, it is not difficult to argue in justification of agreements to secure high prices. The commerce of that time was beset with dangers by land and sea, and its losses occasionally fell with terrible force upon the trader. High prices were needed to compensate for these losses, by way of insurance.

The points of resemblance between the industrial combinations of that time and this are sufficiently obvious, and the points of unlikeness are no less easy to indicate. Not only were the grounds of complaint against them the same then as now, but the division between those who fiercely condemned and those who partially or quite condoned the action of the companies followed then, as it does in America to-day, a sectional line. The "populism" of that generation had its home in Germany, which was still new in its industrial greatness. There lay the European "wild west;" there the rural population still contributed powerfully to public opinion, and there the denunciation of monopolies was the loudest; while in Italy — industrially more mature — the urban influence was predominant, and the capitalistic régime was regarded with entire complacency.

What we call trusts — combinations of manufacturers, like the Nuremberg beer combine — were merely local in the earlier period; capital had not accumulated in sufficient amount, and there was too little communication between towns to allow a wide consolidation. The monopolies of spectacular size were commer-

cial monopolies, "corners." Yet the one great generalization deducible from one period holds also of the other. Corners in a world market rarely, if ever, succeed; the relatively successful combinations are the trusts in which protection against competition is, in some degree, secured by the control of highly specialized and costly appliances for production, as in the sugar trust, or (what is essentially the same thing) of appliances for transportation, like the pipe lines of the great oil company.

About the close of the sixteenth century, the opinion was pretty generally accepted that attempts at commercial monopoly were unprofitable. The great capitalists abandoned a form of enterprise which had been discredited by continued failure, and turned their attention to banking operations. It is possible, however, that the monopolies of the sixteenth century might have been more successful if the experiment had been allowed to work itself out unhampered. The ventures of this class which are best known to us failed not wholly because of any necessary impracticability of their own. In the later instances, at least, their ruin was part of a vast tragedy, the death of a nation.

The commerce of Europe, in antiquity, had moved chiefly along the southern periphery of the continent. In the "mediæval" period it had penetrated to the interior, as travel became safer and towns arose. That was the age of great capitalists and great commercial enterprises in central Europe. But after some generations there came another gradual revolution, bringing incalculable blessings to nine tenths of the world, but to the heart of Europe incalculable disaster. Its cause was the improvement of shipbuilding and the rise of the new science of navigation. For thousands of years preceding the age of Columbus there had been no improvement in the methods by which the sailor guided his course. The Venetian mariners, whom Petrarch pitied for

their hazardous life ("How right was that poet who called sailors wretched!"), had no better devices for determining their own position or directing their pathway in the water than those of the fabulous ages when Ulysses wandered blindly on his raft, "gazing on the Pleiads, on Boötes which sets late, and on the Bear which men also call Wagon," and from these guessing helplessly, without knowledge for exact calculation, without compass or chart, "some god our guide." When the fourteenth century ended, to pass far from familiar landmarks was still as then to lose one's self. Shipbuilding lagged in less degree. Ships were so small and fragile that merchants went in small numbers, and fearfully, beyond Gibraltar and up into the rough northern waters, which were fit only for Scandinavian pirates, who attached no value to human life.

In the fifteenth century, almost at a stroke navigation became a science: the compass came into common use; charts were made to exhibit sea routes; and, with the invention of new instruments and new methods for calculation, the determination of a ship's position by means of the sun and stars changed from guesswork to certainty. Vessels were enlarged, their models given new and stronger lines; masts were lengthened and sail space was increased. The danger of losing one's way on the sea was removed, and the chances of shipwreck on an ocean voyage were greatly diminished. The ocean became part of man's

dominion; Madeira, the Azores, America, and the Cape were discovered or rediscovered.

As a highway, the ocean was now not only possible, but preferable; for it is a simple fact of physics that a vehicle moves with less friction, and thus less expenditure of effort, on water than over the best roadways. The ancient roads through Germany and over the Alps were now hardly more than superfluous; their service of communication between north and south, Europe and the Orient, was usurped by the ocean water ways, and the invigorating stream of the world's trade once again swept along the circumference of Europe, fertilizing with its deposits, like another Nile, France, England, and the Netherlands. Grass grew in the streets of German towns, where once the morning and evening tramp of workmen had been compared to the march of great armies. The beggar replaced the merchant prince. Even the country districts declined, and in some places money went out of use, and the primitive method of barter reappeared, while a moderate serfdom gave way to downright slavery. Germany, as one of her own historians says, became the "Cinderella of nations." Germany was a "swamp," said Goethe. The Fugger dwindled; the Welser could no longer withstand the shocks of trade. Capital in abundance and highly perfected business organization, which had made great corporations and combinations possible, disappeared in the general ruin.

Ambrose Paré Winston.

AUDREY.¹VII.²THE RETURN OF MONSIEUR JEAN
HUGON.

To the north the glebe was bounded by a thick wood, a rank and dense "second growth" springing from earth where had once stood, decorously apart, the monster trees of the primeval forest; a wild maze of young trees, saplings and undergrowth, overrun from the tops of the slender, bending pines to the bushes of dogwood and sassafras, and the rotting, ancient stumps and fallen logs, by the uncontrollable, all-spreading vine. It was such a fantastic thicket as one might look to find in fairyland, thorny and impenetrable: here as tall as a ten years' pine, there sunken away to the height of the wild honeysuckles; everywhere backed by blue sky, heavy with odors, filled with the flash of wings and the songs of birds. To the east the thicket fell away to low and marshy grounds, where tall cypresses grew, and myriads of myrtle bushes. Later in the year women and children would venture in upon the unstable earth for the sake of the myrtle berries and their yield of fragrant wax, and once and again an outlying slave had been tracked by men and dogs to the dark recesses of the place; but for the most part it was given over to its immemorial silence. To the south and the west the tobacco fields of Fair View closed in upon the glebe, taking the fertile river bank, and pressing down to the crooked, slow-moving, deeply shadowed creek, upon whose further bank stood the house of the Rev. Gideon Darden.

A more retired spot, a completer se-

questration from the world of mart and highway, it would have been hard to find. In the quiet of the early morning, when the shadows of the trees lay across the dewy grass, and the shadows of the clouds dappled the limpid water, it was an angle of the earth as cloistral and withdrawn as heart of scholar or of anchorite could wish. On one side of the house lay a tiny orchard, and the windows of the living room looked out upon a mist of pink and white apple blooms. The fragrance of the blossoms had been in the room, but could not prevail against the odor of tobacco and rum lately introduced by the master of the house and minister of the parish. Audrey, sitting beside a table which had been drawn in front of the window, turned her face aside, and was away, sense and soul, out of the meanly furnished room into the midst of the great bouquets of bloom, with the blue between and above. Darden, walking up and down, with his pipe in his mouth, and the tobacco smoke curling like an aureole around his bullet head, glanced toward the window and the girl's averted head and idle hands.

"When you have written that which I have told you to write, say so, Audrey," he commanded. "Don't sit there staring at nothing!"

Audrey came back to the present with a start, took up a pen, and drew the standish nearer. "'Answer of Gideon Darden, Minister of Fair View Parish, in Virginia, to the several Queries contained in my Lord Bishop of London's Circular Letter to the Clergy in Virginia,'" she read, and poised her pen in air.

"Read out the questions," ordered Darden, "and write my answer to each in the space beneath. No blots, mind

¹ Copyright, 1901, by MARY JOHNSTON.

² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page in the front of the magazine.

you, and spell not after the promptings of your woman's nature."

Going to a side table, he mixed for himself, in an old battered silver cup, a generous draught of bombo; then, with the drink in his hand, walked heavily across the uncarpeted floor to his arm-chair, which creaked under his weight as he sank into its leathern lap. He put down the rum and water with so unsteady a hand that the liquor spilled, and when he refilled his pipe half the contents of his tobacco box showered down upon his frayed and ancient and unclean coat and breeches. From the pocket of the latter he now drew forth a silver coin, which he balanced for a moment upon his fat forefinger, and finally sent spinning across the table to Audrey.

"'Tis the dregs of thy guinea, child, that Paris and Hugon and I drank at the crossroads last night. 'Burn me,' says I to them, 'if that long-legged lass of mine shan't have a drop in the cup!' And says Hugon"—

What Hugon said did not appear, or was confided to the depths of the tankard which the minister raised to his lips. Audrey looked at the splendid shilling gleaming upon the table beside her, but made no motion toward taking it into closer possession. A little red had come into the clear brown of her cheeks. She was a young girl, with her dreams and fancies, and the golden guinea would have made a dream or two come true.

"'Query the first,'" she read slowly. "'How long since you went to the plantations as missionary?'"

Darden, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes uplifted through the smoke clouds to the ceiling, took his pipe from his mouth, for the better answering of his diocesan. "'My Lord, thirteen years come St. Swithin's day,'" he dictated. "'Signed, Gideon Darden.' Audrey, do not forget thy capitals. Thirteen years! Lord, Lord, the years, how they fly! Hast it down, Audrey?"

Audrey, writing in a slow, fair, clerkly hand, made her period, and turned to the Bishop's second question: "'Had you any other church before you came to that which you now possess?'"

"'No, my Lord,'" said the minister to the Bishop; then to the ceiling: "I came raw from the devil to this parish. Audrey, hast ever heard children say that Satan comes and walks behind me when I go through the forest?"

"Yes," said Audrey, "but their eyes are not good. You go hand in hand."

Darden paused in the lifting of his tankard. "Thy wits are brightening, Audrey; but keep such observations to thyself. It is only the schoolmaster with whom I walk. Go on to the next question."

The Bishop desired to know how long the minister addressed had been inducted into his living. The minister addressed, leaning forward, laid it off to his Lordship how that the vestries in Virginia did not incline to have ministers inducted, and, being very powerful, kept the poor servants of the Church upon uneasy seats; but that he, Gideon Darden, had the love of his flock, rich and poor, gentle and simple, and that in the first year of his ministry the gentlemen of his vestry had been pleased to present his name to the Governor for induction. Which explanation made, the minister drank more rum, and looked out of the window at the orchard and at his neighbor's tobacco.

"You are only a woman, and can hold no office, Audrey," he said, "but I will impart to you words of wisdom whose price is above rubies. Always agree with your vestry. Go, hat in hand, to each of its members in turn, craving advice as to the management of your own affairs. Thunder from the pulpit against Popery, which does not exist in this colony, and the Pretender, who is at present in Italy. Wrap a dozen black sheep of inferior breed in white sheets and set them arow at the church door,

but make it stuff of the conscience to see no blemish in the wealthier and more honorable portion of your flock. So you will thrive, and come to be inducted into your living, whether in Virginia or some other quarter of the globe. What's the worthy Bishop's next demand? Hasten, for Hugon is coming this morning, and there's settlement to be made of a small bet, and a hand at cards."

By the circular letter and the lips of Audrey the Bishop proceeded to propound a series of questions, which the minister answered with portentous glibness. In the midst of an estimate of the value of a living in a sweet-scented parish a face looked in at the window, and a dark and sinewy hand laid before Audrey a bunch of scarlet columbine.

"The rock was high," said a voice, "and the pool beneath was deep and dark. Here are the flowers that waved from the rock and threw colored shadows upon the pool."

The girl shrank as from a sudden and mortal danger. Her lips trembled, her eyes half closed, and with a hurried and passionate gesture she rose from her chair, thrust from her the scarlet blooms, and with one lithe movement of her body put between her and the window the heavy writing table. The minister laid by his sum in arithmetic.

"Ha, Hugon, dog of a trader!" he cried. "Come in, man. Hast brought the skins? There's fire water upon the table, and Audrey will be kind. Stay to dinner, and tell us what lading you brought down river, and of your kindred in the forest and your kindred in Monacan-Town."

The man at the window shrugged his shoulders, lifted his brows, and spread his hands. So a captain of Mousquetaires might have done; but the face was dark-skinned, the cheek bones were high, the black eyes large, fierce, and restless. A great bushy peruke, of an ancient fashion, and a coarse, much-laced cravat gave setting and lent a touch of gro-

tesqueness and of terror to a countenance wherein the blood of the red man warred with that of the white.

"I will not come in now," said the voice again. "I am going in my boat to the big creek to take twelve doeskins to an old man named Taberer. I will come back to dinner. May I not, ma'm'selle?"

The corners of the lips went up, and the thicket of false hair swept the window sill, so low did the white man bow; but the Indian eyes were watchful. Audrey made no answer; she stood with her face turned away and her eyes upon the door, measuring her chances. If Darden would let her pass, she might reach the stairway and her own room before the trader could enter the house. There were bolts to its heavy door, and Hugon might do as he had done before, and talk his heart out upon the wrong side of the wood. Thanks be! lying upon her bed and pressing the pillow over her ears, she did not have to hear.

At the trader's announcement that his present path led past the house, she ceased her stealthy progress toward her own demesne, and waited, with her back to the window, and her eyes upon one long ray of sunshine that struck high against the wall.

"I will come again," said the voice without, and the apparition was gone from the window. Once more blue sky and rosy bloom spanned the opening, and the sunshine lay in a square upon the floor. The girl drew a long breath, and turning to the table began to arrange the papers upon it with trembling hands.

"Sixteen thousand pounds of sweet-scented, at ten shillings the hundred-weight; for marriage by banns, five shillings; for the preaching of a funeral sermon, forty shillings; for christening'" — began Darden for the Bishop's information. Audrey took her pen and wrote; but before the list of the minister's perquisites had come to an end the door flew open, and a woman with the face of a

vixen came hurriedly into the room. With her entered the breeze from the river, driving before it the smoke wreaths, and blowing the papers from the table to the floor.

Darden stamped his foot. "Woman, I have business, I tell ye, — business with the Bishop of London! I've kept his Lordship at the door this se'nnight, and if I give him not audience Blair will presently be down upon me with tooth and nail and his ancient threat of a visitation. Begone and keep the house! Audrey, where are you, child?"

"Audrey, leave the room!" commanded the woman. "I have something to say that's not for your ears. Let her go, Darden. There's news, I tell you."

The minister glanced at his wife; then knocked the ashes from his pipe and nodded dismissal to Audrey. His late secretary slipped from her seat and left the room, not without alacrity.

"Well?" demanded Darden, when the sound of the quick young feet had died away. "Open your budget, Deborah. There's naught in it, I'll swear, but some fal-lal about your flowered gown or an old woman's black cat and corner broomstick."

Mistress Deborah Darden pressed her thin lips together, and eyed her lord and master with scant measure of conjugal fondness. "It's about some one nearer home than your bishops and commissaries," she said. "Hide passed by this morning, going to the river field. I was in the garden, and he stopped to speak to me. Mr. Haward is home from England. He came to the great house last night, and he ordered his horse for ten o'clock this morning, and asked the nearest way through the fields to the parsonage."

Darden whistled, and put down his drink untasted.

"Enter the most powerful gentleman of my vestry!" he exclaimed. "He'll be that in a month's time. A member of the Council, too, no doubt, and with

the Governor's ear. He's a scholar and fine gentleman. Deborah, clear away this trash. Lay out my books, fetch a bottle of Canary, and give me my Sunday coat. Put flowers on the table, and a dish of bonchrétiens, and get on your tabby gown. Make your curtsy at the door; then leave him to me."

"And Audrey?" said his wife.

Darden, about to rise, sank back again and sat still, a hand upon either arm of his chair. "Eh!" he said; then, in a meditative tone, "That is so, — there is Audrey."

"If he has eyes, he'll see that for himself," retorted Mistress Deborah tartly. "'More to the purpose,' he'll say, 'where is the money that I gave you for her?'"

"Why, it's gone," answered Darden. "Gone in maintenance, — gone in meat and drink and raiment. He did n't want it buried. Pshaw, Deborah, he has quite forgot his fine-lady plan! He forgot it years ago, I'll swear."

"I'll send her now on an errand to the Widow Constance's," said the mistress of the house. "Then before he comes again I'll get her a gown" —

The minister brought his hand down upon the table. "You'll do no such thing!" he thundered. "The girl's got to be here when he comes. As for her dress, can't she borrow from you? The Lord knows that though only the wife of a poor parson, you might throw for gewgaws with a bona roba! Go trick her out, and bring her here. I'll attend to the wine and the books."

When the door opened again, and Audrey, alarmed and wondering, slipped with the wind into the room, and stood in the sunshine before the minister, that worthy first frowned, then laughed, and finally swore.

"Swounds, Deborah, your hand is out! If I had n't taken you from service, I'd swear that you were never inside a fine lady's chamber. What's the matter with the girl's skirt?"

"She's too tall!" cried the sometime waiting maid angrily. "As for that great stain upon the silk, the wine made it when you threw your tankard at me, last Sunday but one."

"That manteau pins her arms to her sides," interrupted the minister calmly, "and the lace is dirty. You've hidden all her hair under that mazarine, and too many patches become not a brown skin. Turn around, child!"

While Audrey slowly revolved, the guardian of her fortunes, leaning back in his chair, bent his bushy brows and gazed, not at the circling figure in its tawdry apparel, but into the distance. When she stood still and looked at him with a half-angry, half-frightened face, he brought his bleared eyes to bear upon her, studied her for a minute, then motioned to his wife.

"She must take off this paltry finery, Deborah," he announced. "I'll have none of it. Go, child, and don your Cinderella gown."

"What does it all mean?" cried Audrey, with heaving bosom. "Why did she put these things upon me, and why will she tell me nothing? If Hugon has hand in it" —

The minister made a gesture of contempt. "Hugon! Hugon, half Monacan and half Frenchman, is bartering skins with a Quaker. Begone, child, and when you are transformed return to us."

When the door had closed he turned upon his wife. "The girl has been cared for," he said. "She has been fed, — if not with cates and dainties, then with bread and meat; she has been clothed, — if not in silk and lace, then in good blue linen and penistone. She is young and of the springtime, hath more learning than had many a princess of old times, is innocent and good to look at. Thou and the rest of thy sex are fools, Deborah, but wise men died not with Solomon. It matters not about her dress."

Rising, he went to a shelf of battered,

dog-eared books, and taking down an armful proceeded to strew the volumes upon the table. The red blooms of the columbine being in the way, he took up the bunch and tossed it out of the window. With the light thud of the mass upon the ground eyes of husband and wife met.

"Hugon would marry the girl," said the latter, twisting the hem of her apron with restless fingers.

Without change of countenance, Darden leaned forward, seized her by the shoulder and shook her violently. "You are too given to idle and meaningless words, Deborah," he declared, releasing her. "By the Lord, one of these days I'll break you of the habit for good and all! Hugon, and scarlet flowers, and who will marry Audrey, that is yet but a child and useful about the house, — what has all this to do with the matter in hand, which is simply to make ourselves and our house presentable in the eyes of my chief parishioner? A man would think that thirteen years in Virginia would teach any fool the necessity of standing well with a powerful gentleman such as this. I'm no coward. Damn sanctimonious parsons and my Lord Bishop's Scotch hireling! If they yelp much longer at my heels, I'll scandalize them in good earnest! It's thin ice, though, — it's thin ice; but I like this house and glebe, and I'm going to live and die in them, — and die drunk, if I choose, Mr. Commissary to the contrary! It's of import, Deborah, that my parishioners, being easy folk, willing to live and let live, should like me still, and that a majority of my vestry should not be able to get on without me. With this in mind, get out the wine, dust the best chair, and be ready with thy curtsy. It will be time enough to cry Audrey's banns when she is asked in marriage."

Audrey, in her brown dress, with the color yet in her cheeks, entering at the moment, Mistress Deborah attempted no response to her husband's adjuration.



Darden turned to the girl. "I've done with the writing for the nonce, child," he said, "and need you no longer. I'll smoke a pipe and think of my sermon. You're tired; out with you into the sunshine! Go to the wood or down by the creek, but not beyond call, d' ye mind."

Audrey looked from one to the other, but said nothing. There were many things in the world of other people which she did not understand; one thing more or less made no great difference. But she did understand the sunlit roof, the twilight halls, the patterned floor, of the forest. Blossoms drifting down, fleeing shadows, voices of wind and water, and all murmurous elfin life spoke to her. They spoke the language of her land; when she stepped out of the door into the air and faced the portals of her world, they called to her to come. Lithe and slight and light of foot, she answered to their piping. The orchard through which she ran was fair with its rosy trees, like gayly dressed, curtsying dames; the slow, clear creek that held the double of the sky enticed, but she passed it by. Straight as an arrow she pierced to the heart of the wood that lay to the north. Thorn and bramble, branch of bloom and entangling vine, stayed her not; long since she had found or had made for herself a path to the centre of the labyrinth. Here was a beech tree, older by many a year than the young wood, — a solitary tree spared by the axe what time its mates had fallen. Tall and silver-gray the column of the trunk rose to meet wide branches and the green lacework of tender leaves. The earth beneath was clean swept, and carpeted with the leaves of last year; a wide, dry, pale brown enchanted ring, against whose borders pressed the riot of the forest. Vine and bush, flower and fern, could not enter; but Audrey came and laid herself down upon a cool and shady bed.

By human measurement the house that she had left was hard by; even from under the beech tree Mistress Deb-

orah's thin call could draw her back to the walls which sheltered her, which she had been taught to call her home. But it was not her soul's home, and now the veil of the kindly woods withdrew it league on league, shut it out, made it as if it had never been. From the charmed ring beneath the beech tree she took possession of her world; for her the wind murmured, the birds sang, insects hummed or shrilled, the green saplings nodded their heads. Flowers, and the bedded moss, and the little stream that leaped from a precipice of three feet into the calm of a hand-deep pool spoke to her. She was happy. Gone was the house and its inmates; gone Paris the schoolmaster, who had taught her to write, and whose hand touching hers in guidance made her sick and cold; gone Hugon the trader, whom she feared and hated. Here were no toil, no annoy, no frightened flutterings of the heart; she had passed the frontier, and was safe in her own land.

She pressed her cheek against the dead leaves, and, with the smell of the earth in her nostrils, looked sideways with half-closed eyes and made a radiant mist of the forest round about. A drowsy warmth was in the air; the birds sang far away; through a rift in the foliage a sunbeam came and rested beside her like a gilded snake.

For a time, wrapped in the warmth and the green and gold mist, she lay as quiet as the sunbeam; of the earth earthy, in pact with the mould beneath the leaves, with the slowly crescent trunks, brown or silver-gray, with moss and lichen rock, and with all life that basked or crept or flew. At last, however, the mind aroused, and she opened her eyes, saw, and thought of what she saw. It was pleasant in the forest. She watched the flash of a bird, as blue as the sky, from limb to limb; she listened to the elfin waterfall; she drew herself with hand and arm across the leaves to the edge of the pale brown ring, plucked

a honeysuckle bough and brought it back to the silver column of the beech ; and lastly, glancing up from the rosy sprig within her hand, she saw a man coming toward her, down the path that she had thought hidden, holding his arm before him for shield against brier and branch, and looking curiously about him as for a thing which he had come out to seek.

VIII.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

In the moment in which she sprang to her feet she saw that it was not Hugon, and her heart grew calm again. In her torn gown, with her brown hair loosed from its fastenings, and falling over her shoulders in heavy waves whose crests caught the sunlight, she stood against the tree beneath which she had lain, gazed with wide-open eyes at the intruder, and guessed from his fine coat and the sparkling toy looping his hat that he was a gentleman. She knew gentlemen when she saw them : on a time one had cursed her for scurrying like a partridge across the road before his horse, making the beast come nigh to unseating him ; another, coming upon her and the Widow Constance's Barbara gathering fagots in the November woods, had tossed to each a sixpence ; a third, on vestry business with the minister, had touched her beneath the chin, and sworn that an she were not so brown she were fair ; a fourth, lying hidden upon the bank of the creek, had caught her boat head as she pushed it into the reeds, and had tried to kiss her. They had certain ways, had gentlemen, but she knew no great harm of them. There was one, now — but he would be like a prince. When at eventide the sky was piled with pale towering clouds, and she looked, as she often looked, down the river, toward the bay and the sea beyond, she always saw this prince that she had woven — warp of

memory, woof of dreams — stand erect in the pearly light. There was a gentleman indeed !

As to the possessor of the title now slowly and steadily making his way toward her she was in a mere state of wonder. It was not possible that he had lost his way ; but if so, she was sorry that, in losing it, he had found the slender zigzag of her path. A trustful child, — save where Hugon was concerned, — she was not in the least afraid, and being of a friendly mind looked at the approaching figure with shy kindness, and thought that he must have come from a distant part of the country. She thought that had she ever seen him before she would have remembered it.

Upon the outskirts of the ring, clear of the close embrace of flowering bush and spreading vine, Haward paused, and looked with smiling eyes at this girl of the woods, — this forest creature that, springing from the earth, had set its back against the tree.

"Tarry awhile," he said. "Slip not yet within the bark. Had I known, I should have brought oblation of milk and honey."

"This is the thicket between Fair View and the glebe lands," said Audrey, who knew not what bark of tree and milk and honey had to do with the case. "Over yonder, sir, is the road to the great house. This path ends here ; you must go back to the edge of the wood, then turn to the south" —

"I have not lost my way," answered Haward, still smiling. "It is pleasant here in the shade, after the warmth of the open. May I not sit down upon the leaves and talk to you for a while ? I came out to find you, you know."

As he spoke, and without waiting for the permission which he asked, he crossed the rustling leaves, and threw himself down upon the earth between two branching roots. Her skirt brushed his knee ; with a movement quick and shy she put more distance between them, then stood

and looked at him with wide, grave eyes. "Why do you say that you came here to find me?" she asked. "I do not know you."

Haward laughed, nursing his knee and looking about him. "Let that pass for a moment. You have the prettiest woodland parlor, child! Tell me, do they treat you well over there?" with a jerk of his thumb toward the glebe house. "Madam the shrew and his reverence the bully, are they kind to you? Though they let you go like a beggar maid," — he glanced kindly enough at her bare feet and torn gown, — "yet they starve you not, nor beat you, nor deny you aught in reason?"

Audrey drew herself up. She had a proper pride, and she chose to forget for this occasion a bruise upon her arm and the thrusting upon her of Hugon's company. "I do not know who you are, sir, that ask me such questions," she said sedately. "I have food and shelter and — and — kindness. And I go barefoot only of week days" —

It was a brave beginning, but of a sudden she found it hard to go on. She felt his eyes upon her and knew that he was unconvinced, and into her own eyes came the large tears. They did not fall, but through them she saw the forest swim in green and gold. "I have no father or mother," she said, "and no brother or sister. In all the world there is no one that is kin to me."

Her voice, that was low and full and apt to fall into minor cadences, died away, and she stood with her face raised and slightly turned from the gentleman who lay at her feet, stretched out upon the sere beech leaves. He did not seem inclined to speech, and for a time the little brook and the birds and the wind in the trees sang undisturbed.

"These woods are very beautiful," said Haward at last, with his gaze upon her, "but if the land were less level it were more to my taste. Now, if this plain were a little valley couched among

the hills, if to the westward rose dark blue mountains like a rampart, if the runlet yonder were broad and clear, if this beech were a sugar tree" —

He broke off, content to see her eyes dilate, her bosom rise and fall, her hand go trembling for support to the column of the beech.

"Oh, the mountains!" she cried. "When the mist lifted, when the cloud rested, when the sky was red behind them! Oh, the clear stream, and the sugar tree, and the cabin! Who are you? How did you know about these things? Were you — were you there?"

She turned upon him, with her soul in her eyes. As for him, lying at length upon the ground, he locked his hands beneath his head and began to sing, though scarce above his breath. He sang the song of Amiens: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me."

When he had come to the end of the stanza he half rose, and turned toward the mute and breathless figure leaning against the beech tree. For her the years had rolled back: one moment she stood upon the doorstep of the cabin, and the air was filled with the trampling of horses, with quick laughter, whistling, singing, and the call of a trumpet; the next she ran, in night-time and in terror, between rows of rustling corn, felt again the clasp of her pursuer, heard at her ear the comfort of his voice. A film came between her eyes and the man at whom she stared, and her heart grew cold.

"Audrey," said Haward, "come here, child."

The blood returned to her heart, her vision cleared, and her arm fell from its clasp upon the tree. The bark opened not; the hamadryad had lost the spell. When at his repeated command she crossed to him, she went as the trusting, dumbly loving, dumbly grateful child whose life he had saved, and whose comfort, protector, and guardian he had been. When he took her hands in his

she was glad to feel them there again, and she had no blushes ready when he kissed her upon the forehead. It was sweet to her who hungered for affection, who long ago had set his image up, loving him purely as a sovereign spirit or as a dear and great elder brother, to hear him call her again "little maid;" tell her that she had not changed save in height; ask her if she remembered this or that adventure, what time they had strayed in the woods together. Remember! When at last, beneath his admirable management, the wonder and the shyness melted away, and she found her tongue, memories came in a torrent. The hilltop, the deep woods and the giant trees, the house he had built for her out of stones and moss, the grapes they had gathered, the fish they had caught, the thunderstorm when he had snatched her out of the path of a stricken and fallen pine, an alarm of Indians, an alarm of wolves, finally the first faint sounds of the returning expedition, the distant trumpet note, the nearer approach, the bursting again into the valley of the Governor and his party, the journey from that loved spot to Williamsburgh, — all sights and sounds, thoughts and emotions, of that time, fast held through lonely years, came at her call, and passed again in procession before them. Haward, first amazed, then touched, reached at length the conclusion that the years of her residence beneath the minister's roof could not have been happy; that she must always have put from her with shuddering and horror the memory of the night which orphaned her; but that she had passionately nursed, cherished, and loved all that she had of sweet and dear, and that this all was the memory of her childhood in the valley, and of that brief season when he had been her savior, protector, friend, and playmate. He learned also — for she was too simple and too glad either to withhold the information or to know that she had given it — that in her girlish and innocent imaginings she

had made of him a fairy knight, clothing him in a panoply of power, mercy, and tenderness, and setting him on high, so high that his very heel was above the heads of the mortals within her ken.

Keen enough in his perceptions, he was able to recognize that here was a pure and imaginative spirit, strongly yearning after ideal strength, beauty, and goodness. Given such a spirit, it was not unnatural that, turning from sordid or unhappy surroundings as a flower turns from shadow to the full face of the sun, she should have taken a memory of valiant deeds, kind words, and a protecting arm, and have created out of these a man after her own heart, endowing him with all heroic attributes; at one and the same time sending him out into the world, a knight errant without fear and without reproach, and keeping him by her side — the side of a child — in her own private wonderland. He saw that she had done this, and he was ashamed. He did not tell her that that eleven-years-distant fortnight was to him but a half-remembered incident of a crowded life, and that to all intents and purposes she herself had been forgotten. For one thing, it would have hurt her; for another, he saw no reason why he should tell her. Upon occasion he could be as ruthless as a stone; if he were so now he knew it not, but in deceiving her deceived himself. Man of a world that was corrupt enough, he was of course quietly assured that he could bend this woodland creature — half child, half dryad — to the form of his bidding. To do so was in his power, but not his pleasure. He meant to leave her as she was; to accept the adoration of the child, but to attempt no awakening of the woman. The girl was of the mountains, and their higher, colder, purer air; though he had brought her body thence, he would not have her spirit leave the climbing earth, the dreamlike summits, for the hot and dusty plain. The plain, God knew, had dwellers enough.

She was a thing of wild and sylvan grace, and there was fulfillment in a dark beauty all her own of the promise she had given as a child. About her was a pathos, too, — the pathos of the flower taken from its proper soil, and drooping in earth which nourished it not. Howard, looking at her, watching the sensitive, mobile lips, reading in the dark eyes, beneath the felicity of the present, a hint and prophecy of woe, felt for her a pity so real and great that for the moment his heart ached as for some sorrow of his own. She was only a young girl, poor and helpless, born of poor and helpless parents dead long ago. There was in her veins no gentle blood; she had none of the world's goods; her gown was torn, her feet went bare. She had youth, but not its heritage of gladness; beauty, but none to see it; a nature that reached toward light and height, and for its home the house which he had lately left. He was a man older by many years than the girl beside him, knowing good and evil; by instinct preferring the former, but at times stooping, open-eyed, to that degree of the latter which a lax and gay world held to be not incompatible with a convention somewhat misnamed "the honor of a gentleman." Now, beneath the beech tree in the forest which touched upon one side of the glebe, upon the other his own lands, he chose at this time the good; said to himself, and believed the thing he said, that in word and in deed he would prove himself her friend.

Putting out his hand he drew her down upon the leaves; and she sat beside him, still and happy, ready to answer him when he asked her this or that, readier yet to sit in blissful, dreamy silence. She was as pure as the flower which she held in her hand, and most innocent in her imaginings. This was a very perfect knight, a great gentleman, good and pitiful, that had saved her from the Indians when she was a little girl, and had been kind to her, —

ah, so kind! In that dreadful night when she had lost father and mother and brother and sister, when in the darkness her childish heart was a stone for terror, he had come, like God, from the mountains, and straightway she was safe. Now into her woods, from over the sea, he had come again, and at once the load upon her heart, the dull longing and misery, the fear of Hugon, were lifted. The chaplet which she laid at his feet was not loosely woven of gay-colored flowers, but was compact of austerer blooms of gratitude, reverence, and that love which is only a longing to serve. The glamour was at hand, the enchanted light which breaks not from the east or the west or the north or the south was upon its way; but she knew it not, and she was happy in her ignorance.

"I am tired of the city," he said. "Now I shall stay in Virginia. A longing for the river and the marshes and the house where I was born came upon me" —

"I know," she answered. "When I shut my eyes I see the cabin in the valley, and when I dream it is of things which happen in a mountainous country."

"I am alone in the great house," he continued, "and the floors echo somewhat loudly. The garden, too; beside myself there is no one to smell the roses or to walk in the moonlight. I had forgotten the isolation of these great plantations. Each is a province and a despotism. If the despot has neither kith nor kin, has not yet made friends, and cares not to draw company from the quarters, he is lonely. They say that there are ladies in Virginia whose charms well-nigh outweigh their dowries of sweet-scented and Orenoko. I will wed such an one, and have laughter in my garden, and other footsteps than my own in my house."

"There are beautiful ladies in these parts," said Audrey. "There is the one that gave me the guinea for my running yesterday. She was so very fair.

I wished with all my heart that I were like her."

"She is my friend," said Haward slowly, "and her mind is as fair as her face. I will tell her your story."

The gilded streak upon the earth beneath the beech had crept away, but over the ferns and weeds and flowering bushes between the slight trees without the ring the sunshine gloated. The blue of the sky was wonderful, and in the silence Haward and Audrey heard the wind whisper in the treetops. A dove moaned, and a hare ran past.

"It was I who brought you from the mountains and placed you here," said Haward at last. "I thought it for the best, and that when I sailed away I left you to a safe and happy girlhood. It seems that I was mistaken. But now that I am at home again, child, I wish you to look upon me, who am so much your elder, as your guardian and protector still. If there is anything which you lack, if you are misused, are in need of help, why, think that thy troubles are Indians after thee again, little maid, and turn to me once more for help."

Having spoken honestly and well and very unwisely, he looked at his watch and said that it was late. When he rose to his feet Audrey did not move, and when he looked down upon her he saw that her eyes, that had been wet, were overflowing. He put out his hand, and she took it and touched it with her lips; then, because he said that he had not meant to set her crying, she smiled, and with her own hand dashed away the tears.

"When I ride this way I shall always stop at the minister's house," said Haward, "when, if there is aught which you need or wish, you must tell me of it. Think of me as your friend, child."

He laid his hand lightly and caressingly upon her head. The ruffles at his wrist, soft, fine, and perfumed, brushed her forehead and her eyes. "The path through your labyrinth to its beechen

heart was hard to find," he continued, "but I can easily retrace it. No, trouble not yourself, child. Stay for a time where you are. I wish to speak to the minister alone."

His hand was lifted. Audrey felt rather than saw him go. Only a few feet, and the dogwood stars, the purple mist of the Judas tree, the white fragrance of a wild cherry, came like a painted arras between them. For a time she could hear the movement of the branches as he put them aside; but presently this too ceased, and the place was left to her and to all the life that called it home.

It was the same wood, surely, into which she had run two hours before, and yet — and yet — When her tears were spent, and she stood up, leaning, with her loosened hair and her gown that was the color of oak bark, against the beech tree, she looked about her and wondered. The wonder did not last, for she found an explanation.

"It has been blessed," said Audrey, with all reverence and simplicity, "and that is why the light is so different."

IX.

MACLEAN TO THE RESCUE.

Saunderson, the overseer, having laboriously written and signed a pass, laid down the quill, wiped his inky forefinger upon his sleeve, and gave the paper to the storekeeper, who sat idly by.

"Ye'll remember that the store chiefly lacks in broadcloth of Witney, frieze and camlet, and in women's shoes, both silk and callimanco. And dinna forget to trade with Alick Ker for three small swords, a chafing dish, and a dozen mourning and hand-and-heart rings. See that you have the skins' worth. Alick's an awfu' man to get the upper hand of."

"I'm thinking a MacLean should have small difficulty with a Ker," said the storekeeper dryly. "What I'm

wanting to know is why I am saddled with the company of Monsieur Jean Hugon." He jerked his thumb toward the figure of the trader standing within the doorway. "I do not like the gentleman, and I'd rather trudge it to Williamsburgh alone."

"Ye ken not the value of the skins, nor how to show them off," answered the other. "Wherefore, for the consideration of a measure of rum, he's engaged to help you in the trading. As for his being half Indian, Gude guide us! It's been told me that no so many centuries ago the Highlandmen painted their bodies and went into battle without taking advantage even of feathers and silk grass. One half of him is of the French nobility; he told me as much himself. And the best of ye — sic as the Campbells — are no better than that."

He looked at MacLean with a caustic smile. The latter shrugged his shoulders. "So long as you tie him neck and heels with a Campbell I am content," he answered. "Are you going? I'll just bar the windows and lock the door, and then I'll be off with yonder copper cadet of a French house. Good-day to you. I'll be back to-night."

"Ye'd better," said the overseer, with another widening of his thin lips. "For myself, I bear ye no ill will; for my grandmither — rest her soul! — came frae the north, and I aye thought a Stewart better became the throne than a foreign-speaking body frae Hanover. But if the store is not open the morn I'll raise hue and cry, and that without wasting time. I've been told ye're great huntsmen in the Highlands; if ye choose to turn red deer yourself, I'll give ye a chase, *and track ye down, man, and track ye down.*"

MacLean half turned from the window. "I have hunted the red deer," he said, "in the land where I was born, and which I shall see no more, and I have been myself hunted in the land

where I shall die. I have run until I have fallen, and I have felt the teeth of the dogs. Were God to send a miracle — which he will not do — and I were to go back to the glen and the crag and the deep birch woods, I suppose that I would hunt again, would drive the stag to bay, holloing to my hounds, and thinking the sound of the horns sweet music in my ears. It is the way of the earth. Hunter and hunted, we make the world and the pity of it."

Setting to work again, he pushed to the heavy shutters. "You'll find them open in the morning," he said, "and find me selling, — selling clothing that I may not wear, wine that I may not drink, powder and shot that I may not spend, swords that I may not use; and giving, — giving pride, manhood, honor, heart's blood" —

He broke off, shot to the bar across the shutters, and betook himself in silence to the other window, where presently he burst into a fit of laughter. The sound was harsh even to savagery. "Go your ways, Saunderson," he said. "I've tried the bars of the cage; they're too strong. Stop on your morning round, and I'll give account of my trading."

The overseer gone, the windows barred, and the heavy door shut and locked behind him, MacLean paused upon the doorstep to look down upon his appointed companion. The trader, half sitting, half reclining upon a log, was striking at something with the point of his hunting knife, lightly, delicately, and often. The something was a lizard, about which, as it lay in the sunshine upon the log, he had wrought a pen of leafy twigs. The creature, darting for liberty this way and that, was met at every turn by the steel, and at every turn suffered a new wound. MacLean looked; then bent over and with a heavy stick struck the thing out of its pain.

"There's a time to work and a time to play, Hugon," he said coolly. "Play-time's over now. The sun is high, and

Isaac and the oxen must have the skins well-nigh to Williamsburgh. Up with you ! ”

Hugon rose to his feet, slid his knife into its sheath, and announced in good enough English that he was ready. He had youth, the slender, hardy, perfectly moulded figure of the Indian, a coloring and a countenance that were not of the white and not of the brown. When he went a-trading up the river, past the thickly settled country, past the falls, past the French town which his Huguenot father had helped to build, into the deep woods and to the Indian village whence he had strayed his mother, he wore the clothing that became the woods, — beaded moccasins, fringed leggings, hunting shirt of deerskin, cap of fur, — looked his part and played it well. When he came back to an English country, to wharves and stores, to halls and porches of great houses and parlors of lesser ones, to the streets and ordinaries of Williamsburgh, he pulled on jack boots, shrugged himself into a coat with silver buttons, stuck lace of a so-so quality at neck and wrists, wore a cocked hat and a Blenheim wig, and became a figure alike grotesque and terrible. Two thirds of the time his business caused him to be in the forests that were far away ; but when he returned to civilization, to stare it in the face and brag within himself, “ I am lot and part of what I see ! ” he dwelt at the crossroads tavern, drank and gamed with Paris the schoolmaster and Darden the minister, and dreamed (at times) of Darden’s Audrey.

The miles to Williamsburgh were long and sunny. with the dust thick beneath the feet. Warm and heavy, the scented spring possessed the land. It was a day for drowsing in the shade ; for them who must needs walk in the sunshine, languor of thought overtook them, and sparsity of speech. They walked rapidly, step with step, their two lean and sinewy bodies casting the same length of shadow ; but they kept

their eyes upon the long glare of white dust, and told not their dreams. At a point in the road where the storekeeper saw only confused marks and a powdering of dust upon the roadside bushes, the half-breed announced that there had been that morning a scuffle in a gang of negroes ; that a small man had been thrown heavily to the earth, and a large man had made off across a low ditch into the woods ; that the overseer had parted the combatants, and that some one’s back had bled. No sooner was this piece of clairvoyance aired than he was vexed that he had shown a hallmark of the savage, and hastily explained that life in the woods, such as a trader must live, would teach any man — an Englishman, now, as well as a Frenchman — how to read what was written on the earth. Farther on, when they came to a miniature glen between the semblance of two hills, down which, in mockery of a torrent, brabbled a slim brown stream, MacLean stood still, gazed for a minute, then, whistling, caught up with his companion, and spoke at length upon the subject of the skins awaiting them at Williamsburgh.

The road had other travelers than themselves. At intervals a cloud of dust would meet or overtake them, and out of the windows of coach or chariot or lighter chaise faces would glance at them. In the thick dust wheels and horses’ hoofs made no noise, the black coachmen sat still upon the boxes, the faces were languid with the springtime. A moment and all were gone. Oftener there passed a horseman. If he were riding the planter’s pace, he went by like a whirlwind, troubling only to curse them out of his path ; if he had more leisure, he threw them a good-morning, or perhaps drew rein to ask Hugon this or that. The trader was well known, and was an authority upon all matters pertaining to hunting or trapping. The foot passengers were few, for in Virginia no man walked that could ride, and on a morn of early May they that walked were like

to be busy in the fields. An ancient seaman, however, lame and vagabond, lurched beside them for a while, then lagged behind; a witch, old and bowed and bleared of eye, crossed their path; and a Saponi hunter, with three wolves' heads slung across his shoulder, slipped by them on his way to claim the reward decreed by the Assembly. At a turn of the road they came upon a small ordinary, with horses fastened before it, and with laughter, oaths, and the rattling of dice issuing from the open windows. The trader had money; the storekeeper had none. The latter, though he was thirsty, would have passed on; but Hugon twitched him by the sleeve, and producing from the depths of his great flapped pocket a handful of crusadoes, écus, and pieces of eight, indicated with a flourish that he was prepared to share with his less fortunate companion.

They drank standing, kissed the girl who served them, and took to the road again. There were no more thick woods, the road running in a blaze of sunshine, past clumps of cedars and wayside tangles of blackberry, sumac, and elder. Presently, beyond a group of elms, came into sight the goodly college of William and Mary, and, dazzling white against the blue, the spire of Bruton church.

Within a wide pasture pertaining to the college, close to the roadside and under the boughs of a vast poplar, half a score of students were at play. Their lithe young bodies were dark of hue and were not overburdened with clothing; their countenances remained unmoved, without laughter or grimacing; and no excitement breathed in the voices with which they called one to another. In deep gravity they tossed a ball, or pitched a quoit, or engaged in wrestling. A white man, with a singularly pure and gentle face, sat upon the grass at the foot of the tree, and watched the studious efforts of his pupils with an approving smile.

"Wildcats to purr upon the hearth,

and Indians to go to school!" quoth MacLean. "Were you taught here, Hugon, and did you play so sadly?"

The trader, his head held very high, drew out a large and bedizened snuff-box, and took snuff with ostentation. "My father was of a great tribe—I would say a great house—in the country called France," he explained, with dignity. "Oh, he was of a very great name indeed! His blood was—what do you call it?—*blue*. I am the son of my father: I am a Frenchman. *Bien!* My father dies, having always kept me with him at Monacan-Town; and when they have laid him full length in the ground, Monsieur le Marquis calls me to him. 'Jean,' says he, and his voice is like the ice in the stream, 'Jean, you have ten years, and your father—may *le bon Dieu* pardon his sins!—has left his wishes regarding you and money for your maintenance. To-morrow Messieurs de Saily and de Breuil go down the river to talk of affairs with the English Governor. You will go with them, and they will leave you at the Indian school which the English have built near to the great college in their town of Williamsburgh. There you will stay, learning all that Englishmen can teach you, until you have eighteen years. Come back to me then, and with the money left by your father you shall be fitted out as a trader. Go!' . . . Yes, I went to school here; but I learned fast, and did not forget the things I learned, and I played with the English boys—there being no scholars from France—on the other side of the pasture."

He waved his hand toward an irruption of laughing, shouting figures from the north wing of the college. The white man under the tree had been quietly observant of the two wayfarers, and he now rose to his feet, and came over to the rail fence against which they leaned.

"Ha, Jean Hugon!" he said pleasantly, touching with his thin white hand the brown one of the trader. "I thought it

had been my old scholar! Canst say the belief and the Commandments yet, Jean? Yonder great fellow with the ball is Meshawa, — Meshawa that was a little, little fellow when you went away. All your other playmates are gone, — though you did not play much, Jean, but gloomed and gloomed because you must stay this side of the meadow with your own color. Will you not cross the fence and sit awhile with your old master?"

As he spoke he regarded with a humorous smile the dusty glories of his sometime pupil, and when he had come to an end he turned and made as if to beckon to the Indian with the ball. But Hugon drew his hand away, straightened himself, and set his face like a flint toward the town. "I am sorry, I have no time to-day," he said stiffly. "My friend and I have business in town with men of my own color. My color is white. I do not want to see Meshawa or the others. I have forgotten them."

He turned away, but a thought striking him his face brightened, and plunging his hand into his pocket he again brought forth his glittering store. "Nowadays I have money," he said grandly. "It used to be that Indian braves brought Meshawa and the others presents, because they were the sons of their great men. I was the son of a great man, too; but he was not Indian, and he was lying in his grave, and no one brought me gifts. Now I wish to give presents. Here are ten coins, master. Give one to each Indian boy, the largest to Meshawa."

The Indian teacher, Charles Griffin by name, looked with a whimsical face at the silver pieces laid arow upon the top rail. "Very well, Jean," he said. "It is good to give of thy substance. Meshawa and the others will have a feast. Yes, I will remember to tell them to whom they owe it. Good-day to you both."

The meadow, the solemnly playing Indians, and their gentle teacher were left behind, and the two men, passing the

long college all astare with windows, the Indian school, and an expanse of grass starred with buttercups, came into Duke of Gloucester Street. Broad, unpaved, deep in dust, shaded upon its ragged edges by mulberries and poplars, it ran without shadow of turning from the gates of William and Mary to the wide sweep before the Capitol. Houses bordered it, flush with the street or set back in fragrant gardens; other and narrower ways opened from it; halfway down its length wide greens, where the buttercups were thick in the grass, stretched north and south. Beyond these greens were more houses, more mulberries and poplars, and finally, closing the vista, the brick façade of the Capitol.

The two from Fair View plantation kept their forest gait; for the trader was in a hurry to fulfill his part of the bargain, which was merely to exhibit and value the skins. There was an ordinary in Nicholson Street that was to his liking. Sailors gamed there, and other traders, and half a dozen younger sons of broken gentlemen. It was as cleanly dining in its chief room as in the woods, and the aqua vitæ, if bad, was cheap. In good humor with himself, and by nature lavish with his earnings, he offered to make the storekeeper his guest for the day. The latter curtly declined the invitation. He had bread and meat in his wallet, and wanted no drink but water. He would dine beneath the trees on the market green, would finish his business in town, and be halfway back to the plantation while the trader — being his own man, with no fear of hue and cry if he were missed — was still at hazard.

This question settled, the two kept each other company for several hours longer, at the end of which time they issued from the store at which the greater part of their business had been transacted, and went their several ways, — Hugon to the ordinary in Nicholson Street, and MacLean to his dinner beneath the sycamores on the green. When the fru-

gal meal had been eaten, the latter recrossed the sward to the street, and took up again the round of his commissions.

It was after three by the great clock in the cupola of the Capitol when he stood before the door of Alexander Ker, the silversmith, and found entrance made difficult by the serried shoulders of half a dozen young men standing within the store, laughing, and making bantering speeches to some one hidden from the Highlander's vision. Presently an appealing voice, followed by a low cry, proclaimed that the some one was a woman.

MacLean had a lean and wiry strength which had stood him in good stead upon more than one occasion in his checkered career. He now drove an arm like a bar of iron between two broadcloth coats, sent the wearers thereof to right and left, and found himself one of an inner ring and facing Mistress Truelove Taber, who stood at bay against the silversmith's long table. One arm was around the boy who had rowed her to the Fair View store a week ago; with the other she was defending her face from the attack of a beribboned gallant desirous of a kiss. The boy, a slender, delicate lad of fourteen, struggled to free himself from his sister's restraining arm, his face white with passion and his breath coming in gasps. "Let me go, Truelove!" he commanded. "If I am a Friend, I am a man as well! Thou fellow with the shoulder knots, thee shall pay dearly for thy insolence!"

Truelove tightened her hold. "Ephraim, Ephraim! If a man compel thee to go with him a mile, thee is to go with him twain; if he take thy cloak, thee is to give him thy coat also; if he — Ah!" She buried her profaned cheek in her arm and began to cry, but very softly.

Her tormentors, flushed with wine and sworn to obtain each one a kiss, laughed more loudly, and one young rake, with wig and ruffles awry, lurched forward to take the place of the coxcomb who had scored. Ephraim wrenched himself free,

and making for this gentleman might have given or received bodily injury, had not a heavy hand falling upon his shoulder stopped him in mid-career.

"Stand aside, boy," said MacLean. "This quarrel's mine by virtue of my making it so. Mistress Truelove, you shall have no further annoyance. Now, you Lowland cowards that cannot see a flower bloom but you wish to trample it in the mire, come taste the ground yourself, and be taught that the flower is out of reach!"

As he spoke he stepped before the Quakeress, weaponless, but with his eyes like steel. The half dozen spendthrifts and ne'er-do-weels whom he faced paused but long enough to see that this newly arrived champion had only his bare hands, and was, by token of his dress, undoubtedly their inferior, before setting upon him with drunken laughter and the loudly avowed purpose of administering a drubbing. The one that came first he sent rolling to the floor. "Another for Hector!" he said coolly.

The silversmith, ensconced in safety behind the table, wrung his hands. "Sirs, sirs! Take your quarrel into the street! I'll no have fighting in my store. What did ye rin in here for, ye Quaker baggage? Losh! did ye ever see the like of that! Here, boy, ye can get through the window. Rin for the constable! Rin, I tell ye, or there'll be murder done!"

A gentleman who had entered the store unobserved drew his rapier, and with it struck up a heavy cane which was in the act of descending for the second time upon the head of the unlucky Scot. "What is all this?" he asked quietly. "Five men against one, — that is hardly fair play. Ah, I see there were six; I had overlooked the gentleman on the floor, who, I hope, is only stunned. Five to one, — the odds are heavy. Perhaps I can make them less so." With a smile upon his lips, he stepped backward a foot or two until he stood with the weaker side.

Now, had it been the constable who so suddenly appeared upon the scene, the probabilities are that the fight, both sides having warmed to it, would, despite the terrors of the law, have been carried to a finish. But it was not the constable; it was a gentleman recently returned from England, and become in the eyes of the youth of Williamsburgh the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The youngster with the shoulder knots had copied color and width of ribbon from a suit which this gentleman had worn at the Palace; the rake with the wig awry, who passed for a wit, had done him the honor to learn by heart portions of his play, and to repeat (without quotation marks) a number of his epigrams; while the pretty fellow whose cane he had struck up practiced night and morning before a mirror his bow and manner of presenting his snuffbox. A fourth ruffler desired office, and cared not to offend a prospective Councilor. There was rumor, too, of a grand entertainment to be given at Fair View; it was good to stand well with the law, but it was imperative to do so with Mr. Marmaduke Haward. Their hands fell; they drew back a pace, and the wit made himself spokesman. Roses were rare so early in the year; for him and his companions, they had but wished to compliment those that bloomed in the cheeks of the pretty Quakeress. 'This servant

fellow, breathing fire like a dragon, had taken it upon himself to defend the roses, — which likely enough were grown for him, — and so had been about to bring upon himself merited chastisement. However, since it was Mr. Marmaduke Haward who pleaded for him — A full stop, a low bow, and a flourish. "Will Mr. Haward honor me? 'Tis right Macouba, and the box — if the author of The Puppet Show would deign to accept it" —

"Rather to change with you, sir," said the other urbanely, and drew out his own chased and medallioned box.

The gentleman upon the floor had now gotten unsteadily to his feet. Mr. Haward took snuff with each of the six; asked after the father of one, the brother of another; delicately intimated his pleasure in finding the noble order of Mohocks, that had lately died in London, resurrected in Virginia; and fairly bowed the flattered youths out of the store. He stood for a moment upon the threshold watching them go triumphantly, if unsteadily, up the street; then turned to the interior of the store to find MacLean seated upon a stool, with his head against the table, submitting with a smile of pure content to the ministrations of the dove-like mover of the late turmoil, who with trembling fingers was striving to bind her kerchief about a great cut in his forehead.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

I.

THE wandering American finds it difficult to think of Italy as a modern state, a member of the club of European nations, which, after the method of fash-

ionable clubs, has an impolite contempt for all who do not belong to it, and also allows little acts of rudeness among its members. All the mechanism of the Italian kingdom looks like stage furniture, hurriedly got; it seems as far from

modern American life as her castled hills or the angels fluttering in Perugino's pictures. What have the Po, hurrying "to seek peace," the Arno, and the Tiber to do with winter wheat, Federal Steel Companies, or Edison's discoveries? Italian politics and ours have nothing in common. The sea of Italians is the Mediterranean, waters of the past, while we splash in the Atlantic and Pacific. They concern themselves with France, Austria, and Spain, whereas we challenge England, Germany, and Russia. They seem like schoolboys in the form below us, with bigness and littleness measured by a smaller scale, their muscles less vigorous, their sinews feebler, than ours. Modern Italy is almost as far away from us as Italy of the Renaissance. A land where the people are so polite that they will take great trouble for you and add their thanks, where all the coal is imported, where the churches are shut during the middle of Sunday because the day is a *festa*, where D'Annunzio is acclaimed as a glory to his country, where to save is esteemed as respectable as to spend, where senators are appointed for their literary achievements, where the main industry is to provide food and lodging for temporary immigrants, — such a land, with its cathedrals, loggias, and pictures, seems the fiction of a story-teller.

To themselves the Italians are intensely modern. They have a young kingdom; the unity of Italy is their era; the great actors have left the stage, but many men remember those glorious days, the beginnings of a new Italy, and so they deem themselves the youngest of nations. Fogazzaro named his novel, where the plot is laid not long before Magenta and Solferino, *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, The Little World of Old. The murder of Umberto Primo has given them a young king, who sits upon his throne very gallantly. Not much was known about him till last August, except that he had a strong will and was a learned collector of coins. It is not

easy to judge a king in the blaze of that fierce light of falsehood that beats upon a throne, but a short speech which he then made to the senators and deputies gives a clue to his character. He said: "Trembling, but confident, I mount the throne, with a consciousness of my rights and duties as king. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human power shall have strength to destroy that which our fathers have wrought with such great self-denial. It is necessary to be vigilant and to use all our might to preserve inviolate the great conquests of unity and freedom. I shall never fail in serene confidence in our free institutions, and I shall never fail in effort and energy of action vigorously to defend our country's glorious constitution, the priceless heritage from our forefathers."

The young king and his ministers have a hard time before them; there are many knotty problems to be thought out. In the first place, there is the miserable question of livelihood. Italy paces to and fro, like an ambitious poor man with a large family, not knowing what to do. In her alliance with Germany and Austria, Italy has bargained to keep many thousands of soldiers ready to take the field: that army costs a great deal of money, though less for each soldier than in the other European armies, and not more than half as much as in the French army. Such expense means heavy taxes: many people are not able, and many are not willing, to pay them. In the south of Italy there has been great distress; insects and bad weather have made fearful ravages in the vineyards and among the olive trees. Some districts have been compelled by distress to petition the government for remission of taxes and for help of various kinds. The bread which the peasants eat in the country south of Naples is food for horses. The Socialists, a small party, scattered about in the big cities, demand that the Triple Alliance, military establishment, battleships

and cruisers, be given up, and taxes lessened: many poor people, some land-owners and professors of political economy, think with them on this question. Moreover, the commercial treaties which Italy has with Germany and Austria will have run their course in a year or two, and this anti-military party demands that Italy refuse to renew the Triple Alliance, unless the other two countries will agree not to lay heavy duties upon Italian agricultural products. But north of the Alps there are contrary ideas on this matter. German farmers wish to have German markets to themselves, and the Kaiser wishes to keep the farmers obedient; and therefore, in Italy, a noisy murmur is abroad that Italy will not join Germany and Austria, but will make an alliance with France and Russia. The majority, however, if one can be sure in the storm of ayes and noes, are resolute that Italy shall renew the Triple Alliance, that the great sacrifices which she has made shall not be rendered vain. They say that France is very hostile, and would seek any pretext to dismember Italy, and that an alliance with France and Russia would cost quite as much as the Triple Alliance. They argue that Germany will not put a high tariff upon Italian agricultural products, because she would be afraid of a retaliatory tariff; for her manufacturers export \$20,000,000 worth of goods into Italy annually, and would cry as loud as her farmers do now.

Out of these difficulties Socialists, Republicans, and politicians try to obtain advantage; the poor express their opinions of taxation by an occasional riot or strike, but the laboring classes have little political influence. An American is constantly surprised by the imperfect organization of workingmen into labor unions, and by the slight public sympathy they receive. As the Germans say, with some little exaggeration, the Italians are one hundred years behind-hand. This attitude of the Italian pub-

lic is due to the division into classes. With us there are social divisions into rich and poor, and we are not surprised that the descendants of a rich man become day laborers, or that the grandson of a laborer becomes rich and respected; but in Italy the incapable grandson of a noble is noble still, and the descendants of a peasant are pressed down and kept peasants by the whole force of society. Peasants are expected to remain poor, uneducated, and dirty; education and opportunity are given to them, if at all, as charity, not as rights. The progress of democracy, in the sense of equal education and equality of opportunity, is hindered also by the differences between the north and south of Italy. The men of Piedmont and Lombardy are of a different race from the men of the south: they have different ideas, different conceptions of law, labor, and religion; they are wider apart than the puritans of Maine and the cotton planters of South Carolina, and therefore there cannot be a general united movement throughout the peninsula, whether democratic, socialist, educational, or whatever else it may be. The north acts alone; the middle of Italy, with its indifferent Romans, acts alone; and the south acts fitfully by itself. Thus privileges are able to maintain themselves in greater permanence than with us; even a strong and unselfish central government could not get a united public opinion throughout the country to support reforms.

Another difficulty, not so immediate as revenue, but more persistent, is the Church. It astonishes an outsider to see how the Church clings to its claim for temporal power; the claim is so childish, so stupid, so unspiritual. Question a good Catholic, and he will say: "Since the reign of Constantine, when Christianity became the state religion of the empire, temporal power has been the means by which the Church has been free and independent of secular domination. Maybe this means has had its day, and that,

in the divine scheme for the maintenance of the Church, some other method will now be adopted; we cannot tell. We see a means over fifteen hundred years old: it is our duty, it is the Pope's sworn duty, not to abandon that means. Moreover, to-day, members of the universal Church, Frenchmen, Germans, Irish, Spaniards, must have some certain guarantee that the Italian government will not interfere in the affairs of the Church; how can they be sure that an ecclesiastical edict does not express the will of a Cavour or a Crispi?" The question of papal sovereignty has undoubtedly been settled not so much by the union of Italy as by the opinion of enlightened Catholic laymen all over the world, which acknowledges that temporal and spiritual matters must be kept separate.

II.

The station master at Pæstum explained to me that Italy suffered from three evils, — the government, the gentry, and the Church. He said that the deputies squabbled and struggled for private gain, careless of Italy; that the gentry squeezed rack-rents from the peasants, and squandered the money in idleness and dissipation; and that the priests took no heed save to fill their bellies and keep their feet warm. I had heard similar opinions concerning the Chamber of Deputies and the aristocracy, and I had been told many things about the priests, and I wished to talk further on these matters; but as the train was due, I contented myself with expressing the high respect which I entertained for the Pope. He replied that he had none; his reason was that he had been acolyte in the cathedral at Perugia when "Papa Pecci" was bishop there, long before his election to the papacy. I judged that the station master was inclined to pessimism; he held a mean opinion of the people of Pæstum, and deemed himself degraded by his southern post. Perhaps the ruins of the temple of Neptune

made all things else look petty by comparison. At the time I thought him an atheist, but perhaps he was a pagan, and found nothing good in Christian doctrines.

The Church is a political entity here, and it is hard to judge it as a religious body. No two men seem fully to agree. There are few Protestants in Italy, and educated men who have become agnostics or infidels are inclined to observe the ceremonies of the Church; the population therefore appears to be all Catholic, divided into adherents of the papacy and adherents of the government. The staunchest supporters of the latter proclaim themselves good Catholics, but they add that the Church must concern itself with spiritual matters only. Opinions about the Church are as plentiful as blackberries. There is the devout papist, who speaks of the terrible trials of the Church to-day, and of the wicked robberies by the government. Then there is the intelligent Catholic, who thinks that the Church should say as little as possible on matters of science, and the young bourgeois Catholic, who suspects that men do not confess all their doings to the priest. There is the liberal Catholic, who thinks that the Church is a living thing, and, though it needs purging, will continue to be a good and great body; or maybe he despairs of the Church unless help shall come from America; for America is the bright spot on the Catholic horizon, and the best Catholics in Italy hope that that brightness may mean dawn.

In Rome itself, the impressions of the Church that crowd in upon a foreigner, as he wanders about, are very confusing. He goes into church after church: there is an old beggar at every door; within masses are mumbled, like "aina, maina, mona, mike;" be-Baedekered strangers are moving wearily about; and if there be a famous image of the Madonna, it is surrounded by a kneeling crowd, a mass of votive offerings, and children running to catch toddling babies. The Protes-

tant residents of Rome, who attend the English and American churches, assure the visitor that the Roman Curia is a corrupt ring, Cardinal Rampolla a double-dealing politician, the Pope an old man who winks at far too much, and that all Catholics hate all Protestants, and deliver other compliments after the fashion of the expatriated. The next day the American perhaps will receive a visit from a man in long black dress, edged maybe with a little purple braid; his stature short, his body of a certain infantile rotundity, and his smooth-shaven face also of an infantile quality; but there is, too, a firmness in the chin, and a touch of resolution about the lips. This gentleman speaks in tolerable French, with a charming politeness which is oddly different from the politeness of the world. He declines an invitation to dinner, — the rules of his order do not permit, — but he is most willing to take a cup of tea without cream or sugar. He is not much interested in general subjects of conversation; he does not read the news. But if, in an endeavor to draw him out, mention is made of St. Francis or of St. Gregory, or in some way the right chord is struck, his eyes brighten, his cheeks color, and the round infantile face becomes transparent to the enthusiasm within; his whole being suddenly pours forth thanks for the great benefits that he has received from the dead saint. This man gets up at four o'clock in the summer, at five in the winter, and spends all day, with short intervals for prayer, in devotion to his routine interests, — a monastery in the Abruzzi, a nunnery in Palermo, a poor family in Via Coronari, a new sacristan, choristers, schoolboys and schoolgirls, besides a home for old women and a hospital for the blind. He detests Roman society, disapproves of Zola, has never heard of D'Annunzio, admires America, likes a free country, and thinks that Protestants have their own way of finding the road to heaven.

Perplexed whether to think this man

an exception to the general, the foreigner goes to St. Peter's on one of the last days of the Anno Santo. The basilica is crowded with pilgrims: there are troops of Bavarians, companies of Irish, bands of peasants from Lombardy and Tuscany, husbandmen from Umbria, shepherds from the Campagna, young priests from Belgium, France, and Portugal, travelers from everywhere, dignified English clergymen and their brethren of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, careful not to overstep the line that fences off the polite and enlightened on-looker. The hour fixed for the Pope to come is long past, and every one is weary. Suddenly from the doors comes a noise; then a slow procession winds up the passageway of ropes, and a storm of "Viva! Viva! Il Papa Re! Pa-pa Re!" keeps pace with the march. There the Pope sits, carried above the heads of the people, his aged face looking serene, as if he had lived through shrewdness into wisdom, and through policy into charity, — a kind old man, not unmindful of the true meaning of his title, Vicar of Christ.

In the Roman streets there are troops of theological students — come from all over Christendom, to be kept for five years in absolute ignorance of the world, and educated on Thomas Aquinas — marching in squads, never less than eight together, from the Propaganda to their dormitory, or perhaps to the Pincio for fresh air. Then there is the fat, unhealthy-looking priest, not well shaven, and unwilling to look you in the eye; the preacher who warns women to keep themselves to household affairs, shunning education, literature, and more than all politics; and a thousand others who fill the mind with a confused notion of what the Church is. One thing comes out clear: that it is the duty of every man to judge it justly, and then to work either for or against it. It is too tremendous a machine for us to sit indifferent.

The American is puzzled by the parental and pedagogical attitude of the

Pope; he cannot understand how one man feels it his duty to prescribe to other men what they shall think on matters not directly connected with religion. For example, the Pope, in January last, wrote an encyclical letter on Social Democracy, a form of Socialism in Italy, in which he begins by referring to the troubles between rich and poor, and then says: "From the beginning of Our pontificate We have been aware of the gravity of the peril which hung over society from this cause, and We have believed that it belonged to Our office solemnly to warn Catholics against the grave errors contained in the theories of Socialism, and against the ruin that follows in their train, — ruin not less disastrous to the prosperity of life than to good behavior and to religion." He then speaks of prior letters on similar subjects and of a dispute arisen between good Catholics, and says: "Now, considering that here and there this dispute is carried on even to acrimony, We feel that it is Our duty to put a limit to the present controversy, and to regulate the thought of Catholics on such a question; We intend besides to lay down certain rules that shall render their action larger and much more salutary to society." He then describes Social Democracy: "It wishes the government to come into the hands of the *plebs*, so that by leveling all classes the step to economic equality shall be easy; it aims in that way to suppress all rights of property and to put everything in common, the patrimony of private individuals, and even the instruments of production." To this Social Democracy he opposes "Christian Democracy," which wishes to maintain inviolate the rights of acquisition and of possession, and to preserve the difference between classes; "in a word, it demands that human society shall bear that form and disposition which God, its Creator, gave to it." He then argues that, as these questions are necessarily connected with religion, it is the duty of all Catholics to obey

the Church: "He is most unchristian who refuses to submit to those who are clothed with authority in the Church. First (excepting the universal authority of the Roman pontiff) the bishops. . . . The man who does not submit in thought and act shows that he has forgotten the solemn precept of the apostle in Hebrews xiii. 17: 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls.' These are words which all the faithful ought to print deep in their hearts, and seek to put in practice in their conduct; more than ever, priests, considering these words diligently, should not fail to impress them on others, not only in preaching, but more by example."

This process of reasoning, by which, from the right of direction in morals, the Pope deduces the right to ordain one kind of social structure, as established by God, and to condemn another, shows how far the Church has fallen from her position as universal; for if she cleaves to one form of society only, she must forsake all others. The time just ahead of her is critical; one might guess that this year of Jubilee marks a turning point in her history. Leo XIII. cannot live long; the selection of his successor is a matter of profoundest consequence. This mighty Church, with her immense possibilities for good, needs a young man of genius to direct her helm, and a college of cardinals that shall be a great council representing the Catholic world. Strong churches in strong countries will not submit to be dictated to by a handful of Italian priests. The cry of "Los von Rom!" will not be confined to Germans. It is hard to read the signs of the times; there are rumors of this cardinal and of that as *papabile*, but the fogs round the Vatican are too thick to let the face of the next pontiff shine through.

III.

The drama in Italy is not very successful, — it is not what it should be; it

lacks the very qualities that a foreigner expects, — conciseness, lightness, and dramatic force. The Italy which a traveler comes to see, the Italy of the Renaissance, both in art and personality, is so romantic that it seems to have been chiefly created to hold up a mirror to the stage; we expect to find Italian dramatists reveling in this heritage of opportunity. The Italian nature, quick in action, violent in passion, ready in sympathy, grave and gay, looks the personification of the Tragic and the Comic Muse. But the stage has never appealed to Italian men of genius. Students, men of letters, gather themselves together and force their way through the early comedies; for, like everything else, modern comedy seems to have begun in Italy, and to have been transplanted to other countries. There are certain literary reputations, — Alfieri, Metastasio, Carlo Gozzi; there is also one Pietro Cossa, to whom the Romans have put up a statue and a marble tablet to tell the passer-by that his plays are immortal.

In truth, there has never been but one Italian playwright, Carlo Goldoni. He is a marvel of dexterity: he takes the most trivial episodes, conversations, characters, light as froth, mixes them, flavors them, arranges them, and presto! rolls up the curtain, as a magician rolls up his sleeves, to display a wonderful little comedy. Men and women touched by the weariness of life like their drama more highly flavored, plots freighted with greater seriousness, laughter more partisan, tears more bitter; but they who like to get warm in the sunshine of life, simple folk, fond of mirth, sparkling if shallow, of situations which cannot unravel into unhappiness, of a world all grace and carelessness, find their recreation in Goldoni. The brilliant Duse sometimes plays *La Locandiera* or *Pamela*, but Goldoni has found a more passionate admirer in Ermete Novelli. This actor has taken a theatre on a little street

off the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, in Rome, and has devoted his rare talents to the creation of a Casa di Goldoni on the model of the *Maison de Molière*. He has finished the first season of his experiment; he has played for five months, acting half the time in Italian plays, and the other half in foreign plays, commonly translations from the French. One charm of his theatre is that the bill is changed almost every evening; a theatre lover can go night after night, each time to a new play. The theatre is very pretty, resplendent with red plush and electric lights; the prices are most comfortable, — a seat in the front of the pit costs four francs. Except for Goldoni, the best plays are from the French. The dullness of Italian plays, even those of Ferrari, a name well known in Italy, is wonderful: no plot, no humor, no character; an insipid medley of personages, talking as if to hold the floor for the requisite three hours. But no dullness daunts Novelli; this mobile face looks mean, intelligent, noble, pathetic, or petulant, out of the worst play as well as out of the best. It must be his confidence in his own ability to lug on his back the forlornest of plays that makes him so blind in his selection; or it may be that, with a new bill every night, there are not enough good plays to go round. A nobler and a juster explanation for bringing out Italian plays is his passionate desire to uplift the Italian drama. He is inspired with the feelings of the Risorgimento, and headstrong for a national Italian drama. He is as gallant with his countrymen's comedies as Garibaldi at Aspromonte. He spares no look, attitude, or motion, to retrieve the most disastrous evening. I like him best when he depicts some feeble character. Oh, the irresolution in his legs and the vocabulary of his shoulders! They show forth hope, doubt, despair, expectation, benevolence, sympathy, incompetence, stupidity, irritation, alarm, timidity, effrontery, and forty meanings more. No-

velli plays tragedy, too. In Tourgeniev's story of *The Bread of Others*, he enacts the tragic part of a poor old country gentleman, who is made tipsy by some fellows from St. Petersburg; the fumes of wine pass off, and, in his anger at the insult put upon him, he bursts forth with a terrible secret. Novelli's changes from the awkward, shy old rustic into the tipsy reveler, and then into the gentleman hot with anger, make a memorable scene.

On the opening night of the Casa di Goldoni the theatre was crowded. Novelli played *Il Burbero Benefico*. After the curtain fell he was called out amid a storm of applause. He spoke of the inferiority of the Italian stage in comparison with that of other countries, and attributed the inferiority to the fact that in Italy a theatrical company had no settled home, but wandered a vagrant from theatre to theatre; he thought that the best he could do for the drama would be to form a stock company, and establish a theatre in Rome for the common good of the stage and of the public. Then he spoke of Goldoni, and said: "The immortal Babbo [Papa] of our comedy died hungry in a garret, far from his native land; and for that reason the idea came to me of taking the name 'Casa di Goldoni,' that it might be of good augury to me, and that at least after his death he might have a home in his own country." The words were sincere. Carlo Goldoni may rejoice that his plays have a worthy interpreter; it may be that his pleasant soul, weary of Elysian fields, has migrated and become incarnate in the delightful actor, and that his speech was another bit of comedy.

Excepting Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the only plays of note in recent years are those written by D'Annunzio, *La Gioconda* and *La Città Morta*. Duse and the famous tragic actor Zacconi act these plays to patchwork audiences,—people of fashion, dissipated young gentlemen, dissipated old gentlemen, curious

foreigners, innocent American girls ignorant of the language, and a *claque*. *The Dead City* begins at half past eight, and ends at one. There are five, six, or seven acts, maybe more, with long monologues and dialogues, and but four characters,—four pennyworth of personages to this intolerable deal of talk. The great actress goes from city to city, arousing enthusiasm for the brilliant talents that can achieve a triumph in the most undramatic of plays. Her face in itself is a tragedy, and could carry an audience through forty thousand of D'Annunzio's lines. D'Annunzio himself says of the play: "I am sure that some melodies in my tragedy, independent of the literal signification, will ring in men's souls whether they be cultivated or crude. I am sure that the greater part of the spectators from the beginning will recognize the unusual breadth of treatment in my work, and of its own accord will place itself in a position for forming a judgment that I may call uncommon. The first words that will resound in the silence of the theatre are words of Sophocles. I have faith in the potency of this introduction. The spectators will see, not a representation, but a transfiguration of life. When I compose a drama, I am in the way of truth, I believe, because I follow the teaching of the greatest masters. Some one will say, 'But in daily life men do not talk after this manner.' Such an one shows that he does not understand what tragic art really is, nor what art is. It is time to make a breach in the mass of prejudice that walls us in on every side. It is time to reestablish the privileges of poetry. *The Dead City*, which seems a work of attentive reflection, is the most spontaneous of my works, as it is undoubtedly the most original of my creations. I have written it in forty days, with an ease unusual to me, for I work laboriously. For this reason I am fond of it, and it seems to me that it ought to live."

Nevertheless, *The Dead City* was not a success in Paris, Milan, or Bologna; it is three years old, and holds the stage through the genius of the great actress. D'Annunzio himself is writing poems, — an ode to Verdi, a poem to Garibaldi. Of the latter the poet says: “This *canzone*, in which an attempt has been made to combine two kinds of poetry, the epic and the lyric, is not so much intended to be read from the silent pages as to be listened to by an untrammelled multitude. It needs, in order to fulfill its full musical life, to come forth from the sonorous mouth of the speaker. At Turin, at Milan, at Florence, the assembled people gathered it in from the voice of the poet; and the great clamor of the people filled the intervals between the stanzas.” In view of the poet's explanation, it was to be expected that, reading the poem in the silent pages, I did not find it very interesting.

It is hard to tell what Italians think of D'Annunzio. His last novel, *Fire*, has caused very much talk. The story, as a whole and in its parts, is forbidden by every rule that affects the conduct of an American gentleman, and shuts us out from the right of criticism. Many people hate D'Annunzio, and are greatly ashamed to have foreigners think that he represents Italy: some say that his much-praised style is mere tinsel; others admit that there is an element of poetry in his work, but think that he has exhausted it; his admirers are a band of young men who cry him up as a great poet. I tried to explain to a young Italian a Yankee opinion of D'Annunzio, and that in our country he would not be allowed to land; that he would be smothered in the hold, or thrown overboard, or whitewashed and returned. He looked at me, and said: “You Americans don't care for poetry. We Italians love it; we love the stars, flowers, music, and poetry.”

The two most interesting men of letters are Carducci and Fogazzaro. The great poet is old and broken, and Fogaz-

zaro has disappointed the public with his last novel, *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, *The Little World of To-Day*. Its predecessor, *The Little World of Old*, was so charming, so skillfully composed, — barring a long antechamber, as it were, in which the reader had to pick his way through a north dialect, — and so interesting, that expectation was very curious for this novel, which is a kind of continuation of the first. The story concerns the son of the hero and heroine of *The Little World of Old*; but who that is interested in a mother takes as keen an interest in her son?

IV.

An American is always impressed by the way in which the past keeps its hand heavy upon Italy. Here, more than in Germany, England, or France, the present is governed by preceding centuries. In Rome the Church still sits like “the ghost of the Roman Empire.” Italy, in spite of her young kingdom and her hopes, is always struggling, not how best to do this thing or that, but to extricate herself from the yoke of the past. As one travels through Tuscany and Umbria, or between Rome and Naples, and watches from the train the little towns, walled and turreted, perching on the hilltops, the farmhouses, built for strongholds, the peasants pruning the olive trees, the friars tramping bareheaded along the road, everything looks as if it might step back four hundred years without the slightest inconvenience. Monk and peasant would not know the difference, and the towns would be cheered to have their citizens safe within the gates by nightfall. The bricks and stones of the fifteenth century are despots; they trammel and subdue the energy of the young generations. Sons live in their fathers' houses, as their fathers had lived before them; they cook in the same kitchens, climb the same stairs, sleep in the same beds, and enjoy the same lack of linen; they keep the same habits, they celebrate the same festivals;

with a happy resignation — “*Che vuole? Dio è padrone*” — they must submit to the divine decree. It is touching to read by the street names how fresh the breath of the Risorgimento swept over these little towns. Young men and boys left their homes to join Garibaldi’s army; the promised land of United Italy looked so bounteous and beautiful. After fighting was over, every municipality, shouting “*Evviva!*” gave its old streets the new heroic names, *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele*, *Piazza Garibaldi*, *Via Cavour*, *Via Venti Settembre*. Then the passion of the time died down; the young soldiers turned back into peasants, like their fathers, and found it as hard as ever to make enough for both bread and taxes. But the material parts of the past — the little old houses, the ancient walls, the steep and crooked streets, the churches and monasteries — are not the greatest hindrance to the Italy of to-day; rather the social ills, especially in the south, handed down from a misgoverned, uneducated, selfish past. In Naples, the largest city in Italy, where according to the saying all men are rascals or saints, there remains the Camorra. How to root it out is one of the chief moral problems before Italy. The Camorra is a social scurvy, caused by lack of fresh food. The ignorant classes of the Neapolitans belong to it, or entertain for it the friendly feeling for familiar things; their fathers belonged to it or were accustomed to it, and their grandfathers likewise. The Camorra is to them an organ of society, like the law or the Church. It spreads here and there underground, reaching from the lowest strata of society up, some say, to the highest. The great interest for Americans is the light it throws upon similar social phenomena in New York city.

Nobody knows when the Camorra began, but it appears to have taken its present shape as a definite organization in the beginning of the last century. At that time it had grades, officers, laws, — all the machinery of a social body.

Among the police archives there is the written report of a trial held in 1820, where a member of the Camorra was tried before a recognized tribunal of the society. This court was known as the “*Gran Mamma*.” One Giovanni Esposito had murdered a chief of the Camorra; he was caught by his fellow members, kept in confinement, brought before his judges and examined. The prisoner admitted the killing, but pleaded drunkenness as a defense. At the close of the examination one of the judges (using some slang) said: “For me as well as for my companions, further questions are useless; the accused here present is confessedly guilty; but if we wish to deliberate seriously, it is well to take him farther away. [The assassin was removed to a distance.] The statute, Mr. Superior and dear companions, if I am not mistaken, speaks plainly: it says, he who kills a superior must be killed; the secretary can verify this article. If we don’t give an example of justice, this Society may call itself done for, and the respect for the Greater and Less Society [the higher and lower grades of the Camorra] becomes a dead letter.” After some discussion (for one of the judges held that intoxication was a good excuse) the prisoner was condemned. “As the will of the Society, represented by us, except one judge against all the others, is for the condemnation to death of Heart-and-Dog [secret name of Giovanni Esposito], because on the evening of —, without cause, he killed our superior, therefore we order and command the two young men who arrested him to kill him with two knife thrusts in the breast.” In this document, for the sake of secrecy, all names are represented by pictured signs. A young woman, however, in love with Heart-and-Dog, notified the police, and saved her lover.

The purpose of the society is livelihood by blackmail. The system of organized blackmail is said to have originated in the prisons. The habitués used

to levy tribute upon newcomers, compelling them to give money to buy oil for the Virgin, and for various pious and other uses. This practice grew; and when the convicts had served their terms, they continued the same system, only to better advantage, outside the walls. Out of such beginnings a society was evolved, and became by degrees highly organized: there was a novitiate and one or two preliminary grades before a youth could become a *camorrista*; there were officers of different ranks, and the districts of the city were assigned to local branches of the society. The conditions of Naples made the way easy for this organized system of blackmail. Idleness is put upon the people by the soil and climate; for four cents a man can breakfast on macaroni, bread, and fruit. The government had been bad for hundreds of years, and under the Jesuit-ridden Bourbons it became worse than ever, with no purpose except to root out liberal thought and to maintain itself in comfortable power; it made no attempt to suppress the Camorra. So the Camorra developed and flourished, and, with some change in its methods, enjoys vigorous life to-day.

A Camorrista, a full-fledged member of the society in good standing, is a kind of bully, who makes a livelihood from the labor of others; he levies tribute on all the people he can, especially on the most degraded class of women. In return, he refrains from robbing his clients, and protects them. For instance, in the days of the Bourbons (old instances are good to-day), not long after Napoleon's overthrow, one of the streets of the city was notoriously bad; various police regulations had been made in vain, and the decent people of the neighborhood petitioned the municipal officers to wall up the street in such a way that it might be shut off and its inhabitants locked in at night. The officer with whom the final decision rested received the following anonymous letter: —

NAPLES, September, 1829.

SIR, — Are you not aware that in confining these poor girls in walls you act as if they were condemned to the lowest depth of hell? The prefect of police and the intendant who order this brutal act have no heart; but you who have to decide, whom nobody can oppose, ought to do justice to these poor girls, and prevent their being walled up like wild beasts. For years there has been a plan like that which is taken up again to-day, but no one of your predecessors thought best to execute it; because if those poor unfortunates have no relations to get justice for them, we are here who have much heart and are always ready to shed our own blood for them, and to cut the throats of those who shall do anything toward walling up that street.

With all humility I kiss your hands.

N. N.

The official decided not to build the wall. Many years afterwards such a wall was built, and in course of time fell into disrepair. The work of rebuilding was begun, but at night whatever had been built by day was pulled down. This happened several times. The head of the police summoned the Camorrista within whose jurisdiction the street lay, and threatened him with exile if the work should be interfered with again. There was no further trouble.

As things were then they are to-day. Round the prostitutes gathers a gang of ruffians: these ruffians have a large circle of acquaintances, who, for peace and a quiet life, and from admiration, endure and befriend them. The ignorant Neapolitans sympathize with them against the police, and vote as they direct. The control of votes is political power. The Camorra, naturally, is ready to support candidates for office who will not interfere with its habits of life, and officials are also ready to accept its support, winking and blinking in return.

The whole system was revealed in the

famous trial held at Naples last autumn. A Socialist newspaper, *La Propaganda*, accused Casale, a famous politician, one of the deputies from Naples, of political corruption, in that he had used his influence and place for the advantage of his henchmen and for private gain. The accusation was such as the New York *Evening Post* has made a hundred times against the leaders of Tammany Hall. Casale brought suit for libel. For defense the newspaper pleaded the truth of its accusations. The case was tried after the Latin fashion, before judges, without a jury. Casale brought various witnesses to testify to his good character: the mayor of Casale's native town said that Casale bore a good reputation there; a senator and several commendatores declared that Casale's conduct had been correct in all the offices he had held. Then the defense produced its evidence. One by one, various witnesses, many of them connected with the city government, testified that Casale had recommended for employment by the city men who had been charged with crime; that places in the city departments had to be found for Casale's friends; that offices were said to be bought and sold; that creditors of the city were not paid promptly by the cashier unless they presented a recommendation from Casale; that Casale, going to represent the city at a celebration held in honor of Garibaldi, took with him two ladies, a secretary, a journalist, and two young men, and charged the whole bill to the city; that justice found many impediments and hindrances in seeking to lay hold of Casale's friends; that, when commissioner of the Octroi, for a bribe of 2000 francs he approved one tariff rather than another; that, for his assistance in getting a subsidy, he had received from a steamship company 30,000 francs, and from a street railway company, in return for a favorable contract, he and two friends had received 60,000 francs; and finally, that Casale was the city gov-

ernment, for the mayor did whatever Casale bade him do. All the witnesses were asked if in their opinion Casale was a *galantuomo*, and one portrayed his "moral physiognomy." This evidence against Casale, sounding so dull and stale in New York ears, produced great excitement. The judges retired, and in a short time brought in their judgment that the facts alleged by the newspaper were proved. Casale immediately resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies and the other official positions that he held.

The great effect of this judgment shows that, though the Neapolitan system of political favoritism and corruption has been well constructed by the ability of one man, who has made skillful use of the spirit of the Camorra, that system is inferior in efficiency, boldness, and money-making capacity to the great political organization established in New York city.

V.

The Camorra belongs to the mainland, the Mafia to Sicily. It is hard for a foreigner to understand the differences between these famous bodies: the Camorra is a society founded on blackmail; the Mafia is a series of societies, the outgrowth of ignorance and impotent government. As the lawsuit between Casale and *La Propaganda* has brought the Camorra freshly before the public, so the legal investigations to unearth evidence against Notarbartolo's murderer have made Italy aware that she has another great social problem in the Mafia. Some ten years ago the government banks "got into politics," as we say; and among others the Bank of Sicily was made use of for private ends. It was enough to be a friend of a friend of a politician, for a man to get a loan on insufficient security or at a very low rate of interest; and a great many scamps profited thereby. Public moneys were wasted, and the penal code set at naught. At

last public sentiment was aroused, and an investigation was threatened. Signor Notarbartolo, an incorruptible, capable, energetic man, who, for unexplained reasons, had been removed from the direction of the bank just before this criminal misuse of its funds, was, by character and knowledge, the very man to ferret out the guilty and bring them to punishment. The public turned impetuously to him as the instrument of justice.

In January, 1893, investigation was ready to begin. On the afternoon of February 1 Notarbartolo was traveling to Palermo in the first-class carriage of an express train. About six o'clock the train passed the little town Ponte Currei. A few minutes later, an officer of customs, going home at the end of his day's work, crossed the tracks: there he saw a body lying outstretched on the ground. He ran back, calling for help. The body was Notarbartolo's. Not far away, in a peasant's house, the police discovered a bloody handkerchief and a pair of shoes splashed with blood. Some witnesses now say, a man's boots rather long; others say, a man's boots short; and others, a woman's shoes. Handkerchief and shoes soon disappeared; nobody knew what became of them. One official said this, another that, a third something different. Two of the trainmen were arrested soon after the murder, but they were released by the officials in Palermo, for want of evidence. One Fontana was arrested; he proved that he was in Tunis at the time of the crime, and was also released by the officials in Palermo. It is said that a Sicilian's first step toward crime is to prepare an alibi. Fontana was well known to the police. He had been tried on many charges, — stealing cattle with incidental murder, threatening death in anonymous letters, assassination, a second assassination, stealing cattle and attempting to kidnap, extortion, complicity with felons, — but each time he had escaped, from lack of testimony. These three men

have been rearrested, and the government has thought it well to hold the criminal proceedings in Milan. They are all members of the Mafia, and were obviously instruments in the hands of some powerful man.

One Palizzolo, an old politician, deputy from Palermo, rumor said, had had many dealings with the bank, by which he had been no loser. His reputation was not good; it was charged that as far back as 1873 he was indebted to the municipality of Palermo in the sum of 1500 francs, for taxes which he, as commissioner, had collected and converted to his own use, and in the sum of 1550 francs, the price of a pump sold by the city to a neighboring town. This man was well known to be a bitter opponent of Notarbartolo, and suspicion pointed to him; but for all these years, on account of the immense power of the Mafia, it has been impossible to collect enough evidence to put him on trial. Thanks to the testimony secured in Milan, he is now under arrest and awaiting trial.

Palizzolo may be regarded as bearing a relation to the Mafia similar to that which Casale bore to the Camorra. Of the Mafia there are different opinions: one man has defined it as a union of individuals of all classes, who like to live, not by work, but by violence, fraud, and intimidation; another, as the union of men of every rank, profession, and kind, without any permanent bond apparent, always united to further each other's interest in disregard of law. It is, as I have said, a collection of societies existing throughout Sicily, but more common in some parts than in others, without any definite connection between them, except that the chiefs in the same neighborhood know one another, and are always ready to coöperate to their common advantage. A typical society is controlled by three or four leaders, men of force and resolution, who carry out their plans by the agency of some dozen young men, — part vigorous young ruffians, part lads lack-

ing character and education, — who obey the leaders from want, fear, fashion, or love of excitement. These societies are not deliberately formed to earn a livelihood by stealing; on the contrary, they seem to act more like savage tribes in difficult surroundings, thriving in the absence of civilization; they are the product of a curious public opinion, which begets them, and on which they feed. When a man has received injury at the hands of another, by violence or some insolent act which implies that the wrongdoer has a mean opinion of his victim, the latter must avenge himself personally as best he can, — by hamstringing a mule, burning a barn, or by a knife in the back; if he appeal to the police, he is deemed a poor-spirited fellow, and becomes an outcast from public sympathy. Only in cases of theft on the sly, or such offenses as show that the perpetrator has a wholesome respect for the other, will public opinion justify recourse to the law. It is natural, where public opinion is against recourse to criminal law, that professional criminals should take advantage of this opinion and unite to act together. Criminals and rustic bullies form clubs for the purpose of good-fellowship and of bettering their fortunes. The actual club is ready enough to commit crimes, but there are many persons, not members, by no means criminals, who are on friendly terms with the club, — some from fear, some to secure themselves from harm, some for political support; so that, in one way or another, the criminal members of the Mafia have many friends, who shield and rescue them from justice. Even men of position, landowners, public officials, are among the allies of the Mafia. Thus very few are punished. It is most difficult to get evidence against the guilty, for even among honest folk is a strong feeling that recourse to the police, the sheriff, and the judge is contemptible. This sentiment comes down from an unjust past, when the poor man, with too good reason, thought

law a means of tyranny devised by the rich; it is fostered by ignorance and poverty. In the interior of the island many a peasant lives like the beasts. His hut is twenty-five feet square, with no flooring, no plaster. In one corner is the hearth; in another, the family bed, made of straw; in another, the ass, the pig, and the chickens: all live together in smoke and filth. His food consists of a little bread, soup made of vegetables or herbs, with little or no salt and pepper, and a small cup of wine. He is given the meat of animals that have died a natural death. He can neither read nor write. It is not strange that his notions of law and order are simple.

These institutions, the Mafia and the Camorra, serve to show how different the south of the kingdom is from the north. The south is agricultural, ignorant and poor; the north is manufacturing, educated and well-to-do. This great difference between the ends of the kingdom is due, no doubt, first, to difference in race and climate; secondly, to the difference in government during centuries; but there are other causes, impossible to discover. Why should some dozen square miles by the Arno produce a harvest of the world's great artists, and the whole kingdom of the two Sicilies exhaust itself with the birth of Bernini and one or two others? The look of the two peoples is different, — the short, untidy, fitful people of the south, and the robust, long-limbed, steady men of the north. It is a fine sight to see a northern regiment swinging along: the soldiers look like great squads of Harvard football players, fresh, vigorous, well-behaving young men, as if in time of need they would do their duty (to quote the military phrase for shooting and bayoneting other fresh, well-behaving young men); but people say that the Italian officers are not equal to the officers in the German army in education, dash, endurance, or courage.

Let us hope that Italy will make a vir-

tue of necessity, disband her soldiery, and create a precedent for disarmament that other nations may follow. In her poverty Italy may set an example that

the United States might have set in its strength, and help abolish the spirit of Mafia and Camorra from international dealings.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE LIMITS OF THE STELLAR UNIVERSE.

WHAT is the number of the stars, and their distribution in space? The extent and probable arrangement of the luminous bodies which compose the stellar universe?

Astronomers have been studying these questions since the days of Galileo; and the general conclusions which some of the greatest observers and thinkers have deduced from data gathered during the past century may not be devoid of interest to the readers of popular scientific literature.

To grasp the problem satisfactorily, we should recall that the exploration of the heavens to date represents three historical stages: (1.) The naked-eye study of the sky, which comprises the observations and speculations of the Greeks and Romans, and of modern philosophers who lived prior to the year 1610. (2.) The telescopic study of the heavens since the days of Galileo, especially augmented during the nineteenth century. (3.) The photography of the celestial sphere, developed wholly within the last fifty years.

Great telescopes and the applications of photography have recently given the astronomer enormous power in gathering observational data; and if the entire sky were surveyed, it is estimated that he might now perceive with the eye or on the photographic plate about 100,000,000 stars. Accordingly, we shall briefly trace the steps involved in this unparalleled development, and in the end point out some of the most remarkable discoveries yet wrought by the human mind.

When we look at the heavens on a cloudless and moonless night, we get the impression that the stars visible to the naked eye are numbered by tens of thousands. The fact is that the number of points of light actually noted by direct vision is much smaller than most persons suppose. For oblique vision, such as we obtain by a mere motion of the eye, enables us to see stars as faint as the seventh magnitude; and thus we glimpse more objects than we can locate by direct searching. Unless the atmosphere is rare and very clear, it is difficult for the average person to see stars fainter than the sixth magnitude.

This view of the case is confirmed by several circumstances. In the first place, the catalogues of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Al Sûfi, and Ulugh Beigh, all formed before the invention of the telescope, contained objects as faint as the sixth magnitude, and therefore, presumably, the greater part of the stars which can be easily located without a telescope; and none of these catalogues contained much over 1000 stars. Moreover, Argelander, who made a critical study of the brightness of all the stars north of 36° south declination, concluded that there are in this region 3256 stars visible to the naked eye. Allowing 844 stars for the remaining canopy near the south pole, we see that in the whole celestial sphere the total number of stars recognizable by normal vision is about 4100. Of this number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire heavens, probably not more than 2000 could be observed at one time,

except perhaps by indirect vision, in a dry climate, where the atmosphere is excessively clear and transparent. For only half of the starry sphere is visible at any given instant, and the regions near the horizon are obscured by the density of the atmosphere, and the fainter stars are thus cut off. Nevertheless, it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that if a person be endowed with extraordinary power of vision (such a person usually has an alert mind and other senses as keen as his sight) he might see at one time as many as 4000 stars, so that to him 8000 such lucid points would appear in the entire heavens.

Prior to the invention of the telescope, opinion relative to the constitution of the heavens was necessarily of an indefinite character. The brightest portion of the starry sphere, known as the Milky Way, has always borne a name similar to that which we use to-day. The Greeks called the stupendous arch of light which spans the heavens the *Galaxias*, while the Romans named it the *Via Lactea*; and we may infer that all civilized nations have understood it to be due to uncounted multitudes of stars, too small and too dense to be seen individually. This opinion, indeed, was expressed by several ancient philosophers, but the doctrine first became established through the discovery of the telescope by Galileo in 1610. We can hardly realize what a revolution of opinion these early telescopic discoveries wrought; their effect was like lifting a curtain from things which had been hidden from mortal eye for thousands of years. Galileo's announcement of his discoveries is not devoid of interest; the wording of his message shows how these revelations impressed that great philosopher. He says: "It is truly a wonderful fact that to the vast number of fixed stars which the eye perceives, an innumerable multitude, before unseen, and exceeding more than tenfold those hitherto known, have been rendered discernible. Nor can it be regarded as a matter of

small moment that all disputes respecting the nature of the Milky Way have been brought to a close, and the nature of the zone made manifest not to the intellect only, but to the senses." After Galileo and his successors had dissolved the cloud forms of the Milky Way, and shown them to consist of uncounted thousands of stars, speculation relative to the distribution of the stars in space naturally began to develop. We can here mention only a few of the more prominent of these speculations.

Kepler, who was a contemporary of Galileo, followed Copernicus in placing the sun in the centre of the universe, and assumed that an equal number of stars are distributed in successive equidistant spheres; the first sphere he assumed to contain twelve stars, the next twelve more, and so on. By this arrangement, the body of stars would soon become so remote that they would cease to shine from mere faintness of their light. And as Kepler foresaw that in some regions of the heavens stars of equal brightness are denser than this theory required, he surmised that they are in reality much closer to one another than they are to the sun. This line of thought was of course largely arbitrary, and could not well stand thorough analysis.

Numbers like 12, used by Kepler, were obviously fixed upon from mystical considerations, which so frequently appear in the writings of this extraordinary man. In spite of this mysticism, however, he saw the significance of the arrangement of the Milky Way, and suggested that our sun is near the centre of the great band which encircles the sky. Nor did he fail to place the stars at an immense distance, where they would appear as points, and exhibit no measurable parallax. Yet he was inclined to reconcile his novel conceptions with the old theories of crystalline spheres, and even to find beyond these spheres the firmament and waters of the Pentateuch. It is supposed that these last views were accommodations

which he thought to be in the interest of science, at a time when most astronomers rejected the Copernican system as subversive of ancient doctrines.

The views of Huyghens, given in his *Cosmotheoros*, indicate a full realization that our sun is an ordinary fixed star, and the opinion is put forward that other stars are centres of planetary systems similar to our own. Despairing of ever measuring the distance of the fixed stars by direct processes, this acute philosopher proposed an indirect photometric process, by which the light of the stars may be compared to that of our sun experimentally, and their distances deduced on certain hypotheses. Applying his method to Sirius, he found that this brilliant object is 28,000 times the distance of the sun, which is now known to be about one eighteenth part of the actual distance. Huyghens assumed that Sirius and the sun give the same amount of light; but as modern research shows that Sirius is some sixty times the more brilliant of the two objects, his substitution of a body having the same luminosity as the sun, at one eighteenth of the distance of the more brilliant body, is equivalent to placing Sirius at one eighth of its actual distance, which must be considered a very remarkable approximation for a Dutch philosopher of the seventeenth century.

When we come down to Kant, we meet with a philosopher who outlined many of the grand theories held to-day. In the introduction to his *Natural History and Theory of the Heavens*, published in 1755, he proposes "to discover the arrangement which connects the grand parts of creation, in all their infinite extent, and to deduce by the aid of mechanical laws the formation of the celestial bodies, and the origin of their motions, from the primitive condition of nature."

As Kant beheld the stupendous arch of the Milky Way, and noticed how dense the stars appear to be near its cen-

tre, and how they fade away with increasing distance from its fundamental plane, he rightly concluded that the stars extend much farther in that direction than in the direction perpendicular to the plane of the Galactic circle. He attributed this interpretation of the universe to Thomas Wright, of Durham, England, whose view is sometimes called the "grindstone theory." Our sun is supposed to be near the centre, and when we look edgewise along the stratum we see the immense number of stars in the plane of the Milky Way; but when we examine the regions remote from this plane we find very few stars. This thin stratum into which the stars are crowded suggested to Kant a resemblance to the solar system, in which all the planets are confined near a fundamental plane.

In our time, the resemblance is made still more striking on account of the swarm of nearly 500 Asteroids discovered during the nineteenth century. Led on by this analogy, the immortal philosopher concluded that the stars too are confined to the fundamental plane of the Milky Way, and are moving in orbits under the attraction of some great central body, which he conjectured may be the dog star Sirius. As the distance of the stars was known to be immense, it was held that motion about a centre would necessarily be very slow, and hence he concluded that, though previously undetected, such motion must eventually come to light. Halley's recent researches had established the existence of proper motion for only a few of the brighter stars, and to dispute on observational grounds the truth of these grand schemes of creation was then impossible. At the present day, when hundreds and even thousands of proper motions are known, from researches made during the nineteenth century, and the stars are found, not to be tracing orbits along the Milky Way, but darting indiscriminately in all directions, except that a tendency to widen out appears in the region of Hercules, and a closing up at

the opposite point, which is attributed to the secular motion of the whole solar system, we may unhesitatingly affirm that Kant's grand system is not in accord with actual nature. In order to insure stability of his system, he assumed that the stars are controlled by a central mass; but as not even the planetary system, in its admirable symmetry and harmony, can claim such a quality, it has long been conceded by astronomers that the sidereal system is not eternal.

With the flight of ages the majestic arch constituting the Milky Way will gradually undergo permanent changes, owing to the continued action of the clustering power first noticed by the elder Herschel. This curdling tendency has already given the Milky Way the appearance of a vast aggregation of clusters rather than that of a continuous band of uniform light, and in time it must entirely alter the aspect of the Galaxy, and leave nothing but individual groups of stars, with little of the continuous appearance now observed.

Though Kant supposed all the stars which compose the Galaxy and stud our heavens to belong to one gigantic system dominated by the mutual gravitation of its parts, he did not suppose this to be the whole universe, but saw in the nebulae other systems, so immensely remote that the combined light of their millions of stars merely made the impression of a faint cloud even when viewed with the telescope. This somewhat grandiose view has been little credited since the time of Laplace and Sir William Herschel; and since the invention of the spectroscope, about forty years ago, has been directly disproved, as many of the nebulae were thus shown by the bright lines in their spectra to be masses of self-luminous gas, though it is not yet quite clear how their light is maintained at the low temperature of the celestial spaces.

The speculations of Lambert, published a few years after those of Kant,

supposed the universe to be arranged in systems of different orders. Satellites moving about planets constitute the most elementary of these systems; the planets revolving round the sun and the similar bodies attending the fixed stars, the next in order; and as the planetary system carries with it sub-systems of satellites, so the planetary system itself is a sub-system to a star cluster, and a grand arrangement of star clusters makes up the Galaxy.

The central bodies in the solar system have masses which are predominant, and a like supremacy is ascribed to the central bodies elsewhere; but as these bodies cannot be seen among the stars, Lambert is careful to suppose them to be opaque and dark. All the systems are held to obey the law of gravitation. Unfortunately for this theory, there is no evidence that obscure bodies of immense mass, such as Lambert assumes, really exist; and hence, while this grand scheme is not positively disproved by known facts, it has never been seriously debated by men of science. It is conceded that in all probability the heavens are literally filled with dark bodies of various sizes; but they are assumed to be stars like our sun, and smaller bodies like the planets and comets. However numerous such dark stars may be, there is no reason to consider them larger than those stellar bodies which are still luminous; on the contrary, being already burnt out, there is some reason to think that these dark masses may be smaller than average stars.

The speculations of the English philosopher John Michell are chiefly important for the applications which he makes of the theory of probability. In this way he is led to conclude that groups of closely packed stars are connected into physical systems of binary, triple, quadruple, or multiple stars and clusters. These conjectures, advanced in 1767, have been amply confirmed by the experience of the past century, and now

we have a large number of such known binary, or physical, systems in all parts of the sky.

None of the great astronomers who studied the structure of the universe left so profound an impression on human thought as did Sir William Herschel, to whom it was given to penetrate into remoter regions of creation than had ever before been unveiled to mortal eye. By many years of arduous labor he had gradually developed the powers of the reflecting telescope, and, after attaining this unprecedented instrumental means, set for himself the problem of exploring the structure of the heavens. By the plan of star-gauging he hoped to fathom the depths of the universe. He had a twenty-inch reflector, on which he used a magnifying power of 120, and this gave him a field of view one fourth as large as the disk of the moon; such a region, extending from the observer's eye to in-

finiteness, includes all the stars within a solid conical space, increasing in volume as the cube of the distance of the observer from the base of the cone. Thus, if the stars are uniformly distributed in space, and his telescope penetrated twice as far as former instruments, he would see eight times as many stars as were known in that region before.

Now Herschel could not count all of the stars visible in the entire sky, and hence he contented himself with surveying a wide belt extending more than halfway round the celestial sphere, and counting the number of stars seen in some 3400 fields of view. This belt, chosen in the equatorial regions, was perpendicular to the Galaxy, and Herschel discussed the results of his gauges with respect to that plane. He found that the average number of stars in a gauge rapidly increased as he approached the Milky Way. His numbers are: —

The first zone,	from 90° to 75° from Galaxy, averaged	4 stars per field.
The second zone,	from 75° to 60° from Galaxy, averaged	5 stars per field.
The third zone,	from 60° to 45° from Galaxy, averaged	8 stars per field.
The fourth zone,	from 45° to 30° from Galaxy, averaged	14 stars per field.
The fifth zone,	from 30° to 15° from Galaxy, averaged	24 stars per field.
The sixth zone,	from 15° to 0° from Galaxy, averaged	53 stars per field.

From his survey in the southern hemisphere, Sir John Herschel found the star numbers in the corresponding zones to be 6, 7, 9, 13, 26, 59.

From these results we see that the elder Herschel easily satisfied himself that the universe is greatly extended in the direction of the Galaxy. If the doctrine of equal distribution were adhered to, one might be led to think that some regions — as, for example, the Pleiades, Præsepe, Coma Berenices, and other clusters — represent protuberances on the general body of the universe. This manifest absurdity was probably never entertained by Herschel; but as the stars increase steadily in approaching the Galactic plane, he believed the method of gauging to give a good representation of the actual universe.

The only rational explanation of a group of stars projected into a comparatively void region is that we have a

genuine group or cluster of some kind. In the Milky Way we have a great number of such clusters or "cloud forms," as Professor Barnard calls them, with comparatively dark spaces between them. In this case, the conclusion is obvious that we have to deal with real aggregations of stars, and not merely with a region in which the bounds of the universe are more widely extended. In treating of the actual universe, we can assume neither that the stars have equal density in different regions, nor that they are of equal intrinsic lustre. Manifestly, they are very unequally distributed, and of all shades of brightness, from intense brilliancy to dull luminosity or actual obscurity.

Herschel's ideas of the extent of the

universe, like those of Kant, were much too grandiose. They represented what might be called the transcendental stage of astronomical science. He naturally reached the conclusion that the depths of space are unfathomable, even with such a sounding instrument as his forty-foot reflector, which, however, did not materially alter the results at which he had arrived with his smaller telescopes.

Since the time of Herschel, one of the chief cultivators of the branch of science which treats of the structure of the heavens is William Struve, the illustrious observer of double stars. His conclusions relative to the distribution of the stars in space are founded mainly on the number of stars of the several magnitudes observed by Bessel in a zone extending fifteen degrees on either side of the equator. Struve proceeded by methods similar to those of Herschel, but reached some results of a materially different character. He found that if account be taken only of stars brighter than the fifth magnitude, they are no thicker in the Milky Way than elsewhere. Those of the sixth magnitude are relatively a little thicker, and those of the seventh yet thicker, and so on; and as a result, very small stars are extremely dense in the Milky Way. But while the density of stars is great near the central plane, and a gradual thinning out occurs in receding from it, there is no definite limit to the stratum, but merely a gradual fading away. Nor are the stars in the central parts by any means equally distributed; in some regions they are many times denser than in others. On account of probable diversity in intrinsic brightness, it is still quite impossible to say whether certain small stars which crowd the Milky Way in great numbers are in reality very remote, or whether they are fainter and smaller than average stars, and confined accordingly within the limits of the sidereal system.

The late astronomer Richard A. Proctor, who devoted considerable study to

this question, found it necessary to abandon or greatly modify the highly artificial hypotheses underlying the speculations of Herschel. In general, he held that the structure of the Galaxy is that of a series of streams or spiral wisps of stars, many of which are distorted by projection; and that our solar system is not directly connected with the Milky Way, as an observer may infer by the well-defined edges repeatedly found in different parts of the Galaxy. In 1886 Proctor said: "The naked-eye appearance of the Milky Way is sufficient evidence on which to ground the belief that there is a distinct ring of matter out yonder in space, and that this ring is not flattened, as Sir John Herschel thought, but is (roughly speaking) of nearly circular section throughout its length."

The most important recent investigation of the distribution of the stars relative to the Milky Way is that of Professor Seeliger, director of the Royal Observatory at Munich. This distinguished mathematician, whose labors have included almost every field of astronomy, has discussed nearly all the observations accumulated during the past century. He divides the whole celestial sphere into nine zones of twenty degrees each, all parallel to the medial plane of the Galaxy, thus making four zones on either side; those near the pole being of course much contracted in area, while the one central zone includes the circuit of the Milky Way. Then, examining the hundreds of thousands of stars which have been catalogued, he deduces numbers representing their density in the several regions, which are as follows: 278, 303, 354, 532, 817, 607, 371, 321, 314. The density of 817 in the medial zone, 532 and 607 in the two zones next adjacent to the Milky Way, with the sensible uniformity in the zones nearer the poles of the Galaxy, shows conclusively that the universe is much more extended in the direction of the Milky Way than in the direction of its poles, as had in

fact been long ago inferred by the researches of Herschel and Struve.

Professor Celoria, who recently succeeded the illustrious Schiaparelli as director of the Royal Observatory at Milan, has also confirmed, independently, the conclusions of Seeliger by a somewhat different process, based partly upon the density of stars catalogued, and partly upon counts of great multitudes of these objects still uncatalogued. Without dwelling longer upon these investigations, it may be asserted that the stellar universe is much flattened and relatively extended in the direction of the Galaxy.

Dr. B. A. Gould and Sir John Herschel inclined to the belief that the great canopy of brilliant stars in the southern hemisphere, with a centre in *Lupus* or the Southern Cross, represents one or more galaxies or groups of stars superposed upon a more remote galaxy. The only other way of accounting for this brilliant southern cluster, which Proctor explains essentially in accord with Gould's views, is to suppose our sun very eccentrically situated in the Galactic circle. Gould seems inclined to the belief that the cluster of bright stars might include the sun; and that our eccentric situation in this group of bright stars causes us to see some of them in all directions, but a far greater number than usual in the regions of the Cross, *Lupus*, *Centaurus*, and the Ship *Argo*. This view of the arrangement of the universe in relation to this group of bright stars corresponds entirely with the writer's impression. It accounts for all the facts, and is inherently probable, both on geometrical principles and on the obvious naked-eye aspect of the lucid stars of the southern hemisphere.

It is not probable that any one of these theories represents the phenomena of nature perfectly; but before we can make a distinct advance over existing theories we must extend our photographic impressions over the entire Galaxy, and study the material thus furnished. Such re-

search on the nature and extent of the Milky Way is well worthy of the attention of our great observatories, and until carried out with exhaustive care will remain an ultimate desideratum of science. As the problems to be dealt with are among the most stupendous which present themselves to the philosopher, so are they, on that account, all the more worthy of the most supreme effort of which the human mind is capable.

While connected with the Lick Observatory, from 1887 to 1895, Professor E. E. Barnard, now of the Yerkes Observatory, was led to attempt the photography of the Milky Way, with a portrait lens of short focus and wide angular aperture. The lens employed bore the name of Willard, and had been used many years before in a portrait gallery in San Francisco. The exquisite pictures of the Milky Way secured with this lens at Mount Hamilton have rendered it the most famous photographic lens in the world, and added a permanent lustre to the photographic art of America.

With an assiduity and a perseverance scarcely equaled by Herschel himself, Professor Barnard applied this lens to all parts of the Milky Way visible in this latitude, and obtained views of the Galaxy as much superior to those previously known as those of Herschel's great telescope had been to the views of the older telescopes of the eighteenth century. But while Herschel's improvements in telescopic power had been achieved by increasing the size of his mirrors, Barnard's extraordinary achievements in celestial photography were the result of diminishing the size of his instrument and widening its field of view, so that the structure of the Milky Way might be depicted in the images of hundreds of thousands of stars registered on the photographic plates. The duration of exposure varied from one to four hours, according to the object photographed. It need hardly be pointed out that almost infinite labor and patience had to be expended in watching

the telescope during these long sittings with the stars, to secure a sharp picture, unblemished by any accident to the diurnal motion of the telescope on which the Willard lens was mounted. The slightest hitch in the motion of the driving clock, the least jar of the telescope, even by a gust of wind, would ruin the picture. We can more easily imagine than describe the enthusiasm of the astronomer on finding a beautiful view of the structure of creation, after a tiresome vigil extending half through the night, and unrelieved by moving the eye from the sight wire of the finder during the whole exposure.

As a result of such indefatigable labor, Barnard depicted for the first time, on a splendid scale, the wonderful cloud forms of the Milky Way in Scorpius, Ophiuchus, Scutum Sobieski, Aquila, Cygnus, Cepheus, Andromeda, Perseus, and Monoceros. Millions upon millions of stars in diverse branches and streams, all intertwined with nebulosity, and the whole arranged in the form of an immense tree or branching cloud, with occasional dense clusters and some dark lanes exhibiting almost a total absence of stars, are the characteristic appearance of these pictures, which give us without doubt the most sublime views of creation ever yet witnessed by mortal eye. Impressive, luminous, majestic masses and streams of stars in uncounted millions set in the depths of immensity are unfolded to the mind, — a spectacle grand beyond conceiving!

The stupendous arch of light which spans the heavens is thus revealed in its true nature, — a multitude of clusters, streams, wisps, and swarms of stars, which confirm only too fully the suggestion of Herschel that the Milky Way is already breaking up under the continued action of a clustering power, and will some day shine as distinct clusters rather than as a continuous band of milky light. The photographs of Barnard show to the eye at a glance how immensely the

bounds of the stellar universe must be extended in the direction of the Galaxy. Through them the mind obtains an insight into the arrangement of the stars such as the naked eye would afford if it had the sensitiveness of the photographic plate under a portrait lens, exposed for three continuous hours, or a full watch of the night. Few achievements of science in the century which has just closed may be considered more wonderful than that of celestial photography in affording a revelation of the real nature of the stellar universe.

With this insight into the arrangement of the universe, let us consider the distances of the fixed stars.

It is well known that the nearest of the fixed stars is Alpha Centauri, the brilliant southern binary, which is removed from us 275,000 times farther than the sun. One of the next nearest stars is Sirius, which is about 500,000 times the sun's distance. These distances correspond to the spaces traversed by a ray of light in four and eight years, and hence we see these two brilliant stars as they shone four and eight years ago respectively. The smallest angular magnitude which can be certainly measured in the greatest modern telescope is five one-hundredths of a second of arc, and this corresponds to the parallax of a star at a distance of sixty light-years, or the angle subtended by a human hair, assumed to have a diameter of one thousandth of an inch, at a distance of 350 feet. Hence it follows that all stars removed from us by more than sixty light-years have parallaxes too small to be detected even by the most refined methods of modern research, and we can at best merely guess at their distances. As the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is only four light-years distant, while some of the known stars are fifteen times as remote, it seems probable that all those stars which have a measurable parallax are very close to us, compared with the distances of the more

remote objects. If we suppose the average star to be fifteen times as remote as those objects having the smallest measurable parallax, the average distance would be about 900 light-years. As this estimated distance is probably too small, it seems certain that the multitude of stars are removed from us by more than 1000 light-years, or 250 times the distance of Alpha Centauri. We may reckon that in all probability the most remote regions are ten times more distant from us than the nearest portions of the Galaxy, and hence that our telescopes probably penetrate regions lying so remote that light from the most distant objects visible would not reach us in less than 10,000 years. What we see in these border regions of the universe is, not the events now transpiring there, but phenomena as they were 10,000 years ago, or before the beginning of human history!

The rays that reach our eye from different portions of the sky thus started in different ages, and may be said to disclose different phases of the development of the universe; those from the more remote regions representing ancient, those from the nearer portions more modern cosmical history. Even if all the creation began at the same time and progressed uniformly, our view of it would be altered by the time required for the propagation of light across the immense spaces by which we are removed from other portions of the universe. And as all the stars probably did not begin to develop at the same time, it is natural that we should see all stages of world development now going on in the heavens.

In this connection, mention may perhaps be made of a method proposed by the writer of these lines for measuring the distance of the Milky Way. It is founded upon the use of the major axis of the orbit of a double star for a base line, instead of the major axis of the earth's orbit, which is too small for use in mea-

suring stellar distances greater than sixty light-years. The length of the axis of the stellar orbit in question is determined with the spectroscope, in miles or kilometers; and as the astronomer knows by micrometer measurement how large this space looks in the telescope, he can compute how far away the system is. It is thought that some day the distances of stars may be determined by this process, when removed from us by at least 1000 light-years. And when orbits for the double stars in the Milky Way have been determined, the method can be applied to find the distances of the clusters which compose that stupendous arch, so remote as to be forever immeasurable by every other process.

It is worthy of remark that if we imagine a sufficiently powerful, sensitive, and perfect set of eyes placed in a cluster of the Milky Way, at the distance of 5000 light-years, and directed toward the earth, the ethereal throbs falling upon them would reveal history as it was 5000 years ago; and if these eyes should move toward the earth, they would witness all human history as it was enacted through the successive centuries. Thus the nature of terrestrial events is forever preserved and transmitted on through the ether of infinite space.

In this connection one naturally asks, Is the universe infinite? To answer this question, we must first examine the nature of the problem which science has to deal with. Our only means of exploring the heavens is the combination of the eye and the photograph with the telescope and spectroscope. The rays of light which reach us from distant regions can alone inform us what is there, and a study of the phenomena revealed by the waves of ether can alone make known to us the nature of the universe. Compared to cosmical ages, the life of the individual, and even of the race, is very short, and wholly confined to the small space traversed by the earth during a few years or a few centuries. Thus the

available sources of information are limited, and the difficulty of the problem is tremendous. In spite of this impediment, much study has been given to the subject, and results of no inconsiderable interest have been reached.

After Sir William Herschel had attempted to sound the depths of creation by his mighty telescopes, and found nothing but world on world, with no sign of an end of space, the first man to examine the problem more critically was the illustrious William Struve. The ether of the celestial spaces had been a subject of speculation from the earliest ages of science, and Struve asked the question whether this fluid might not absorb the light of stars in the most distant regions, and thus render them forever invisible to the inhabitants of the terrestrial globe. He first showed, by an investigation based upon the theory of probability, and following the same lines of inquiry which Chéseaux and Olbers had pursued in 1744 and 1823 respectively, that if the ether be a perfect fluid, so that no light is lost in propagation, and the universe be of infinite dimensions, the stars being scattered promiscuously throughout immensity, the face of the heavens would necessarily glow like the disk of the sun; the whole heavens would be bright like the points now occupied by the stars. As the vault of the celestial sphere is in reality comparatively dark, even in the regions occupied by the densest masses of stars, it follows either that the universe is not infinite, or that the ether is not a perfect fluid. The light of the more distant stars fails to reach us, and we thus miss the empyrean of which the poets have written.

If now we ask which of these two alternatives is indicated, we are reduced to the following answer: in the first place, it is not probable that a fluid like the ether, which transmits waves of light and electricity with a finite velocity, is a perfect fluid; and therefore the unfathomable depths of it which fill the

heavens would perhaps absorb the light of the more distant stars. Even if the universe were infinite, we could never discover this fact. Besides, we know that all space is abundantly strewn with diffused particles of gaseous or meteoric matter, cosmic dust, which here and there, agglomerated into masses, shines as nebulae; and hence this dark matter, scattered throughout immensity, and often wholly invisible, must absorb a small part of the light of distant stars. The more distant the stars, the greater the number of dark masses in our line of vision, and hence the greater the absorption of their light. This cosmic dust alone would finally cut off our vision of objects beyond a certain finite distance. Thus the observed absence of Struve's empyrean may be explained by three hypotheses:

(1.) The universe is finite.

(2.) The universe is infinite, and the imperfectly elastic ether absorbs uniformly (that is, without producing coloration in) the light, and cuts down the magnitude of the more distant stars, so that the vault of the heavens appears comparatively dark even where the stars are densest.

(3.) The light of remote stars is obscured by dark cosmic matter diffused more or less abundantly throughout space.

Which of these hypotheses represents nature, if any of them does, we have no present means of determining. It is a well-known fact that the sky in many directions is not perfectly black, but somewhat brown, as if faintly illuminated by excessively tenuous nebulousity.

The constellation Microscopium, in the southern heavens, offers regions which are very striking on account of the hazy background; other regions, in various constellations and in the Milky Way, appear perfectly black, without a trace of illumination. In view of these facts, the writer inclines strongly to the belief that hypotheses 2 and 3 offer an adequate explanation of all known phenomena;

for the elasticity of the ether does not seem to be perfect, and cosmic dust is evidently widely diffused throughout the immensity of space.

About twelve years ago, Professor D. B. Brace, of the University of Nebraska, examined the transparency of the ether from a physical point of view, and in the light of the most important modern researches into the nature of this medium. Considering the effects of absorption or imperfect elasticity in frittering down ether waves of various lengths, emitted by distant bodies, he found that the more distant parts of the universe, from this cause, ought to exhibit marked coloration, in contrast to the whiter appearance presented by neighboring masses of stars. As there seems to be a total absence of increase of coloration even in the most distant clusters of the Galaxy, it follows that the percentage of light lost through the imperfect elasticity of the ether is infinitesimal. The observational evidence, therefore, gives little support to the theory of absorption by the ether proper, and would rather point to the existence of a veil of dark matter, cosmical dust, which would affect all wave lengths alike, and thus give no relative coloration in the different parts of the universe. Neglecting absorption of light by dark matter, Professor Brace concludes "that the universe must be finite, or, if infinite in extent, the average density of distribution of self-luminous bodies outside our own system must be exceedingly small, as otherwise the sky would appear of a uniform brightness approximating that of the sun."

As the existence of dark matter in the form of extensive nebulosity diffused generally over the background of the sky must appreciably diminish the light of distant stars, these conclusions, when all causes are considered, are valid only within the premises upon which they rest.

It may occur to some persons that we cannot conceive of an end of space, and

it is hardly likely that infinite space would exist without matter; and hence that the universe necessarily is infinite. This argument proceeds upon the supposition that we can conceive all things which exist, — an admission hardly warranted by experience. For as we can conceive of many things which do not exist, so also there may exist many things of which we can have no clear conception; as, for example, a fourth dimension to space, or a boundary to the universe.

To make this suggestion more obvious, we shall draw on an analogy sometimes used in transcendental mathematics. The surface of a sphere or an ellipsoid has no end, and yet is finite in dimensions; and if a being be conceived as moving in the surfaces of either of these mathematical figures, it is clear that he would find no end, and yet he might start from a place and return to it by circumnavigating his universe. The space returns to itself. In like manner, though we cannot conceive of an end to our tridimensional universe, and it may have no end so far as we are concerned, it may in reality be finite, and return to itself by some process to us forever unknowable.

Thus, while our senses conceive space to be endless, it does not follow that the universe is in reality of infinite extent; much less can the absence of an empyrean prove that the cosmos is finite, even to our experience; for this effect may be due to dust in space, or to the uniform absorption of light by the ether. In the exploration of the sidereal heavens, it is found that the more powerful the telescope, the more stars are disclosed; and hence the practical indications are that in most directions the sidereal system extends on indefinitely. But the possible uniform extinction of light due to the imperfect elasticity of the luminiferous ether, and the undoubted absorption of light by dark bodies widely diffused in space, seem to preclude forever a definite answer to the question of the bounds of creation.

T. J. J. See.

THE WORKS ON THE SCHOONER HARVESTER.

ON those rare occasions when a neighbor brought old Skipper Rufus Condon to the store in his sleigh, the latter took precedence over all others, and one of the three armchairs by the fire was at once vacated for him.

The stove door would then be closed and the draughts turned on for a few moments; or likely enough Simeon would make a sudden blast with old paper and pine box covers, which latter he broke up underfoot so energetically that the crockery ware and bottles of medicine rattled again on their shelves.

It was on one of these visits that Cap'n Job Gaskett was present with a long-bearded stranger, whom he introduced as his "woman's cousin from up back here a piece," and by way of entertainment to his guest soon urged Skipper Rufus to relate again his memorable experience on board the schooner *Harvester*, — a story always eagerly listened to by all, but which the old man could not often be induced to enter upon in so public a place.

Between him and Job Gaskett, however, there existed a strong bond of sympathy through their unwavering belief in the supernatural, and, moreover, Job had the knack of drawing out the old man.

"It's seldom ever I come down past them pore ole wracks up to the head o' the Cove there," said he, "without it puts me in mind o' the set-fired works you see aboard the ole *Harvester* that time, Skip' Rufe. An' speakin' o' her, it doos beat the ole Boy hisself the way that creetur makes out to hold her sheer all these years sence she died. Why, there's a number o' them hookers up there pretty much all flattened out now, that was counted tol'ble good vessels the time you folks give up the *Harvester*, an' now she's by all odds the bes'-lookin' wrack o' the whole kit of 'em!"

"Bedide ef you ain't got 'bout the rights on't!" cried Skipper Rufus, evidently pleased at this tribute to his old craft. "The ole *Harvester* was built for keeps. She wa'n't jes' merely hove together same's a good many on 'em is, now I tell ye what! Wood an' iron could n't never be sot up stouter 'n what she was; an' time we hauled her up there, I cal'late three hunnerd dollars'd made a better vess'l outen her 'n we could went to work an' built."

"Wal, you folks *was* cal'latin' to repair, wa'n't ye?" asked Job.

"Course we was!" answered the old man. "Never had no idee o' givin' of her up. Cal'lated to give her a new deck an' wales, mebbe; but you see the thing of it was, there was sich an everlastin' string o' owners to her, we could n't git 'em to pull together noways. There was Elder Pike, he had a little piece into her; an' them two ole maid sisters o' hisn, they had their little piece into her; an' then there was one or two widdier women up there to the Harbor, they'd got into her, too.

"I can't tell ye now jes' who they all was, but that's the way the creetur had got to be cut up into thirty-secon's an' sixty-fourths, chock to her timber heads; so's't soon 's ever we commenced to talk repairin', you never see sich another pull-in' an' haulin'. Me an' brother Ephe we held nigh onto a half on her betwixt us, an' we knowed fast 'nough her top was gittin' kind o' tender, but you could n't git them women folks an' that there ole sky-pilot so's't they'd talk reas'nable nohow. One day they'd agree to repair, mebbe, an' nex' day they'd be possessed to sell the wus't way, but you could n't git no price sot to save ye; an' so it kep' workin', till bimeby the creetur died right there to Uncle 'Siah's shore, an' a dod-blasted shame it was, too!"

"Jes' merely heavin' away the ables' little hooker ever went out o' this Cove," remarked Cap'n Ormsby. "I never 'll forgit the time we come out by Halibut P'int in comp'ny 'long o' you, into the ole Mirandy. 'T'was gittin' 'long late in the fall o' the year, an' screechin' here from the nor'wes' right out en'ways, so's't Ipswidge Bay was all feather white as fur's you could see. I know we was kind o' shakin' her along through them flaws under single-reefed mains'l an' jib, but blow my shirt ef you did n't come walkin' down past us in that there ole Harvester with a rap full, an' wearin' a stays'l at that!"

"Yas, yas!" chuckled Skipper Rufus. "I rec'lec' the time. Oh, she'd lug sail 'long o' the best of 'em, the old Harvester would. Me an' brother Ephe had knowed her for a dretful able, smart-goin' little packet ever sence she was launched, but 't was jes' by way of a slant we come to hear she was for sale at sich a trade down there to Burnt Coat. There was an ole rich feller by the name o' McClintock that owned her an' half a dozen sail besides down there to the islant, an' fin'ly he went to work an' died. Seems's though his widder was possessed to get red on all the ole feller's vess'l prop'ty quick's ever she could. Seems's though the Harvester had allus been a pertikler pet o' hisn, bein' 's he'd turned to an' had her built out o' jes' sich stock, an' jes' to suit hisself every ways, so's't everybody there to Burnt Coat 'lowed the ole feller sot a master store by her.

"Wal, me an' Ephe turned to an' grafted onto her some quick soon's ever we found what a trade she was, but we thought then it was ter'ble queer them folks should stan' by an' see that craf' go out o' town at sich a figger. Vess'ls was good-payin' prop'ty in them days, ye know, an' she was all took up here to the Cove inside o' twenty-four hours; everybody that see her wanted to git holt on a piece.

"'Bout the middle o' September, that nex' fall, nigh's I rec'lec', we up an' give it to her for the Bay Shelore, a-mack-erelin'. I know we made the run from Mount Desert Rock chock to Canso in less 'n thirty-six hours, an' the creetur wa'n't in no trim to travel, neither; but you take an' give her half a chance any time, an' she was off same's a scalt hog! But come to git down through the Gut o' Canso, an' the wind kep' peterin' out on us, so's't by night-time we was jes' up off the no'thern p'int o' Prince Edward's Islant there, with a mere air o' wind out here to the east'ard, so's't I cal'lated to see it shet in thick o' fog 'mos' any minute, an' that kind o' kep' me dodgin' on deck by spells all the fust o' the night."

"I want you should twig every blame' word o' this here, Amos!" interrupted Job Gaskett, speaking to his "woman's cousin." "There never was nothin' truer 'n what this makes out to be sence Adam was a yearlin'!"

"'Long 'bout midnight 't was," continued Skipper Rufus, "I took a turn forrard, an' then I come aft ag'in, an' stopped abreast o' the main riggin' to light up my pipe. Now 't wa'n't very dark that night; one o' them whitish, hazy kind o' nights, ye know, so's't you could see everythin' tol'ble clear the length o' the vessel easy 'nough. I know I see brother Ephe stannin' aft there astraddle o' the tiller, an' cal'lated for sure he was all the one there was on deck besides me. Bimeby I sot out to walk aft ag'in, but I could n't took a couple o' steps afore Ephe up an' says, 's'e, ' Who's that turned out forrard there?' 's'e to me.

"Wal, I s'posed o' course it wa'n't nobody, without it was some one of our own crowd had come on deck outen the fo'c's'le for sumpin or other, so I turned round mod'rit's you please, an' bedide ef there wa'n't a ter'ble short, chunky-built feller stannin' chock forrard there, leanin' ag'in' the win'lass-bitt.

Did n't 'pear to be doin' nothin' in per-tikler; only jes' stannin' there lookin' dead away to loo'ard.

" 'Wal,' 's I to brother Ephe, 's I, 'I dunno who 't is we've got aboard sawed off short's that feller makes out to be. How long's he been there?' 's I.

" 'I only jes' this very minute see him,' says Ephe. 'I can't seem to place him, neither,' 's 'e. 'What's that he's got his head wropped up into?'

" 'Bedide, now, thinks I to myself, thinks I, this here 's a little grain sing'-lar, too, so I jes' up an' hailed the feller. 'Hi! There forrard! What ye doin' of there?' 's I. Never a yip come outen him, though, nor we could n't see as he moved han' or foot, nary one.

" 'Wal, that air kind c' riled my blood, that did, an' I started forrard myself to sort o' look into the thing a mite; for I commenced to think whether or no it wa'n't one o' them sleep-walkin' scrapes, same 's we hear tell on; but 'fore ever I got 's fur 's the scuttle I see blame' well it wa'n't none o' our crowd, not by no means. He was a dretful little short chunk of a feller, reg'lar lumpfish build he was; pooty nigh 's beamy 's he was long overall. There was a longish gray beard onto him, an' he had one o' them knit jumpers onto him, same 's we allus used to wear a sight 'board a vess'l in them days. The thing onto his head was a blame' big fur cap, nigh 's ever I could tell, an' I commenced a-b'ilin' inside right off, to think some strange feller had made out to stow hisself aboard on us so fashion.

" 'Dod-blast your dirty pelt!' 's I, without no more ifs nor an's about it. 'What the devil be you doin' of here, you?' 's I.

" 'But he never opened his face, nor stirred in no way, shape, nor manner.

" 'We'll damn quick see ef you've got ary tongue into your gullet!' 's I, an' I fetched a leap for him, cal'latin' to ketch a holt on his throat; but true 's you're settin' where you be, 'twa'n't only air

't I grabbed, an' I fetched up ag'in' that win'lass so's't to knock the win' clean outen me! S' help me, that feller was gone quick 's ever you'd snuff a candle; an' of all the tarnation ole feelin's ever I had, them that come acrost me that minute was the cussededs! Bedide ef I can't feel 'em yit! The buckram was all took out o' me for a spell, an' I hed to sed down on the kile o' cable there forrard. Brother Ephe, soon 's ever he see me close in with the feller, he lef' the tiller, an' come runnin' forrard hell-bent, so's't the vess'l come to into what little air there was goin'.

" 'Them mainsheet blocks fetched a couple o' slats acrost the traveler, an' woke one o' the b'ys below, so's't he stuck his head outen the scuttle to see what was up, an' Ephe he turned to an' rigged up a yarn right off 'bout how I was took sick; for 't would been 's much 's the trip was wuth ef them fellers into the fo'c's'le had got wind o' there bein' sich works aboard. They'd took their dunnage an' quit same 's so many rats, the very fust time we harbored anywheres. So Ephe an' me we dassent say boo to nobody, without 't was between ourselves.

" 'Us two was consid'ble nerved up over the blame' bus'niss; but brother Ephe he was allus called a cool star, anyways, an' it took a master sight to jar him any great, so fin'ly he come roun' to 'low how, ef the ole feller showed hisself ag'in, he cal'lated to have a hack at him on his own hook, ef it took a leg."

" 'Reg'lar built daredivil, Ephe allus was, anyways," explained Cap'n Gaskett to his guest.

" 'Wal," the skipper went on, "we never see nothin' outen the common run for much 's a fortni't, till we was to anchor one night down to Bay Shelore there. 'T was jes' pooty a night as ever growed, too: moon all out full tilt, shinin' away for every mite she was wuth, an' jes' a little mod'rit air o' wind draw-rin' offn the lan', so's't you could smell

them junipers ashore there good an' plain. Yes, sir, an' the smell o' them woods has allus give me a start from that day to this.

"Wal, 'long about daybreak, or jes' afore, the fust thing I knowed, brother Ephe he was a-pokin' an' rollin' of me in my bunk to git me woke up. Me an' him an' 'Lish Perkins up the erik here, we three was all there was slep' aft there, ye un'stan'; all the res' was for-rard.

"'He's out there on deck ag'in!' 's 'e in a whisper, so's't not to roust up 'Lish. 'I'm goin' to tackle the cuss jes' once more, ef it shims the trip!' 's 'e.

"Wal, fur 's I was consarned, I sh'd a blame' sight sooner stopped jes' where I was. That air bunk was plenty good for me; I'd had all the truck I was lookin' for 'long o' the ole fur-cap feller; but Ephe he would have it I mus' turn out, whether or no. I rec'lec', though, my legs felt consid'ble wobbly und'neath o' me when I was follerin' him up that companion-way larder. Jes' we was goin' up, Ephe he reached an' grabbed holt on a hard-wood stick 'bout two foot long we had for barrin' to the scuttle slide with; he took that air billet o' wood an' slipped her inside his pants leg.

"Wal, sir, we got on deck, an' I'll be jiggered ef there didn't set that same ole sawed-off feller ag'in; settin' chock aft on the taffr'l he was, this time, jes' beaft the house. The moon drewed right plumb onto him, so's't you could see the glint of his ole beard an' the whole look o' his face plain 's daytimes, 'mos'.

"Brother Ephe he did n't lose no time backin' an' fillin', but jes' edged 'long up pooty nigh him, an' says, 's 'e, 'Mod'rit kind o' night, neighbor,' 's 'e.

"The ole feller never give him so much 's a look, an' Ephe he up an' says ag'in, louder, 'What ails ye, cap'n, any-ways?' 's 'e. 'Be ye stone deaf or lunny, or what in blazes is it's the matter on ye?' 's 'e.

"Never a yip nor a move come outen

the feller; you might jes' soon spoke to the mainmas', eggsac'ly.

"'Now, then, squire,' 's Ephe, 'I cal'late to know who an' what you be 'fore ever I git through with ye, an' you better a damn sight put that in your pipe an' smoke it, fust as las'! Ef you ain't cal'latin' to ac' kind o' half decent when you're spoke to civil, blame' ef I don't try an' club a grain o' manners into ye!'

"An' quicker 'n scat he up an' fetched a lingin' ole clip at the feller's head with that air hard-wood billet.

"Wal, sir, that stick o' wood never brought up ag'in' nothin', — jes' nothin'. She flipped outen brother Ephe's han', an' went spinnin' off toward Novy Sco-shy, the las' we see on 't, but there wa'n't nothin' to that feller with the fur cap no more 'n there was the time I run foul on him; an' Ephe he says kind o' choky-like, 'That settles it!' 's 'e, an' down below we tumbled, an' turned in blame' lively without another word spoke; but I took notice brother Ephe he wa'n't never sighted on deck ag'in till past noontime nex' day."

"Wa'n't there a mess on 't!" cried Cap'n Job. "How'd ye like to been shipmates 'long o' that ole feller, Amos?" said he, turning to his friend. "Sooner stay up home there, with both feet good an' solid on the turf, would n't ye?"

"Gracious Evers!" exclaimed the man "from up back here." "I never see the salt water but once afore to-day, an' guess I'll stop ashore a spell longer yit. It's no wonder you give up that schooner, captin'."

"'T wa'n't on that 'count we give her up, you!" said Skipper Rufus, somewhat indignantly. "We made out to run her twenty odd seasons after this here, an' fin'ly come to reckon the ole feller good 's an insurance onto her. You jes' wait a spell an' see how the thing worked!

"After this last scrape, seems 's ef he

sort o' took the hint that he wa'n't wanted roun' no great" —

"Damn good reason he had, too, for feelin' a grain sideways toward ye!" interrupted the sheriff. "Ef 't been some folks, they'd owed ye a gredge after a chokin' an' clubbin'."

"Wal, seems 's though he did n't bear us no great gredge," said Skipper Rufe, "for he turned to an' done us the big-ges' kind o' good turn that same trip. Things got simmered down into the ole rut in a few days, but we could n't seem to strike no fish into Shelore Bay there, an' fin'ly I poked her across to the Magdaleens; but there wa'n't no sight there, neither, so I let her go down into the bight o' Prince Edward's Islant, an' there we struck 'em solid. Had much 's we could jump to a-savin' them number one mack'rel fast 's we ketched 'em, so's't 't wa'n't long 'fore we was countin' up the days 't would be 'fore we'd have her nose p'inted to the west'ard ag'in; that is, 'lowin' the weather held good, same 's she was. One mornin', though, when we didn't lack but a couple o' days' fishin' to wet down all our salt, she commenced a-hermin' up thick an' nasty here to loo'ard, an' my camphire bottle she commenced a-rilin' up ter'ble sudden. I rec'lec' by night-time that bottle she was chock-a-block full o' blame' big feathers, an' streamers, an' burgees like. Oh, ye never see sich another lookin' mess on 't as that air bottle was into, come sundown, so's't we did n't feel over an' above easy at bein' 'way down to loo'ard into that air bight.

"By good rights, we had n't no bus'niss into the bay 't all so late in the year. The cal'lation allus was to git outen the place all clear by the last o' October, anyways, an' here 't was goin' on the secon' week o' November. Ye rec'lec' this bight 's the wusst corner o' the whole bay to git ketched into with the win' anyways to the east'ard, for there 's narry decent harbor to run for to loo'ard, ye see; so allst a man kin do, ef

so be it he gits penned in there with a heavy eas'ly gale, is to crack on the muslin without no mercy, an' drag his vess'l out by the land ef it 's a poss'ble thing. Jes' a plain question o' luggin' sail or goin' to hell, — that 's all.

"Ef a feller feels anyways sartin he 's in for an eas'ly breeze o' win' down there into that bight, it stan's him in han' to git up an' git outen it quick 's ever he kin roun' to it; but the gran' trouble is, vess'ls gits doin' well fishin', same 's we done, an' they keep a-hangin' on, an' hangin' on, waitin' to see what 's goin' to amount to, till fus' thing they know, they 're ketched into a reg'lar ole twister of a breeze, like 's not.

"Now, this time we was there we had three other 'Merican mack'rel ketchers in comp'ny 'long on us: one vess'l from down Plymouth ways, one Marblehead-er, an' a feller I was some acquainted with in an ole trap called the Light o' Home, — b'longed up here to Castine. He laid jes' a good fair berth to loo'ard on us, an' 'bout sundown I up an' hailed him; asked him what he cal'lated we was goin' to git for weather.

"'Oh,' 's 'e, 'guess this here won't amount to nothin' without 's a fog mull or a spatter o' rain, mebbe; 'lowed how he was goin' to stop right there, anyhow.

"Wal, things was lookin' kind o' dubious like, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin', an' I did n't make no bones 'bout sayin' so, neither, though I was jes' loath 's the nex' man to clear out an' leave them big mack'rel. We chawed it over for a spell amongst us, an' fin'ly agreed to let her hang where she was till mornin', anyways, kind o' hopin' we sh'd be able to have another try at them big number ones.

"There was jes' a decen' air o' wind goin' then from 'bout eas'-no'theas'; but she kep' breezenin' on stiddy all the time, I took notice, an' 'fore long she shet in thick o' fog an' rain. I was on deck, you un'stan'; for I run away 'long

o' the idee the weather was up to some blame' caper or other, an' I did n't feel jes' easy down below playin' keerds same 's the res' part was doin' of. Fin'ly, thinks I, I'll take an' oil up 'fore I git wet; an' jes' I shoved the scuttle back to go below, brother Ephie he poked his head up to have a look at the weather. The very minute he done so, there was a v'ice up an' says as loud an' plain 's could be, 'Make sail on her to-night, an' quick!' It was dark 's a pocket, so's't we could n't see the fust thing, but both on us heerd the v'ice right close aboard on us, an' knowed blame' well who 't was back on her, too!

"We took an' give it out to the res' how I'd seed a forerunner, for o' course it would n't do to tell 'em jes' the state o' the case; an' ef ever you see quick work gittin' a vess'l under way, that was the time.

"The Castine feller into the ole Light o' Home, he heerd our blocks a-talkin' when we was makin' sail, an' sung out to know what in the name o' reason ailed us.

"I tol' him we was in for a gale o' win', sure, an' I cal'lated to make a lee somewheres, ef I had to go chock roun' to loo'ard o' the islant to find it; tol' him how he bes' up anchor an' foller suit, ef he knowed when he was well off. But the pore devil only got off some slang 'bout bein' skeered of a little fog; so we filled away, an' lef' him an' them two others to anchor.

"Wal, sir, that breeze had kep' prickin' on an' prickin' on stiddy, so's't there was nigh a whole-sail breeze a'ready. Them flaws kep' strikin' nigher an' nigher together, an' ev'ry one had more heft into her 'n the las' one. It could n't been more 'n half an hour after our anchor was broke out 'fore that packet had all she could stivver to under her three lower sails. Now, I was dretful well acquainted down that way in them days, an' did n't cal'late to take a back seat for no livin' man when it come to pokin' roun' in the fog by day or by

night-times, ary one; but allst that fretted me the mos' was for fear 't would overblow 'fore ever we could work out clear o' the bight. We'd got to claw to wind'ard, out past Eas' P'int or the No'the Cape, one of the two, or else there'd be hell to pay an' no pitch hot, sure 'nough; so I jes' socked it to her the wusst way till she commenced bailin' the water over her by hockshead; but I would n't show her no favors, an' kep' them three lower sails onto her till I dassent resk the gear another minute. Fin'ly, though, it come on so blame' tough, Lord, thinks I, this won't never do no longer!

"She was washin' herself clean fore an' aft in them seas a'ready, every dog-gone clip, so we turned to an' stuck single reefs into the mains'l fust. That eased her a grain for a spell, but we soon foun' that air breeze was only jes' commencin' to take a holt. 'T wa'n't half an hour more 'fore we was stickin' reefs into the fores'l, an', to cut it short, by midnight we was tied down to balance-reefed mains'l, cluss-reefed fores'l, an' the bunnet outen the jib! That's how much sail the ole Harvester was wearin' 'bout that time, an' by spells 'twas more 'n what she could wag to then; but our only squeak was to cart it onto her for all she was wuth, ef ever we cal'lated to drag her out by Eas' P'int that night.

"I was consid'ble in hopes she'd do it, though them wall-sided seas right in the face was a ter'ble setback to her; but still I was in hopes she'd make out to do it, when all of a suddin, bang! rip! slat! away blowed that balance-reefed mains'l clean outen the boltropes, an' I guess then there was our fat into the fire, an' no mistake! We had n't nothin' fittin' to bend in room o' the mains'l, an' here she was with every mite o' after-sail stripped offn her, so's't she would n't p'int up nowheres, let alone clawin' to wind'ard out clear o' the lan'!"

"That air," interrupted Cap'n Job

again, "that air was jes' clear hell, I'll be jiggered ef 't wa'n't! Bate your ole jaw dropped some quick when you see that sail go!"

"I would n't wonder a mite," admitted the skipper. "I know, thinks I right off, Guess this means a fresh crop o' widders there to home, fas' 'nough; but still I knowed ef we could only once make out to git the creetur roun' on t' other tack, we'd have sea room for a spell, anyways, an' p'intin' the way she was then meant the name o' every blame' soul aboard was mud, sure 's death an' taxes!"

"Gin'ral Jackson! Yas!" exclaimed Simeon, hastily pulling off his spectacles. "Tracadie would ha' fetched ye up all stannin', spite o' fate!"

"She'd laid her bones to the west'ard o' Tracadie, 'cordin' to the way we was headin'," said the old man. "I knowed that well 'nough, an' so we took chances o' wearin' roun' on the other tack; a nasty, resky job's ever was, too, but the ole Harvester was a hard one to drownd, now I tell ye! Some on 'em made out to git the jib offn her, an' there we was have to under cluss-reefed fores'l; not much bigger 'n a tablecloth, anyways, but come to talk 'bout carryin' sail! In ten minutes' time after we'd wore ship she would n't carry *nothin'*! I never see the like o' that for blowin' right out en'ways, not in the whole o' my goin'! Why, she would n't even so much 's look at it, but jes' laid ri' down on her broad-side mos' hatches to, an' trembled all over!"

"An' God knows that ole vess'l was able, too, — jes' able 's they make 'em! When that creetur would n't stan' up to it an' take her med'cine like a major, them that would was some scatt'rin', now I tell ye! But this here breeze o' wind was sumpin clean away outen the common run; she was a proper harricane, that 's what she was, an' there wa'n't no livin' man could stan' up an' face her for a secon'!"

"We don't 'pear to git many o' them kind o' reg'lar ole-fashioned combustibles now'days," observed Cap'n Job, as the skipper paused to refresh himself with a new quid of tobacco.

"That 's a fac'!" assented Cap'n Ormsby. "It's seldom ever we git a breeze 't all, now'days, let alone one o' them ole hell-rippers, same 's we used to git!"

"We dunno what a breeze o' win' 's like, now'days," resumed Skipper Rufus decisively. "Wal, though, 's I was sayin', our fores'l was 'mos' bran' noo, an' the res' part o' the gear was good, without 't was the mains'l; but we was all lookin' every minute for sumpin to carry away an' disenable her so's't she'd fall off to loo'ard an' dump the whole bus'niss down on them san' bars Cascumpeque ways there; for when them wusst flaws'd jump on her, swan to man ef did n't seem more 'n what wood an' iron could stan'! She'd kind o' lay down an' scrouch under 'em, till she'd 'pear to git breath 'nough so's't to stan' up a grain an' buck into it ag'in. Blowed ef I did n't fairly feel sorry for the creetur, seemed though she was tryin' so hard to keep atop o' water!"

"H'ever, the way it turned out, she wa'n't spoke for, — not that breeze o' win'. It eased up on us a bit in a couple o' hours, an' 'long toward mornin' canted a p'int or two more to the east'ard, an' that, o' course, favored us more 'n a little; so's't the amount o' the story was, when that gale o' win' fin'ly leg-go, we was all o' ten mile to wind'ard o' Miscoec! Yes, sir, that 's a fac', an' you kin turn to an' figger out for yourselves 'bout how much leeway that creetur could ha' made! Why, good gorry, man, she must ha' eat to wind'ard ef anythin' that night, when there wa'n't one craf' in a hunnerd but what would ha' slid off to loo'ard same 's a blame' crab!"

"Oh, she was a proper long-legged, offshore style o' vess'l, she was!" said

Cap'n Job. "But that was a weeked ole breeze o' win'. 'cordin' to all tell. That was when they los' the Bueny Visty, wa'n't it?"

"Yas," replied Skipper Rufus. "Ole man Gardner piled her up on the Magdaleens that night, an' los' her whole crowd; every soul on 'em belongin' here to this Cove, too. Come to that, there was eight more o' our 'Merican vess'ls went ashore betwixt Bay Shelore an' Eas' P'int, that time, not countin' them three we lef' to anchor there in the bight. Seems 's ef them three mus' cal'lated to ride her out where they was, for I heern tell afterward how the wrackage from 'em was hove up in win'rows on shore dead to loo'ard."

"Them pore devils hung it out too long, an' paid dear for it, too; but I'm thinkin' the ole feller did n't start you out o' that none too soon yourself, neither," said Job. "But now turn to an' give us the res' part o' the yarn, Skip' Rufe. I would n't have Amos here miss hearin' this kind o' afterclap, not for a farm down Eas'!"

"Wal, then," began the old man again, "quick 's ever that breeze o' win' give up, we kep' her off, an' let her go a-flukin' down through Northum'lan' Strait into Shediac, so's't to git things kind o' tintrivated into shape ag'in 'fore we give it to her to the west'ard. There was half a dozen sail o' vess'ls dragged ashore right there to that harbor, an' comin' down 'long we see more wracks everywheres 'n you could shake a stick to."

"Wal, when we was fin'ly makin' the run home, we'd got up 'long so's't to sight Isle o' Holt all good an' plain, an' we took one o' these here smoky sou'-westers right plumb in the teeth. I let her slam into it en'ways for a spell, but fin'ly thinks I, Bedide, thinks I, what sense is they, anyways? I jes' took an' down hellum, an' made a harbor 'fore noontime there to Burnt Coat, Swan's Islant; the very same place we'd

bought the vess'l to that spring, ye rec'-lee'?"

"Wal, soon 's ever we'd got things all snugged up in good shape aboard, me an' brother Ephe we took a dory an' rowed ashore to the settlemint, by way o' killin' time like. There was an ole feller kep' the store an' pos' office there to the w'arft, an' seems 's though he knowed our vess'l quick 's ever she poked her nose in past the light. We set there talkin' 'long o' him a spell, an' seems 's ef he was ter'ble anxious to hear what about her, how we'd made it into her so fur; an' a sight o' questions he put to us, that ole feller did, till all to once he up an' says right out, 'Cap'n,' 's'e to me, 'I know 't ain't the fus' damn mite o' my bus'niss,' 's'e, 'but,' 's'e, 'I should r'ally like to ask ef ever ye see ary works outen the gin'ral run sence you've been goin' into that there schooner?'"

"Whew!" whistled the man "from up back here," softly. Cap'n Job delivered a resounding slap upon his thigh, and removed the pipe from his mouth to speak; but Skip' Rufe continued:—

"Yas, siree! Them 's his very words! Wal, quick 's ever he up an' says that air, why, Ephe an' me commenced to git the loom o' the lan' right away, an' fin'ly we turned to an' give the ole feller the whole blame' hist'ry o' the bus'niss, so fur 's we knowed it; an' come to take an' pump him a grain, he give us to un-'stan' how there was any gris' o' folks right there to Burnt Coat that swore they see ole 'Shorty' McClintock,—seems 's ef that was a nickname like o' hisn,—them folks swore how that they see him a-stannin' anchor watch all soul 'lone aboard the Harvester, by night-times, while she was layin' there into the harbor, inside a fortni't after he'd been planted six foot un'neath the sod up back o' the meetin' house there; an' 't was jes' sich works sp'iled the sale on her all down through them parts."

"Now," the skipper went on, raising his voice as one or two of his hearers

again threatened to interrupt, "now, 'cordin' to all tell down there to Burnt Coat, 't was ole man McClintock we see ourselves twice aboard the vess'l that trip, an' 't was ole man McClintock that

up an' give us warnin' to git out o' the bight o' the islant that night !

"Ef 't wa'n't him, who 'n the name o' Sam Hyde was it? You jes' turn to an' tell, some o' you knowin' ones!"

George S. Wasson.

THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

IN our country there has been long familiar, in actual life and in tradition, a corporate woman known as "the New England woman." Doubtless, when she landed upon our shores, some two hundred and fifty years ago, she was a hearty, even-minded, rosy-cheeked, full-fleshed English lass. Once here, in her physical and mental make-up, under pioneer conditions and influenced by our electric climate, a differentiation began, an unconscious individualizing of herself: this was far, far back in the time of the Pilgrim mothers. In this process she developed certain characteristics which are weakly human, intensely feminine, and again passing the fabled heroism of saints in self-devotion. Just what these qualities were, and why they grew, is worth considering before — in the bustle of another century and its elements entirely foreign to her primitive and elevated spirit — she has passed from view and is quite forgotten.

In the cities of to-day she is an exotic. In the small towns she is hardly indigenous. Of her many homes, from the close-knit forests of Maine to the hot sands of Monterey, that community of villages which was formerly New England is her habitat. She has always been most at home in the narrow village of her forbears, where the church and school were in simpler days, and still at times are, — even to us measuring only with Pactolian sands in our hourglasses, — the powers oftenest quoted and most revered. From these sources the larger

part of herself, the part that does not live by bread alone, was nourished.

It was in the quiet seclusion of the white homes of these villages that in past generations she gained her ideals of life. Such a home imposed what to women of the world at large might be inanity. But, with a self-limitation almost Greek, she saw within those clapboard walls things dearest to a woman's soul: a pure and sober family life, a husband's protective spirit, the birth and growth of children, neighborly service — keenly dear to her — for all whose lives should come within touch of her active hands, and an old age guarded by the devotion of those to whom she had given her activities. To this should be added another gift of the gods which this woman ever bore in mind with calmness: a secluded ground, shaded by hemlocks or willows, where should stand the headstone marking her dust, over which violets should blossom to freshening winds, and robin call to mate in the resurrection time of spring, and in the dim corners of which ghostly Indian pipes should rise from velvet mould to meet the summer's fervency.

Under such conditions and in such homes she had her growth. The tasks that engaged her hands were many, for at all times she was indefatigable in what Plato calls women's work, *τὰ ἐνδομνα*. She rose while it was yet night; she looked well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness. In housekeeping — which in her conser-

vative neighborhood and among her primary values meant, almost up to this hour, not directing nor helping hired people in heaviest labors, but rather all that the phrase implied in pioneer days — her energies were spent: herself cooking; herself spinning the thread and weaving, cutting out and sewing all family garments and household linen; herself preserving flesh, fish, and fruits. To this she added the making of yeast, candles, and soap for her household, their butter and cheese, — perhaps also these foods for market sale, — at times their cider, and even elderberry wine for their company, of as fine a color and distinguished a flavor as the gooseberry which the wife of immortal Dr. Primrose offered her guests. Abigail Adams herself testifies that she made her own soap, in her early days at Braintree, and chopped the wood with which she kindled her fires. In such accomplishments she was one of a great sisterhood, thousands of whom served before and thousands after her. These women rarely told such activities in their letters, and rarely, too, I think, to their diaries; for their fingers fitted a quill but awkwardly after a day with distaff or butter-moulding.

These duties were of the external world, mainly mechanical and routine, and they would have permitted her — an untiring materialist in all things workable by hands — to go many ways in the wanderings of thought, if grace, flexibility, and warmth had consorted with the Puritan idea of beauty. She had come to be an idealist in all things having to do with the spirit. Nevertheless, as things stood, she had but one mental path.

The powers about her were theocratic. They held in their hands her life and death in all physical things, and her life and death *per omnia secula seculorum*. They held the right to whisper approval or to publish condemnation. Her eager, active spirit was fed by sermons and ex-

hortations to self-examination. Nothing else was offered. On Sundays and in midweek she was warned by these teachers, to whom everybody yielded, to whom in her childhood she had been taught to drop a wayside curtsy, that she should ever be examining head and heart to escape everlasting fire, and that she should endure so to conduct her devoted life as to appease the anger of a God as vindictive as the very ecclesiasts themselves. No escape or reaction was possible. The effect of all this upon a spirit so active, pliant, and sensitive is evident. The sole way open to her was the road to introspection.

Even those of the community whose life duties took them out in their world, and who were naturally more objective than women, — even the men, under such conditions, grew self-examining to the degree of a proverb: “The bother with the Yankee is that he rubs badly at the juncture of the soul and body.”

In such a life as this first arose the subjective characteristics at which so many gibes have been written, so many flings spoken; at which so many burly sides have shaken with laughter, ἄσβεστος. Like almost every dwarfed or distorted thing in the active practical world, “New England subjectivity” is a result of the shortsightedness of men, and the wrongs they have done one another. Nowadays, in a more objective life, this accent of the ego is pronounced irritating. But God’s sequence is apt to be irritating.

The New England woman’s subjectivity is a result of what has been, — the enslaving by chance, the control by circumstance, of a thing flexible, pliant, ductile (in this case a hypersensitive soul), and its endeavor to shape itself to certain lines and forms. Cut off from the larger world, she was forced into the smaller. Her mind must have field and exercise for its natural activity and constructiveness. Its native field was the macrocosm; deprived of that, it

turned and fed upon itself in the microcosm.

But scattered far and wide over the granitic soil of New England there have been the women unmarried. Through the seafaring life of the men, through the adventures of the pioneer enchanting the hot-blooded and daring, through the coaxing away of sturdy youthful muscle by the limitless fat lands lying to the west, through the siren voice of the cities, and also through the unutterable loss of men in war, these less fortunate women — the unmarried — have in all New England life been many. All the rounding and relaxing grace and charm which lie between maid and man they knew only in their fancy. Love might spring, but its growth was rudimentary. Their life was not fulfilled. There were many such spinners.

These women, pertinacious at their tasks, dreamed dreams of what could never be realized. They came to talk much of moods and sensations; naturally they would have moods. Human nature will have its confidant, and naturally they talked to one another more freely than to their married sisters. Introspection plus introspection again. A life vacuous in external events and interrupted by no masculine practicality — where fluttering nerves were never counterpoised by steady muscle — afforded its every development.

And expression of their religious life granted no outlet to these natures, — no goodly work direct upon humankind. The Reformation, whatever else it did for the freedom of the intellect, denied liberty and individual choice to women. Puritanism was the child of the Reformation. Like all religions reacting from the degradations and abuses of the Middle Ages, for women it discountenanced community life. Not for active ends, nor of a certainty for contemplative, were women to live. In her simple home, and by making the best of spare moments, the undirected impulse of the spin-

ster produced penwipers for the heathen and slippers for the dominie. But there was, we may say, no dignified, constructive human expression for the childless and husbandless woman. Because of this a dynamo force for good was wasted through centuries, and many thousands of lives were blighted.

In New England this theology ruled, as we have said, with an iron and tyrannous hand. It published the axiom, and soon put it in men's mouths, that the only outlet for women's activities was marriage. No matter if truth to the loftiest ideals kept her single, a woman unmarried, from a Garden of Eden point of view and the pronouncement of the average citizen, was not fulfilling the end for which women were made, — she was not child-bearing.

In this great spinster class, dominated by such a voice, we may physiologically expect to find an excess of the neurotic, altruistic type, women sickened and extremists, because their nature was unbalanced and astray. They found a positive joy in self-negation and self-sacrifice, and evidenced in the perturbations and struggles of family life a patience, a dumb endurance, which the humanity about them, and even that of a later day, could not comprehend, and commonly translated into apathy or unsensitiveness. The legendary fervor and devotion of the saints of other days pale before their self-denying discipline. But instead of gaining, as in the mediæval faith, the applause of contemporaries, and, as in those earlier days, inciting veneration and enthusiasm as a "holy person," the modern sister, who lived in her small world very generally an upper servant in a married brother's or sister's family, heard reference to herself in many phrases turning upon her chastity. Her very classification in the current vernacular turned upon her condition of sex. And at last she witnessed for her class an economic designation, the essence of vulgarity and the consummation of insolence, — "super-

fluous women;" that is, "unnecessary from being in excess of what is needed," women who had not taken husbands, or had lived apart from men. The phrase recalls the use of the word "female," — meaning, "for thy more sweet understanding," a woman. — which grew in use with the Squire Westerns of the eighteenth century, and persisted in decent mouths until Charles Lamb wrapped it in the cloth of gold of his essay on Modern Gallantry, and buried it forever from polite usage.

In another respect, also, this New England spinster grew into a being such as the world had not seen. It is difficult of explanation. Perhaps most easily said, it is this: she never by any motion or phrase suggested to a man her variation from him. All over the world women do this, unconsciously nearly always; in New England never. It has there been condemned as immodest, unwomanly, and with fierce invective. Das Ewig-Weibliche must persist without confession of its existence. In the common conception, when among masculine comrades she should bear herself as a sexless sort of half-being, an hermaphroditic comrade, a weaker, unsexed creature, not markedly masculine, like her brother or the present golfing woman, and far from positively feminine. All her ideals were masculine; that is, all concrete and human expression of an ideal life set before her was masculine. Her religion was wholly masculine, and God was always "He." Her art in its later phases was at its height in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, where the smirking belles who matched the bewigged beaus of Anne's London are jeered at, and conviction is carried the woman reader that all her sex are foolish and foul.

In this non-recognition of a woman's sex, its needs and expression in home and family life, and the domination of masculine ideals, has been a loss of grace, facile touch in manner, vivacity, *légereté*; in short, a want of clarity, delicacy, and

feminine strength. It emphasized spinster life, — and increased it. It is this that has led the world to say that the New England woman is masculine, when the truth is she is most femininely feminine in everything but sex, where she is most femininely and self-effacingly *it*.

It is in this narrowness, this purity, simplicity, and sanctity, in this circumspection and misdirection, that we have the origin of the New England woman's subjectivity, her unconscious self-consciousness, and that seeming hermaphroditic attitude that has attracted the attention of the world, caused its wonder, and led to its false judgment of her merit.

Social changes — a result of the *Zeitgeist* — within the last two generations have brought a broadening of the conception of the "sphere" of women. Puritan instincts have been dying. Rationalism has to a degree been taking their place. While, on the other hand (one may say this quite apart from construing the galvanic twitchings of a revived mediævalism in ecclesiastic and other social affairs as real life), there have also come conceptions of the liberty and dignity of womanhood, independent or self-dependent, equal to those which prevailed in the mediæval world. A popular feeling has been growing that a woman's sphere is whatever she can do excellently. What effect this will have on social relations at large we cannot foresee. From such conditions another chivalry may spring! And on New England soil!! Possibly, the custom that now pertains of paying women less than men for the same work, the habit in the business world of giving women all drudging details, — necessary work, indeed, but that to which no reputation is affixed, — and giving to men the broader tasks in which there are reputation and growth, may ultimately react, just as out of injustice and brutalities centuries ago arose a chivalrous ideal and a knightly redresser.

The sparseness of wealth, the meagreness of material ideals, and the frugal-

ity, simplicity, and rusticity of the New England life have never allowed a development of popular manners. Grace among the people has been interpreted theologically, never socially. Their geniality, like their sunshine, has always had a trace of the northeast wind, — chilled by the Labrador current of their theology. Native wit has been put out by narrow duties. The conscience of their theology has been instinctively for segregation, never for social amalgamation. They are more solitary than gregarious.

We should expect, then, an abruptness of manner among those left to develop social genius, — the women, — even among those traveled and most generously educated. We should expect a degree of baldness and uncoveredness in their social processes, which possibly might be expressed by the polysyllable which her instructor wrote at the end of an Annex girl's theme to express its literary quality, "unbuttoned," — unconsciously.

When you meet the New England woman, you see her placing you in her social scale. That in tailor-making you God may have used a yardstick different from the New England measure has not yet reached her consciousness; nor that the system of weights and measures of what Mr. Leslie Stephen calls "the half-baked civilization of New England" may not prevail in all towns and countries. Should you chance not to fit any notch she has cut in her scale, she is apt to tell you this in a raucous, strident voice, with a schoolma'am air in delivery of her opinion. If she is untraveled and purely of New England surroundings, these qualities may be accented. She is undeniably frank and unquestionably truthful. At all times, in centuries past and to-day, she would scorn such lies as many women tell for amusement or petty self-defense.

It is evident that she is a good deal of a fatalist. This digression will illustrate: If you protest your belief that so

far as this world's estimate goes some great abilities have no fair expression, that in our streets we jostle mute inglorious Miltons; if you say you have known most profound and learned natures housed on a Kansas farm or in a New Mexico cañon; nay, if you aver your faith that here in New England men and women of genius are unnoticed because Messrs. Hue and Cry, voicing the windier, have not appreciated larger capacities, she will pityingly tell you that this larger talent is supposititious. If it were real, she continues, it must have risen to sight and attracted the eye of men. Her human knowledge is not usually deep nor her insight subtle, and she does not know that in saying this she is contradicting the law of literary history, that the producers of permanent intellectual wares are often not recognized by their contemporaries, nor run after by mammonish publishers. And at last, when you answer that the commonest question with our humankind is nourishment for the body, that ease and freedom from exhausting labor must forerun education, literature, art, she retorts that here is proof she is right: if these unrecognized worthies you instance had the gifts you name, they would be superior to mere physical wants. If you have longanimity, you do not drive the generality closer; you drown your reflections in Sir Thomas Browne: "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. . . . Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"

A narrow fatalism, united with the conservatism and aristocratic instincts common to women from their life, gives the New England woman a hedged sympathy with the proletarian struggle for freer life. It may be lack of comprehension rather than lack of sympathy.

She would cure by palliations, a leprosy by healing divers sores. At times you find her extolling the changes wrought in the condition of women during the last sixty years. She argues for the extension of education; her conservatism admits that. She may not draw the line of her radicalism even before enfranchisement. But the vaster field of the education of the human race by easier social conditions, by lifting out of money worship and egoism, — this has never been, she argues, and therefore strenuously insists it never will be.

Speculations upon any new philosophy she is inclined to fear as vicious. In dialectics she rests upon the glories of the innocuous transcendentalism of the forties. Exceptions to the above rule are perhaps those veraciously called "occult;" for she will run to listen to the juggling logic and boasting rhetoric of Swamis Alphadana and Betadananda and Gammadana, and cluster about the audience room of those dusky fakirs much as a swarm of bees gathers in May. And like the bees, she deserts cells filled with honey for comb machine-made and wholly empty.

Illuminated by some factitious light, she will again go to unheard-of lengths in extenuating Shelley's relations to his wives, and in explaining George Eliot's marriage to her first husband. Here, and for at least once in her life, she reasons upon natural grounds and combating convention. "I don't see the wickedness of Rudolph," said one spinster, referring to a prince of Austria and a lady of the Vetchera family. "I don't see why he should n't have followed his heart. But I should n't dare say that to any one else in Boston. Most of them think as I do, but they would all be shocked to have it said." "Consider the broad meaning of what you say. Let this instance become a universal law." "Still I believe every sensible man and woman applauds Rudolph's independence."

With whatsoever or whomsoever she

is in sympathy she is apt to be a partisan. To husband, parents, and children there could be no more devoted adherent. Her conscience, developed by introspective and subjective pondering, has for her own actions abnormal size and activity. It is always alert, always busy, always prodding, and not infrequently sickened by its congested activity. Duty to those about her, and industry for the same beneficiaries, are watchwords of its strength; and to fail in a mote's weight is to gain condemnation of two severest sorts, — her own and the community's. The opinion of the community in which she lives is her second almighty power.

In marriage she often exemplifies that saying of Euripides which Stobæus has preserved among the lavender leaves of his *Florilegium*: "A sympathetic wife is a man's best possession." She has mental sympathy, — a result of her tense nervous organization, her altruism in domestic life, her strong love, and her sense of duty, justice, and right.

In body she belongs to a people which has spent its physical force and wants vitality. She is slight. There is lack of adipose tissue, reserve force, throughout her frame. Her lungs are apt to be weak, waist normal, and hips undersized.

She is awkward in movement. Her climate has not allowed her relaxation, and the ease and curve of motion that more enervating air imparts. This is seen even in public. In walking she holds her elbows set in an angle, and sometimes she steps out in the tilt of the Cantabrigian man. In this is perhaps an unconscious imitation, a sympathetic copying, of an admirable norm, but it is graceless in petticoats. As she steps she knocks her skirt with her knees, and gives you the impression that her leg is crooked, that she does not lock her knee-joint. More often she toes in than out.

She has a marvelously delicate, brilliant, fine-grained skin. It is innocent of powder and purely natural. No beer in past generations has entered its mak-

ing, and no port; also, little flesh. In New England it could not be said, as a London writer has coarsely put it, that a woman may be looked upon as an aggregate of so many beefsteaks.

Her eyes are pure and preternaturally bright, the γλαυκῶπις of Athena, whose child she is, rather than the βοῶπις of Hera, Pronuba, and mistress to women of more luxuriant flesh. The brown of her hair inclines to the ash shades.

Her features would in passport word-
ing be called "regular." Her facial expression, when she lives in more prosperous communities, where salaries are and an assured future, is a stereotyped smile. In more uncertain life and less fortunate surroundings, her face shows a weariness of spirit and a homesickness for heaven that make your soul ache.

Her mind is too self-conscious on the one hand, and too set on lofty duties on the other, to allow much of *coquetterie*, or flirting, or a femininely accented *camaraderie* with men, such as the more elemental women of Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and New York enjoy. She is farthest possible from the luxuriant beauty of St. Louis who declared, "You bet! black-jack-diamond kind of a time!" when asked if she had enjoyed her social dash in Newport. This New England woman would, forsooth, take no

dash in Aurovulgus. But falling into such iniquities, she guards against the defilement of her lips, for she loves a pure and clean usage of our subtle English speech.

The old phase of the New England woman is passing. It is the hour for some poet to voice her threnody. Social conditions under which she developed are almost obliterated. She is already outnumbered in her own home by women of foreign blood, an ampler physique, a totally different religious conception, a far different conduct, and a less exalted ideal of life. Intermixtures will follow and racial lines will gradually fade, and in the end she will not persist. Her passing is due to the unnumbered husbandless and the physical attenuation of the married, — attenuation resulting from their spare and meagre diet, and, it is also claimed, from the excessive household labor of the mothers. More profoundly causative — in fact, inciting the above conditions — was the debilitating religion impressed upon her sensitive spirit. Mayhap in this present decay some Moira is punishing that awful crime of self-sufficing ecclesiasticism. Her unproductivity — no matter from what reason, whether from physical necessity or a spirit-searching flight from the wrath of God — has been her death.

Kate Stephens.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

XXXV.²

THE next morning Miss Hamilton came down dressed in her riding gear, to find her host already in the saddle and armed with a stout hunting crop, which he flourished emphatically as he gave

some directions to his groom. The day was fine and clear after a rainy night, with a hearty fragrance of the showery summer fields blowing through the Bristol streets.

They were quick outside the town on the road to Bath. Mary found herself

¹ Copyright, 1901, by SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fourth advertising page.

well mounted, though a little too safely for her liking. Her horse was heavy of build, being used to the burden of a somewhat ponderous master; but the lighter weight and easy prompting hand of a young girl soon made him like a brave colt again.

The old merchant looked on with approval at such pretty skill and acquaintance with horsemanship as his companion showed at the outset of their journey; and presently, when both the good horses had finished their discreet frolic and settled to sober travel, he fell into easy discourse, and showed the fair rider all the varied interests of the way. It was a busy thoroughfare, and this honored citizen was smiled at and handsomely saluted by many acquaintances, noble and humble. Mr. Davis was stingy of holidays, even in these dull times, but all the gallantry he had ever possessed was glowing in his heart as he rode soberly along in such pleasant company.

The dreary suspense and anxiety of six long weeks at sea were like a half-forgotten dream in the girl's own mind; at last she could set forth about her business. The sorrows of seafaring were now at an end; she was in England at last, and the very heart of the mother country seemed to welcome her; yet a young heart like Mary Hamilton's must needs feel a twinge of pain at the height of her morning's happiness. The fields and hedges, the bright foxglove and green ivy, the larks and blackbirds and quiet robins, the soft air against her cheeks, — each called up some far-inherited memory, some instinct of old relationship. All her elders in Berwick still called England home, and her thrilled heart had come to know the reason why.

Roger Wallingford had been in England. She suddenly understood this new reason why he could find it so hard to go to sea in the *Ranger* to attack these shores, and why he had always protested against taking part in the war. England was no longer an angry, contemptuous

enemy, tyrannous and exacting, and determined to withhold the right of liberty from her own growing colonies. All those sad, unwelcome prejudices faded away, and Mary could only see white clouds in a soft sky above the hazy distance, and hear the English birds singing, and meet the honest English faces, like old friends, as she rode along the road. There was some witchery that bewildered her; 't was like some angry quarrel sprung up between mother and child while they were at a distance from each other, that must be quick forgotten when they came face to face. There was indeed some magic touch upon her: the girl's heart was beating fast; she was half afraid that she had misunderstood everything in blaming old England so much, and even stole a quick glance at her companion to see if he could have guessed her strange thoughts.

"'T is a pretty morning," said Mr. Davis kindly, seeing that she looked his way. "We shall reach Bath in proper season," and he let his horse come to a slow walk.

Whether it was the fresh air of the summer day, very strengthening to one who had been long at sea, or whether it was the justice of their errand itself, the weakness of this happy moment quickly passed, and Miss Hamilton's hand eagerly sought for a packet in the bosom of her gown, to see if it were safe. The reason for being on this side the sea was the hope that an anxious errand could be well done. She thought now of Master Sullivan on his bleak New England hillside; of the far blue mountains of the north country, and the outlook that was clearer and wider than this hazy landscape along the Avon; she looked down at the tame English river, and only remembered the wide stream at home that ran from the mountains straight to sea, — how it roared and droned over the great rocky fall near the master's own house, and sounded like the calling sea itself in his ears.

"You may see Bath now, there in the valley," said Mr. Davis, pointing with his big hand and the hunting crop. "'Tis as fine a ride from Bristol to Bath as any you may have in England." They stopped their horses, a little short of breath, and looked down the rich wooded country to the bright town below.

"'Tis a fine ride indeed," said Mary, patting her horse's neck, and thinking, with uncontrollable wistfulness, of the slenderer and less discreet young Duke at home, and of the old coachman and his black helpers as they always stood by the stable, eager to watch her, with loud cautions, as she rode away. 'T was a sharp touch of homesickness, and she turned her head so that she could hide her face from sight.

"I'll change with you, my dear, as we ride toward home; I see you are so competent a rider," offered Mr. Davis heartily. "Lightfoot is a steady beast, though I must own you found him otherwise this morning; this chestnut is younger and freer-gaited." He had a strange sense, as he spoke, that Mary was no longer in good spirits. Perhaps the heavy horse had tired her strength, though Lightfoot was as good a creature as any in Bristol, and much admired for his noble appearance.

Mary eagerly protested, and patted the old horse with still greater friendliness and approval as they went riding on toward the town. The alderman sighed at the very sight of her youth and freshness; 't would be pleasant to have such a daughter for his own. A man likes young company as he grows older; though the alderman might be growing clumsy on his own legs, the good horse under him made him feel like a lad of twenty. 'T was a fine day to ride out from Bristol, and the weather of the best. Mr. Davis began to mind him of an errand of business to Westbury on Trym, beyond the Clifton Downs, where, on the morrow, he could show Miss Hamilton still finer prospects than these.

They stopped at last before a handsome lodging in the middle of the town of Bath. Mr. George Fairfax was a Virginian, of old Lord Bryan Fairfax's near kindred, a man of great wealth, and a hearty Loyalist; his mother, a Carey of Hampton, had been well known to Madam Wallingford in their early years. He was at home this day, and came out at once to receive his guests with fine hospitality, being on excellent terms of friendship with the old merchant. They greeted each other with great respect before Miss Hamilton's presence was explained; and then Mr. Fairfax's smiling face was at once clouded. He had been the hope and stay of so many distressed persons, in these anxious days of war, that he could only sigh as he listened. It was evident enough that, however charming this new sufferer and applicant might be, their host could but regret her errand. Yet one might well take pleasure in her lovely face, even if she must be disappointed, as most ladies were, in the hope of receiving an instant and ample pension from the ministers of his Majesty George the Third.

Mr. Fairfax, with great courtesy, began to say something of his regrets and fears.

"But we do not ask for these kind favors," Mary interrupted him, with gentle dignity. "You mistake our present errand, sir. Madam Wallingford is in no need of such assistance. We are provided with what money we are like to need, as our good friend here must already know. The people at home" — and she faltered for a moment before she could go on. "It was indeed thought best that Madam Wallingford should be absent for a time; but she was glad to come hither for her son's sake, who is in prison. We have come but to find him and to set him free, and we ask for your advice and help. Here is her letter," and Miss Hamilton hesitated and blushed with what seemed to both the gentlemen a most pretty confu-

sion. "I ought to tell you, Mr. Fairfax — I think you should know, sir, that I am of the Patriots. My brother was with General Washington, with his own regiment, when I left home."

Mr. George Fairfax bowed ceremoniously, but his eyes twinkled a little, and he took refuge in reading the letter. This was evidently an interesting case, but not without its difficulties.

"The young gentleman in question also appears to be a Patriot," he said seriously, as he looked up at Mr. Davis. "In Miss Hamilton's presence I may drop our usual term of 'rebel.' Madam Wallingford professes herself unshaken in her hereditary allegiance to the Crown; but as for this young officer, her son, I am astonished to find that he has been on board the *Ranger* with that Paul Jones who is the terror of our ports now, and the chief pest and scourge of our commerce here in England. 'Tis a distressed parent indeed!"

"You have the right of it," said the old British merchant, with great eagerness and reproach. Mr. Davis was not a man who found it easy to take the humorous point of view. "It seems that he was left ashore, that night of the attack upon Whitehaven, in the north, which you will well remember. He was caught by the town guard. You know we captured one of the *Ranger's* men? 'T was this same young officer, and, though badly wounded, he was ordered to the Mill Prison, and is said to have arrived in a dying state. For his mother's sake (and her face would distress any man's heart), I try to believe that he is yet alive and lies there in the jail; but 'tis a sorry place of correction that he has come to through his own foolishness. They say he is like to have been hanged already."

"Good God! what a melancholy story, and all England thinking that he deserves his fate!" exclaimed Fairfax. "I cannot see how anything can be done."

"There is but one gleam of hope,"

said Mr. Davis, who had not sat among the Bristol magistrates in vain. He spoke pompously, but with some kindness for Miss Hamilton, who was listening sadly enough, the eager bravery of her face all gone; their last words had been very hard to bear. "There is one thing to add. The story reached America, before these good friends left, that young Mr. Wallingford was suspected by many persons on board the *Ranger* of still holding to his early Loyalist principles. They openly accused him of an effort to betray the ship into our hands. If this is true" —

"It is not true!" interrupted Miss Hamilton, and both the gentlemen looked a little startled. "No, it is not true," she repeated, more calmly. "It is not a proper plea to make, if he should never be set free."

"We must think of his mother; we are only reviewing the situation in our own fashion," said the elder man, frowning a stern rebuke at her. But she would have her way.

"Mr. Davis has been very kind in the matter," she continued. "When we were speaking together, last night, he told me that Lord Mount Edgecombe was now in Bath, and would have great influence about the American prisoners."

"That is true," said Mr. Fairfax politely; "but I do not possess the honor of his lordship's acquaintance, and I fear that I have no means of reaching him. He is in bad health, and but lately arrived in Bath to take the waters."

"Miss Hamilton has brought letters" —

"I have some letters, given me by an old friend at home," acknowledged Mary. "He was very sure that they would be of use to us. Do you happen to know anything of Lord Newburgh, sir, and where he may be found?"

"Lord Newburgh?" repeated the Virginian eagerly, with a quick shake of his head and a sudden frown, though there was again a twinkle of merriment

in his eyes. Mary's best hopes suddenly fell to the ground. She was aware as she had not been before upon how slight a foundation these best hopes might have been built. She had always looked up to Master Sullivan with veneration; the mystery of his presence was like an enchantment to those who knew him best. But he had been a long lifetime in America; he might have written his letters to dead men only; they might be worth no more than those withered oak leaves of last year that were fluttering on the hedges, pierced by a new growth.

There was a pause. Mr. Fairfax's face seemed full of pity. Miss Hamilton began to resent his open show of sympathy.

"I am strangely inhospitable!" he exclaimed. "We were so quick at our business that I forgot to offer you anything, sir, and you, Miss Hamilton, after your morning's ride! No, no, it is no trouble. You will excuse me for a moment? I am like to forget my good bringing up in Virginia, and my lady is just now absent from home."

Mr. Fairfax quickly left the room. The alderman sat there speechless, but looking satisfied and complacent. It certainly did make a man thirsty to ride abroad on a sunshiny morning, and his ears were sharp-set for the comfortable clink of glasses. The heavy tray presently arrived, and was put near him on a card table, and the old butler, with his pleasant Virginian speech, was eager in the discharge of hospitality; Mr. Fairfax being still absent, and Mary quite at the end of her courage. She could not take the cool draught which old Peter offered her with respectful entreaties, as if he were Cæsar, their own old slave; she tried to look at the hunting pictures on the wall, but they blurred strangely, — there was something the matter with her eyes.

"What noble Jamaica spirits!" said Mr. John Davis, looking at the ceiling as his glass was being replenished. "Did

your master grow these lemons on his own plantations in Virginia? They are of a wondrous freshness," he added politely, to repeat his approval of such an entertainment. "Miss Hamilton, my dear, you forget we must take the long ride back again to Bristol. I fear you make a great mistake to refuse any refreshment at our good Peter's hands."

The door was opened wide, and Mr. Fairfax made a handsome, middle-aged gentleman precede him into the room.

"I was afraid that I should miss this noble friend," he said gayly; "he might have been taking advantage of so fine a morning, like yourselves. Here is my Lord Newburgh, Miss Hamilton; this is Lord Newburgh himself for you! You may have heard of Mr. Alderman Davis, of Bristol, my lord? I have told you already that Miss Hamilton brings you a letter, and that she hopes for your interest with my Lord Mount Edgumbe. My dear Miss Hamilton, this gives me great pleasure! When you said that you had such a letter, I was sure at last that there was one thing I could do for you."

Lord Newburgh gravely saluted these new acquaintances, taking quick notice of the lady's charm, and smiling over his shoulder at Mr. Fairfax's excited manner. He waved his hand in kind protest to check Peter's officious approach with the tray of glasses.

"So you have a letter for me, from America, Miss Hamilton?" he asked bluntly; and she put it into his hand.

Lord Newburgh gave a curious look at the carefully written address, and turned the folded sheet to see the seal. Then he flushed like a man in anger and bit his lip as he looked at the seal again, and started back as he stood close by the window, so that they all saw him. Then he tore open Master Sullivan's letter.

"It is dated this very last month!" he cried. "My God! do you mean to tell me that this man is still alive?"

XXXVI.

"What man?" asked Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Davis, with eager curiosity, seeing such astonishment upon his face; but Lord Newburgh made them no answer until he had read the letter and carefully folded it again. They saw his hands tremble. He stood looking blankly at the two men and Miss Hamilton, as if he were in doubt what to say.

"'T is like one risen from the dead," he told them presently, "but what is written here is proof enough for me. There are some things which cannot be spoken of even after all these years, but I can say this: 't was a friend of my poor father, Charles Ratcliffe, and of his brother, Darwentwater, — one of their unlucky company sixty years ago. There are high reasons, and of state too, why beyond this I must still keep silence. Great heavens, what a page of history is here!" and he opened the letter to look at it once more.

"Mount Edgecumbe will not believe me," he said, as if to himself. "Well, at least he knows something of those old days, too; he will be ready to do what he can for such a petitioner as this, but we must be careful. I should like to speak with Miss Hamilton alone, if you will leave us here together, gentlemen," said Lord Newburgh, with quiet authority; and Mr. Fairfax and the alderman, disappointed, but with ready courtesy, left them alone in the room.

"Do you know the writer of this letter, madam?" demanded Lord Newburgh; and he was so well aware of the girl's beauty that, while he spoke, his eyes scarcely left her face. "'T is true he speaks your name here and with affection, but I cannot think his history is well known."

Mary smiled then, and answered gently to her lifelong acquaintance with the master and her deep love for him, but that his early life was a matter of con-
jecture to those who had longest been his neighbors.

Lord Newburgh saw with approval that she herself knew something more than she was ready to confess.

"He has followed the great Example, — he has given his life for his friend," said Lord Newburgh, who showed himself much moved, when she had finished speaking. "They should know of this among our friends in France; by God's truth, the King himself should know but for his present advisers! I must say no more; you can see how this strange news has shaken me. He asks a thing difficult enough; he has broken his long silence for no light reason. But Mount Edgecumbe will feel as I do, — whatever he asks should be promised him; and Mount Edgecumbe has power in Plymouth; even with Barrington reigning in the War Office he is not likely to be refused, though 't is a narrow soul, and we can give no reasons such as make our own way plain. Your man shan't stay in the Mill Prison, I can promise you that, Ranger or no Ranger!"

Lord Newburgh smiled now at Miss Hamilton, as if to bring a look of pleasure to so sweet a face, and she could not but smile back at him.

"I shall do my part of this business at once," he said, rising. "I passed Mount Edgecumbe on my way here; he'll swear roundly at such a request. He fears that his great oaks must go down, and his temper is none of the best. The earl is an old sailor, my dear Miss Hamilton, and has a sailor's good heart, but this will stagger him well. You say that Madam Wallingford, the young man's mother, is now in Bristol?" and again he looked at the letter. "Stay; before I speak with the earl I should like to hear more of these interesting circumstances. I must say that my own sympathies are mainly with your party in the colonies. I believe that the King has been made a tool of by some of his ministers. But I should not say this if you are one of the Loyalist refugees. Why, no, my dear!" He

checked himself, laughing. "'T is a strange confusion. I cannot think you are for both hound and hare!'"

It was near an hour later when Mr. Fairfax fumbled at the latch to see if he might be of service, and was politely though not too warmly requested to enter. Mr. John Davis had grown fretful at their long delay, but Miss Hamilton and Lord Newburgh were still deep in their conversation. The young lady herself had been close to her brother's confidence, and was not ignorant of causes in this matter of the war. Lord Newburgh struck his fist to the table with emphatic disapproval, as he rose, and told the two gentlemen who entered that he had learned at last what all England ought to know, — the true state of affairs in America.

The Virginia Loyalist looked disturbed, and showed some indifference to this bold announcement.

"Come, Fairfax," cried the guest gayly, "I shall have arguments enough for ye now! I can take the Patriot side with intelligence, instead of what you have persisted in calling my ignorant prejudice."

"'T is your new teacher, then, and not your reasoning powers," retorted Fairfax; and they both fell to laughing, while Mary fell to blushing and looking more charming than before.

"Well, Miss Hamilton, and is your business forwarded? Then we must be off; the day is well squandered already," said John Davis.

"I shall first take Miss Hamilton to our good housekeeper for a dish of tea before she rides home," protested the host kindly. "I am grieved that my lady is not here; but our housekeeper, Mrs. Mullet, can offer the dish of tea, if so stern a Boston Patriot does not forbid. You will try the Jamaica spirits again yourself, sir? A second glass is always better than the first, Mr. Alderman!"

"I shall speak with my friends as to

these Plymouth affairs, and do my best for you," Lord Newburgh kindly assured Miss Hamilton, as they parted. "You shall see me in Bristol to-morrow. Ah, this letter!" and he spoke in a low voice. "It touches my heart to think that you know so well our sad inheritance. My poor father and poor Dartwentwater! Every one here knows their melancholy fate, their 'sad honors of the axe and block;' but there were things covered in those days that are secrets still in England. *He speaks of the Newgate supper to me! . . . 'T was he himself who saved . . . and only a lad' . . .* But Mary could not hear the rest.

"I must see you again," he continued, aloud. "I shall have a thousand questions to put to you, and many messages for your old Master Sullivan (God bless him!) when you return. I offer you my friendship for his sake," and Lord Newburgh stood with bared head beside the horse when Miss Hamilton was mounted. "We have pleasant Dilston Hall to our home no more these many years; we Ratcliffes are all done, but at Slindon you shall be very welcome. I shall wait upon Madam Wallingford to-morrow, and bring her what good comfort I can."

The alderman was warmed by Mr. Fairfax's hospitalities, and rode beside his young guest as proudly as if he were the lord mayor on high holiday. The streets of Bath were crowded with idle gentlefolk; 't was a lovely day, and many people of fashion were taking the air as well as the famous waters. 'T was a fine sight for a New England girl, and Mary herself was beheld with an admiration that was by no means silent. Their horses' feet clacked sharply on the cobblestones, as if eager to shorten the homeward road, and the young rider sat as light as her heart was, now the errand was done. 'T was a pretty thing, her unconsciousness of all admiration; she might have been flitting along a

shady road under the pines at home, startling the brown rabbits, and keeping a steady hand on the black Duke's rein to be ready for sudden freaks. She did not see that all along by the pump room they were watching her as she passed. She was taking good news to Bristol, that Lord Newburgh had given his word of honor that Roger Wallingford should be pardoned and set free. Was not his mother a great lady, and heartily loyal to the Crown? Was there not talk of his having been suspected of the same principles on board the American privateer? It must be confessed that Lord Newburgh's face had taken on a look of amused assurance when these facts were somewhat unwillingly disclosed; they were the last points in the lieutenant's history which Mary herself would have willingly consented to use, even as a means of deliverance from captivity, but they had won an easy promise of freedom.

"She's a rebel indeed, but God bless me, I don't blame her!" laughed the noble lord, as he reflected upon their conversation. It was not in his loyal heart to forget his heritage. Whatever might fall out in the matter of those distressed seamen who now suffered in the Mill Prison, no man could fail of pleasure in doing service for such sweet eyes as Miss Mary Hamilton's. There were some private reasons why he could go boldly to ask this great favor, and Lord Mount Edgecumbe was as good as master of the town of Plymouth, both by land and sea, and responsible for her concerns.

"I'll make him ride with me to Bristol to-morrow to see these ladies," said Lord Newburgh from a generous heart. "'T will be a sweet reward, he may take my word for it!'"

XXXVII.

The order for Lieutenant Wallingford's release was soon in hand, but the

long journey across country from Bristol to Plymouth seemed almost as long as all the time spent in crossing the sea. From the morning hour when the two elder ladies had watched Miss Hamilton and her kind old cavalier ride away down the narrow Bristol street, with a stout man servant well mounted behind them, until the day they were in sight of Plymouth Hoe, each minute seemed slower than the last. It was a pretty journey from inn to inn, and the alderman lent himself gayly to such unwonted holidays, while Mary's heart grew lighter on the way, and a bright, impatient happiness began to bloom afresh in her cheeks and to shine in her eyes.

They reached Plymouth town at nightfall, and Mary was for taking fresh horses and riding on to the Mill Prison. For once her face was dark with anger when the landlord argued against such haste. He was for their taking supper, and assured the travelers that not even the mayor of Plymouth himself could knock at the jail gate by night and think to have it opened.

Miss Hamilton turned from such officious speech with proud indifference, and looked expectantly at her companion.

"It is not every night they will have a pardon to consider," she said in a low voice to Mr. Davis. "We carry a letter from my Lord Mount Edgecumbe to the governor of the prison. We must first get speech with the guard, and then I have no fear."

The innkeeper looked provoked and wagged his head; he had already given orders for a bountiful supper, and was not going to let a rich Bristol merchant and two persons beside ride away without paying for it.

"We shall not be long away," said Mary, pleading. If she had known of the supper, she would have added that they might bring back another and a hungrier guest than they to sit at table.

The alderman was irresolute; he was

ready to succor a distressed prisoner, being a good Christian ; but he was hungry now, and they had been riding all day at a quicker pace than he might have followed if alone. His man servant, just come into the inn parlor to wait for orders, stole a meaning glance at him ; and they were two against one.

"No, no, my dear ; 'tis a good bit further, and most likely we should have our ride in vain. I know the rules of such places, from our Bristol laws at home. The governor will most likely be here in the town. Rest you now, and let us make a good supper, and start again betimes in the morning." Then, seeing how disappointed and even determined her face grew, and that she looked very tired, "I am an old man, you must remember," he added kindly. "I believe that I am well spent to-night, and can do no more without resting."

She was silent then, and crossed the room to stand by the window. There was a voice in her heart that begged her to persist, to go on alone, if need be, and not let herself be hindered in her quest. It was still light out of doors ; the long twilight of the English summer was making this last step of her great adventure a possibility. She sighed ; the voice within still warned and pleaded with her. "Who are you ?" the girl said wonderingly. "Who are you that comes and helps me ? You are not my own thought, but some one wiser than I, who would be my friend !" It was as if some unseen ministering spirit were face to face with her, bringing this insistent thought that she hardly dared refuse to take for guidance.

She gazed out of the window. Sunset clouds were brightening the whole sky ; an afterglow was on the moorland hills eastward above the town. She could hear the roar of the ocean not far away ; there were cheerful voices coming up the street, and the citizens were all abroad with their comfortable pipes and chatter.

"Get me a fresh horse and a man

to follow," said Miss Hamilton, turning again to face the room.

The landlord himself was laying the white cloth for supper. Matthew, their old groom, was stiffly kneeling and pulling off his master's riding boots, and they all three looked at her in dismay.

"Our own horses are done, miss," said Matthew, with decision.

"I have none I can let you to-night from my stable," the landlord seconded. "There was a review to-day of our raw recruits for America, and I had to empty every stall. The three best are returned with saddle galls from their clumsy ignorance," he protested boldly.

Mary glanced at Mr. Davis, and was still unconvinced ; but all her determination was lost when she saw that the old man was really fatigued. Well, it was only one night more, and she must not insist. Perhaps they were right, and her ride would be in vain. At least she could send a messenger ; and to this proposal the landlord readily acceded, since, useless or not, it would be a shilling in his pocket, and a slow boy could carry the letter which the young lady made such haste to write.

She stopped more than once, with trembling fingers and trembling heart. "Dearest Roger," and the written words made her blush crimson and hold her face closer to the paper. "Dearest Roger, I would that I might come to you to-night ; but they say it is impossible. Your mother is in Bristol, and awaits you there. Mr. John Davis has brought me hither to the Crown Inn. In the morning we shall open the prison door for you. Oh, my dear Roger, to think that I shall see you at last !"

"When can we have the answer back ?" she asked ; and the landlord told her, smiling, that it would be very late, if indeed there were any answer at all, and reminded her, with insolent patience, that he had told her they would not open their prison gates, for Lords or Commons, to any one who came by night.

"You may send the answer by one of your maids to the lady's room," commanded the Bristol magnate, in a tone that chased the servile smile from the innkeeper's face.

When Mary waked, the morning sun was pouring in at her window, and there was no word of any answer. Old Matthew had spoken with the young messenger, and brought word that he had given the letter to one of the watch by the gate, who had taken the money, and promised to do his best to put the message into Mr. Wallingford's hands that night when they changed guard.

"We might have been here last night; why, 't is but a step!" said John Davis, as they drew near the dismal prison next morning; but his young companion made no answer. He could not guess what happy fear mingled with her glad anticipation now, nor how her certainties and apprehensions were battling with each other.

Matthew's own horse and another that he led for Mr. Wallingford were weighted with provisions, so that he trudged afoot alongside. It was easy to hear in Plymouth town how the American prisoners lacked such things, and yet Mary could hardly wait now to make the generous purchase which she had earlier planned. She could not know all that Matthew had learned, and told his master in whispers in the stable yard.

As they rode nearer to the prison a flaw of wind brought toward them all the horrible odors of the crowded place, like a warning of the distress and misery within. Though it was so early, there were many persons standing outside the gates: some of them were jeering at the sad spectacle, and some talking in a friendly way with the men who stood within. Happily, it was not only a few compassionate Americans who had posted themselves here to give what they could of food and succor, but among

the Plymouth folk themselves many a heart was wrung with pity, and one poor old body had toiled out of the town with a basket of food to smuggle through the bars; cakes and biscuit of a humble sort enough, but well flavored with love. Mary saw her take thread and needles out of her pocket, and sit down on the ground to mend some poor rags of clothing. "My own lad went for a sailor," she said, when they thanked her and called her "mother."

There was long delay; the guards pushed back the crowd again and again; one must stand close to see the sights within. All at once there was a cry and scuffling among the idlers, as some soldiers came riding up, one of them bringing an old horse with a man thrown across the saddle and tied down. As they loosed him he slid heavily to the ground, as if he were dead, and the spectators closed about him.

Mary Hamilton could only look on in horror and apprehension. Her companion was in the midst of the pushing crowd.

"'T was a prisoner who escaped last night and has been retaken," he said hastily, as he returned to her side. "You may stay here with Matthew, my dear, while I take our letters and go in. I see that it is no place for you; they are like wild beasts."

"I must go, too," said Mary; "you will not forbid me now. Good heavens!" she cried aloud. "Now that they are away from the gate I can see within. Oh, the poor prisoners! Oh, I cannot bear their sick faces! They are starving, sir! These must be the men who had the fever you told me of. Let us go in at once. I wish we had brought more wine and food to these poor fellows!" she cried again, and was in a passion of pity and terror at the sight.

"Let us go in! Let us go in!" she begged. "Oh, you forget that they are my own countrymen! I cannot wait!"

The guard now returned with a mes-

sage, and the alderman gave his bridle to the groom. Mary was afoot sooner than he, and had run to the gate, pushing her way among the idle sightseers to the heavy grating. They were calling from both sides of the gate to old Matthew, who was standing with the horses, to come up and give them what he had brought. Mary Hamilton felt as if she were among wolves: they did not listen; they did not wait to find what she had to say. "For love of God, give me a shilling for a little 'baccy, my lady," said one voice in her ear. "I'll fetch them the 'baccy from the town, poor boys; they lack it most of anything, and he'll drink the money!" protested an old beggar woman at her side. "Go in? They'll let no ladies in!" and she gave a queer laugh. "And if you're in, all you'll pray for is to be out again and forget the sight."

The governor was in his room, which had a small grated window toward the prison yard; but there was a curtain before it, and he looked up anxiously to see if this were close drawn as his early guests came in. This task of jailer was a terrible duty for any man, and he swore under his breath at Lord Mount Edgumbe for interfering with what at best was an impossible piece of business. If he had seen to it that they had decent supplies, and hanged a score of their purveyors and contractors, now, or had blown the whole rotten place into the air with his fleet guns, 't were a better kindness!

The clerk stood waiting for orders.

"Show them in, then, these people," he grumbled, and made a feint of being busy with some papers as Miss Hamilton and her escort entered. The governor saw at once that the honorable Mr. Davis was a man of consequence.

"My Lord Mount Edgumbe writes me that you would make inquiries for a prisoner here," said the old soldier, less roughly because the second guest proved

to be a lady and most fair to see. She looked very pale, and was watching him with angry eyes. As she had crossed the prison yard, she had seen fewer miseries because her tears had blinded her. There had been one imploring voice calling her by her own name. "Stop, Miss Hamilton, stop, for God's sake!" some one had cried; but the guard had kept the poor prisoners off, and an attendant hurried her along by force when she would gladly have lingered. The horror of it all was too much for her; it was the first time she had ever been in a jail.

"I am afraid of your sad disappointment, madam," said the governor of the prison. "You wished to see Lieutenant Roger Wallingford. I grieve to say"—He spoke kindly, but looked toward Mary and stopped, and then, sighing heavily, turned his eyes toward Mr. Davis with a kind of relief.

"He is not dead, I hope, sir?" asked the old man, for Mary could not speak. "We have the order for his release."

"No, he is not dead to any certain knowledge," explained the governor, more slowly than before, "but he was one of a party that made their escape from this prison last night; 't was through one of their silly tunnels that they dig. They have some of them been shot down, and one, I hear, has just been taken and brought in alive; but Wallingford's name is not among any of these." He turned to some papers, and then went to the grated window and looked out, but pulled the curtain across it impatiently as he came away.

"You brought his pardon?" the governor asked brusquely. "I should think he would be the last man for a pardon. Why, he was with Paul Jones, sir; but a very decent fellow, a gentleman, they tell me. I did not see him; I am not long here. This young lady had best go back to the inn," and he stole a look at Mary, who sat in despairing silence. A strange flush had replaced her first pallor.

She had thought but a moment before that she should soon look into Roger Wallingford's face and tell him that he was free. On the end of the governor's writing table lay the note she had written with such a happy heart only the night before.

XXXVIII.

The town of Bristol was crowded with Loyalist refugees: some who had fled the colonies for honest love of their King, and some who believed that when the King's troops had put down the rebellion they should be well rewarded for holding to his cause. They were most of them cut off from what estates they may have had, and were begging for pensions from a government that seemed cruelly indifferent. Their sad faces fairly shadowed the Bristol streets, while many of them idled the day through, discussing their prospects with one another, and killing time that might have been lived to some profit. The disappointment of their hope was unexpected, and an England that showed them neither sympathy nor honor when they landed on her shores, glowing with self-sacrifice, was but a sad astonishment. England, their own mother country, seemed fallen into a querulous dotage, with her King's ministers so pompous in their stupid ignorance and self-consequence, and her best statesmen fighting hard to be heard. It was an age of gamester heroes and of reckless living; a poor page of English history was unfolded before their wistful eyes. These honest Loyalists were made to know the mortified feelings of country gentlemen come unheralded to a city house that was busy with its splendors on a feast day, and impatient of what was inopportune. Worse than this, though Judge Curwen and other loyal Americans of his company were still hopeful of consideration, and of being warmly received by England as her own

true children, they were oftener held guilty of the vexing behavior of their brothers, those rebels against English authority whom they had left behind.

Something to Mary's wonder, Madam Wallingford would have few of them to friend. She was too great a person at home to consent even now to any social familiarity on the score of political sympathies. She was known to have brought much money, and it was made easy for her to share this with one and another distressed acquaintance or friend's friend; but while this was done with generosity, she showed herself more and more impatient of their arguments, even of those complaints which were always ready, and the story of such grievances as had led them into exile.

"I am too ill and sad to listen to these things," she said often, even to her friends the Pepperrells, who came from London to visit her. "I only know my country's troubles through my own sorrow." She begged them at last to find poor Roger's grave, so she might go there to pray for him: 't was all that she could do. "Oh no," she would say mournfully to those who looked for her assent to their own views of the great situation, "do not expect me to understand you. I am only a mother, and all my life is done!"

The Bristol streets were busy as Miss Hamilton came walking through the town, and the bells were ringing for a holiday. She was deep in anxious thought, and kept steadily on her way toward the abbey church, without even a glance at a tradesman's window or a look at the people she met. Life was filled with new anxieties. Since the day when they had left Plymouth they could find no trace of Roger Wallingford, beyond the certainty that he had made his escape with some fellow prisoners through a tunnel which they had been for many days digging under the prison wall. There had been a light near the

opening in the field outside, and a guard set, but six men had gone out of the narrow hole and crawled away. It was a windy night, and the lantern light and shadows wavered on the ground to hide them. Two were shot and killed, but two were captured and brought back at once, while another was shot and got away, stumbling and falling often, and bleeding like a slaughtered creature, as the watch could see next morning by daylight. This poor fellow had escaped to the moors; there was a pool of blood in a place where he must have hidden for some hours among the furze bushes. There was so large a bounty paid for any escaped traitors and felons like these, who might be brought back alive to the Mill Prison, that the poor moorland folk back of Plymouth were ever on the quest. Roger Wallingford might have been that bleeding man. They would not dare to keep together; his companion might have left him dying or dead somewhere in the lonely waste country that stretched miles away above the prison. His fate was sure if he should be captured; he was not a man to yield his life too easily. There were some carefully worded notices posted, — broadsides which might easily reach the eyes of such fugitives if they ventured into any of the Devon towns near by; but they might well have starved to death by this time in the deserts of Dartmoor. One sailor beside the lieutenant had succeeded in making his escape.

Mary Hamilton had left her lady pale and in tears that morning, and all her affectionate solicitude had been in vain.

There was some relief in finding herself afoot in the fresh air. For the first time she wondered if they must yield all their hopes and think of going home. It must be so if they should come to know that Roger was really dead, and her heart stopped as if with a sudden shock. Alas, next moment she remembered that for poor Madam Wallingford

there was no safe return; her son was not yet disproven of Tory crimes. If there were any chance of sailing, the poor lady was far too ill and feeble in these last days. The summer, the little that was left of it, looked long and dreary; the days were already growing short. There had not come a word from home since they sailed.

There was no longer much use in riding abroad on futile quests, and in these last days most persons had ceased to ask if there were any news of the lieutenant. Week after week had gone by, and his mother's proud courage was gone, while her bodily strength was fast failing. Lord Newburgh and Mr. Fairfax, even the great Lord Mount Edgcombe himself, had shown very great kindness in so difficult a matter, and Mary never let them go away unthanked for any favors which it could only be a happiness for any man to bestow. The gift and spell of beauty were always hers, and a heart that was always ready to show both gratitude and affection. She might not speak these things, but she was instant in giving the sweetest recognition to the smallest service that she might discover.

The abbey church of Augustine was cool and dim as Mary Hamilton went in, with a drooping head and a heavy heart. Her courage had never before seemed so utterly to fail. She had passed two forlorn Royalists at the gatehouse who were talking of their pensions, and heard one of them say, "If I were safe home again I'd never leave it, principles or no principles!" and the words rang dull and heavy in her ears. She sat down on an old stone bench in the side aisle; the light came sifting down to the worn stone pavement, but she was in shadow, behind a great pillar that stood like a monstrous tree to hold the lofty roof.

There was no one in sight. The lonely girl looked up at a familiar old Jacobean monument on the wall, with the

primly ruffed father and mother kneeling side by side with clasped hands, and their children kneeling in a row behind them down to the very least, in a pious little succession. They were all together there in comfortable safety, and many ancient mural tablets covered the walls about them with the names and virtues of soldiers and sailors, priests and noblemen, and gallant gentlemen of old England with their children and their good wives.

"They have all won through," whispered Mary to herself. "They have all fought the long battle and have carried care like me, and they have all won through. I shall not be a coward, either," and her young heart rose; but still the tears kept coming, and she sat bowed in the shadow and could not lift her head, which until lately had faced the sun like a flower. She sat there, at last, not thinking of her present troubles, but of home: of old Peggy, and the young maids who often sang at their pleasant work; the great river at full tide, with its wooded shores and all its points and bays; the fishing weirs in the distance; the slow, swaying flight of the eagles and the straight course of the herons overhead. She thought of the large, quiet house facing southward, and its rows of elms, and the slender poplars going down the garden terraces; she even heard the drone of the river falls; she saw the house standing empty, the wide doors all shut to their old hospitality. A sense of awful distance fell upon her heart. The responsibility and hopelessness of her errand were too heavy on her young heart. She covered her face and bent still lower, but she could not stop her tears.

There came the sound of footsteps up the nave of the abbey: it might be the old verger in his rusty gown, or some sightseer stopping here and there to read an inscription. Poor Mary's tears would have their way: to one of her deep na-

ture weeping was sad enough in itself; to cry for sorrow's sake was no common sorrow. She was safe in her dim corner, and thought little of being seen; she was only a poor girl in sore trouble, with her head sunk in her hands, who could not in any way concern a stranger. The wandering footsteps stopped near by, instead of going on and entering the choir. She noticed then, in a dull way, the light echo of their sound among the arches overhead.

"My God!" said a man's voice, as if in great dismay.

The speaker stepped quickly to Mary's side, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She looked up into the face of Captain Paul Jones of the Ranger.

XXXIX.

The captain's eyes were full of tears; 't was no sign that he lacked manliness. To find Miss Hamilton in England, to find her alone and in piteous despair, was the opportunity of his own heart. He could not but be startled into wondering silence; the event was too astonishing even for one so equal to emergencies; but he at once stood ready, with beating heart and sure sense of a man's abundant strength, to shelter her and to fight against the thing that troubled her, whatever it might be. Presently he seated himself by Mary's side, and took her hand in his and held it fast, still without speaking. She was the better for such friendliness, and yet wept the more for his very sympathy.

The captain waited until her passion of tears had spent itself. It was a pity she could not watch his compassionate face; all that was best and kindest in the man was there to see, with a grave look born of conflict and many grievous disappointments. To see Paul Jones now, one could not but believe him capable of the sternest self-command; he had at least the unassuming and quiet

pride of a man who knows no master save himself. His eyes were full of womanly tenderness as he looked down at the pathetic bowed head beside him. Next moment they had a keen brightness as he caught sight of a tablet on the abbey wall to some Bristol hero long dead, — the gallant servant, through many perils by sea and land, of Anne his Queen : 't was a record that the captain's heart could perfectly understand.

"Calm yourself now, my dearest girl," he said at last, with gentle authority. "I must not stay long beside you ; I am always in danger here. I was not unknown in Bristol as a younger man."

Mary lifted her head ; for a moment the sight of his face helped to put her own miseries quite out of mind. Her ready sympathy was quickly enough roused when she saw how Paul Jones had changed. He had grown much older ; years might have passed instead of months since that last evening he had spent in America, when she had seen him go away with his men by moonlight down the river. More than ever now he might easily win the admiration of a woman's heart ! She had half forgotten the charm of his voice, the simple directness of his eyes and their strange light, with something in his behavior that men called arrogance and willful rivalry, and women recognized as a natural royalty and irresistible, compelling power. To men he was too imperious, to women all gentleness and courtesy.

"You are in disguise !" she exclaimed, amazed at his courage. "How do you dare, even you, to be here in Bristol in broad day ?" and she found herself smiling, in spite of her unchecked tears. The captain held a rough woolen cap in his hand ; he was dressed in that poor garb of the hungry Spanish sailor of Quiberon, which had so often done him good service.

"Tell me what has brought you here," he answered her. "That is by far the greatest wonder. I am no fit figure to sit

beside you, but 't is the hand of God that has brought us here together. Heaven forbid that you should ever shed such bitter tears again !" he said devoutly, and sat gazing at her like a man in a daydream.

"Sometimes God wills that we shall be sorry-hearted ; but when he sends the comfort of a friend, God himself can do no more," answered the girl, and there fell a silence between them. There was a sparrow flying to and fro among the pillars, and chirping gayly under the high roof, — a tiny far-fallen note, and full of busy cheer. The late summer sunshine lay along the floor of that ancient house of God where Mary and the captain sat alone together, and there seemed to be no other soul in the place.

Her face was shining brighter and brighter ; at last, at last she could know the truth, and hear what had happened at Whitehaven, and ask for help where help could be surely given.

"But why are you here ? You must indeed be bold, my lord captain !" she ventured again, in something very like the old gay manner that he knew ; yet she still looked very white, except for her tear-stained eyes. "There were new tales of your seafaring told in the town only yesterday. I believe they are expecting you in every corner of England at once, and every flock of their shipping is dreading a sight of the Sea Wolf."

"I do my own errands, — that is all," replied the captain soberly. "My poor Ranger is lying now in the port of Brest. I am much hampered by enemies, but I shall presently break their nets. . . . I was for a look at their shipping here, and how well they can defend it. There is an able, well-manned fish boat out of Roscoff, on the Breton coast, which serves me well on these expeditions. I have a plan, later, for doing great mischief to their Baltic fleet. I had to bring with me the worst of my ship's company ; 't is my only discomfort," said Paul Jones,

with bitterness. "I have suffered far too much," and he sighed heavily and changed his tone. "I believe now that God's providence has brought me to your side; such happiness as this makes up for everything. You remember that I have been a sailor all my life," he continued, as if he could not trust himself to speak with true feeling. "I have been acquainted since childhood with these English ports."

"You did not know that I had come to Bristol?" said Mary. "Oh yes, we have been here these many weeks now," and she also sighed.

"How should I know?" asked Paul Jones impatiently. "I am overwhelmed by such an amazing discovery. I could burst into tears; I am near to being unmanned, though you do not suspect it. Think, dear, think what it is to me! I have no discretion, either, when I babble my most secret affairs aloud, and hardly know what I am saying. I must leave you in a few short moments. What has brought you here? Tell me the truth, and how I may safely manage to see you once again. If you were only in France, with my dear ladies there! They would love and cherish you with all their kind hearts. 'Tis the Duchess of Chartres who has been my good angel since I came to France, and another most exquisite being whom I first met at her house, — a royal princess, too. Oh, I have much to tell you! Their generous friendship and perfect sympathy alone have kept me from sinking down. I have suffered unbelievable torture from the jealousy and ignorance of men who should have known their business better, and given me every aid."

"I am thankful you have such friends as these ladies," said Mary, with great sweetness. "I am sure that you also have been a friend to them. Some knowledge of your difficulties had reached us before we left home; but, as you know, intercourse is now much interrupted, and we were often uncertain of what had

passed at such a distance. We hear nothing from home, either," she added mournfully. "We are in great distress of mind; you could see that I was not very cheerful. . . . I fear in my heart that poor Madam Wallingford will die."

"Madam Wallingford!" repeated the captain. "You cannot mean that she is here!" he exclaimed, with blank astonishment. His tone was full of reproach, and even resentment. "Poor lady! I own that I have had her in my thoughts, and could not but pity her natural distress," he added, with some restraint, and then burst forth into excited speech: "There is no need that they should make a tool of you, — you who are a Patriot and Hamilton's own sister! This is ardent foolishness!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood before Miss Hamilton, with his eyes fixed angrily upon her face. "If I could tell you everything! Oh, I am outdone with this!" he cried, with a gesture of contempt.

"Captain Paul Jones," she said, rising quickly to confront him, "I beg you to tell me everything. I cannot believe that Roger Wallingford is a traitor, and I love his mother almost as if she were my own. I came to England with her of my own wish and free will, and because it was my right to come. Will you tell me plainly what has happened, and why you do not take his part?"

The captain's quick change from such deep sympathy as he had shown for her tears to a complete scorn of their cause could only give a sad shock to Mary Hamilton's heart. He was no helper, after all. There came a dizzy bewilderment like a veil over her mind; it seemed as if she felt the final blow of Fate. She had not known how far she had spent her strength, or how her very homesickness had weakened her that day.

"I fear it is true enough that he betrayed us at Whitehaven," said Paul Jones slowly, and not unmindful of her piteous look. "I could not bring myself

to doubt him at first; indeed, I was all for him. I believe that I trusted him above every man on board. I was his champion until I found he had been meddling with my papers, — my most secret dispatches, too; yes, I have proof of this! And since then some of the stolen pages have found their way into our enemies' hands. He has not only betrayed me, but his country too; and worst of all in men's eyes, he has sinned against the code of honor. Yet there is one thing I will and must remember: 't is never the meanest men who serve their chosen cause as spies. The pity is that where success may be illustrious, the business asks completest sacrifice, and failure is the blackest disgrace. 'Tis Wallingford's reward. I loved him once, and now I could stand at the gallows and see him hanged! Perhaps he would say that he acted from high motives, — 't is ever a spy's excuse; but I trusted him, and he would have ruined me."

"I do not believe that he is guilty," declared Mary Hamilton, with perfect calmness, though she had drawn back in horror as she heard the last words and saw such blazing anger in Paul Jones's eyes. "You must look elsewhere for your enemy," she insisted, — "for some other man whose character would not forbid such acts as these. If Roger Wallingford has broken his oath of allegiance, my faith in character is done; but I have known him all my life, and I can answer for him. Believe me, there is some mistake." Her eyes did not fall; as the captain held them straight and answerable with his own she met the challenge of his look, and there came a beautiful glow of pity and gentleness upon her face.

The captain gave a long sigh.

"I am sure that you are mistaken," she said again, quietly, since he did not speak. "We are now in great trouble, and even despair, about Mr. Wallingford, and have been able to get no word from him. We have his pardon in hand;

't would make you wonder if I told you how it came to us. Your lieutenant was left most cruelly wounded on the shore at Whitehaven, and was like to die on the long journey to Plymouth jail where they sent him. How he has lived through all his sufferings I do not know. I have seen the Mill Prison, myself; they would not even let us speak with those who knew him among our poor captives. The night before we reached the prison he had escaped; there were some men shot down who were of his party. We can get no trace of him at all. Whether he is dead on the great moor, or still alive and wandering in distress, no one can tell. This does not look as if he were a spy for England; it were easy to give himself up, and to prove such a simple thing, if only to be spared such misery. I am afraid that his mother will soon fade out of life, now that, after all these weeks, she believes him dead. She thought he would return with us, when she saw us ride away to Plymouth, and the disappointment was more than she could bear."

The bitter memory of that morning at the Mill Prison was like a sword in Mary's heart, and she stopped; she had spoken quickly, and was now trembling from head to foot. "I thought, when I saw your face, that you would know how to help us find him," she said sorrowfully, under her breath.

"If I have been wrong," exclaimed the captain, "if I have been wrong, I shall give my life to make amends! But all the proofs were there. I even found a bit of one of my own papers among his effects, — 't was in a book he had been reading. But I hid the matter from every one on board; I could not bear they should know it. Dickson's word was their mainstay at first; but that counted worse than nothing to me, till there were other matters which fully upheld his account."

"Dickson has always been a man mistrusted and reproached," protested Miss

Hamilton, with indignation. "There is a man for you whose character would not forbid such treachery! You must know, too, that he has a deep hatred for the Wallingfords, and would spare no pains to revenge himself."

The captain stood doubtful and dismayed. "I have gone over this sad matter by day and by night," he said; "I do not see where I could be mistaken. I went to the bottom of my evidence without regard to Dickson, and I found proof enough. I hate that man, and distrust him, yet I can find little fault with his service on the ship; and when I have been surest of catching him in a lie, he always proves to have told the exact truth, and wears a martyr's air, and is full of his cursed cant and talk of piety. Alas, I know not what can be done at this late day."

"Did you never think that Dickson could put many a proof like your bit of paper where your eyes alone could fall upon it?" asked Mary. "I remember well that he has tried more than once to cast blame upon others when he himself was the sinner. He has plenty of ability; 't is his use of it one may always fear."

The captain moved restlessly, as if conscious of her accusation. "Many believed Wallingford to be a Tory on the ship," he answered. "They were jealous and suspicious of his presence; but Dickson, who has warped Simpson's honest mind against me, may also have set his energies to this. If we could only find Wallingford! If we could only hear his own story of that night! In all this time he should have sent some word to me. If I were free, I'd soon know what they learned from him in the prison; he must have spoken openly with some of the Portsmouth men who are there. What can we do?" the speaker ended, in a different tone altogether, making a direct appeal to Mary. "If I have fallen a dupe to such a man as Dickson in this matter, I shall never

recover from the shame. You would never forgive me. Alas, how can I ask the question that my heart prompts! You are most unhappy," said Paul Jones, with exquisite compassion. "Is it because of Wallingford alone? Oh, Mary, is there no hope for me? You have had my letters? You cannot but remember how we parted!"

She looked at him imploringly.

"Tell me," said the captain. "I must ask a question that is very hard for me. I believe that you love this unfortunate officer, and desire his safety beyond everything else. Is it not true?"

Mary waited only a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, it is true," she said then. "I know now that we have always belonged to each other."

"Alas for my own happiness!" said the captain, looking at her. "I thought when we parted that last night"—He groaned, his words faltering. "Oh that I had only spoken! Glory has been a jealous mistress to me, and I dared not speak; I feared 't would cost me all her favor, if my thoughts were all for you. It seems a lifetime ago. I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were any use. I can do nothing without love. Oh, Mary, must you tell me that it is too late?"

The captain's voice made poignant outcry to the listener's heart. The air seemed to quiver in strange waves, and the walls of the abbey seemed to sway unsteadily. The strong, determined soul before her was pleading for an impossible happiness. Even better than he could know, she knew that he lacked a woman's constant love and upholding, and that, with all his noble powers, his life tended toward ruin and disappointment. She stood there, white and wistful; her compassionate heart was shaken with pity for his loneliness.

There was a change on the man's dark face; he took one step toward her, and then was conscious of a strange sep-

aration between them. Mary did not move, she did not speak; she stood there as a ghost might stand by night to pity the troubles of men. She knew, with a woman's foresight, the difference it would make if she could only stand with love and patience by his side.

"There must be some one to love you as it is in your heart to love," she told him then. "God bless you and give you such a happiness! You are sure to find each other in this sad world. I know you will! I know you will!"

One of the great bells began to ring in the tower above, and its vibrations jarred her strangely; she could hardly hinder herself now from a new outburst of tears, and could not think clearly any more, and was trembling with weakness.

"I must go home if I can," she whispered, but her voice was very low. "I cannot get home alone — No, no, I must not let you be so kind!"

He placed her gently on the stone bench, and she leaned back heavily with his arm about her, thankful for some protecting affection in her brief bewilderment. She could not but hear his pitying, endearing words as her faintness passed; the poor girl was so breathless and weak that she could only throw herself upon his mercy. There was even an unexpected comfort in his presence, — she had been so much alone with strangers; and she forgot everything save that he was a friend of her happier days. And as for the captain, he had held her in his arms, she had turned to him with touching readiness in her distress; nothing could ever rob his heart of the remembrance.

He watched her with solicitude as her color came back, and lingered until he saw that she was herself again. They must part quickly, for he could not venture to be seen with her in the open streets.

"You have convinced me that I may have been wrong about Wallingford,"

he said impulsively. "I shall now do my best to aid you and to search the matter out. I shall see you again. Your happiness will always be very dear to me. I can but thank Heaven for our being here together, though I have only added something to your pain. Perhaps these troubles may not be far from their solution, and I shall see you soon in happier hours."

He kissed her hand and let it go; his old hope went with it; there must be a quick ending now. A man must always resent pity for himself, but his heart was full of tenderest pity for this overburdened girl. There had been few moments of any sort of weakness in all the course of her long bravery, — he was sure enough of that, — and only loved her the more. She had been the first to show him some higher things: 't was not alone her charm, but her character, her great power of affection, her perfect friendship, that would make him a nobler lover to his life's end.

She watched him as he went away down the nave toward the open door; the poverty of such disguise and the poor sailor's threadbare dress could not hide a familiar figure, but he was alert no more, and even drooped a little as he stood for one moment in the doorway. He did not once look back; there were people in the church now, and his eyes were bent upon the ground. Then he lifted his head with all the spirit that belonged to him, stepped out boldly from the shadow into the bright daylight beyond, and was gone.

The old verger crossed over to speak with Mary; he had learned to know her by sight, as she came often to the abbey church, and guessed that she might be one of the exiles from America.

"'T was some poor sailor begging, I misdoubt. There's a sight o' beggars stranded in the town. I hope he would not make bold to vex you, my lady?" asked the dim-eyed old man, fumbling

his snuffbox with trembling hands. "I fell asleep in the chapter room."

"'T was some one I had known at home," Miss Hamilton answered. "He is a good man," and she smiled a little as she spoke. It would be so easy to cause a consternation in the town. Her head was steady now, but she still sat where the captain left her.

"'T is a beautiful monymint, — that one," said the verger, pointing up to the kneeling figures in their prim ruffs. "'T is as beautiful a monymint as any here. I've made bold to notice how you often sits here to view it. Some o' your Ameriky folks was obsarvin' as their forbears was all buried in this abbey in ancient times; 't would be sure to make the owd place a bit homely."

The bells were still chiming, and there were worshipers coming in. Mary Hamilton slipped away, lest she should meet some acquaintance: she felt herself shaken as if by a tempest. Paul Jones had gone into fresh danger when he left her side; his life was spent among risks and chances. She might have been gentler

to him, and sent him away better comforted.

She walked slowly, and once stood still in the street, startled by the remembrance of her frank confession of love; the warm color rushed to her pale face. To have told the captain, when she had never told Roger himself, or his mother, or any but her own heart! Yet all her sorrows were lightened by these unconsidered words: the whole world might hear them now; they were no secret any more.

There were busy groups of people about the taverns and tobacco shops, as if some new excitement were in the air; it might be that there was news from America. As Mary passed, she heard one man shout to another that John Paul Jones, the pirate, had been seen the day before in Bristol itself. An old sailor, just landed from a long voyage at sea, had known him as he passed. There was word, too, that the Ranger had lately been sighted again off Plymouth, and had taken two prizes in the very teeth of the King's fleet.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

ASPECTS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THEY have staged electricity at Buffalo this summer, and they call it the Pan-American Exposition. It took a rectangle of 350 acres for the stage, and over \$10,000,000 for the settings. The result, baldly stated, is the most glorious night scene the world has ever had the fortune to witness. The staging of Niagara is the one unforgettable thing about the affair.

The Pan-American is, however, much more than this. How much more, successfully, it would be hard to say at the present. The matter is at once so am-

bitious and so audacious that it needs perspective to decide magisterially just what has been attained, and what has been aimed at, but not struck. It is safe to say at least this: that the public has been treated to a genuine surprise, no less welcome than unexpected.

In order to see what the directors of this great spectacle have accomplished, it is necessary to note both their aims and their limitations. When the project was definitely determined upon and the management set to work, it saw that the time had long passed when a great

exposition could be merely a glorified market, a place for the showing of wares, of processes and products. With the World's Fair, expositions ceased primarily to be exaggerated marts; they began to be resplendent spectacles. The most Chicago did was to try to lime the bird of trade upon the twig of beauty. The predominant note began to be amusement, and it is amusement both in its higher and in some of its lower forms that is directly aimed at by the Pan-American. It is true that Chicago had its Court of Honor; but where one remembers that, a dozen remember the Midway.

In the beginning little more than a vast corporate enterprise, the managers saw that, as a business proposition, the measure of its financial success would be its attendance. So, businesslike, they sowed attractions that they might reap crowds. The wonder is that they have given the people something which fills them with pleasure, and at the same time does not offend the critics.

Their limitations, then, came from the very nature of the problem itself and the still freshly remembered glory of the World's Fair. They must attain as great a success on different lines. As the scale must be smaller, the effect must be more intense. Perhaps to this is due the color scheme. Niagara is a few miles away; this suggested the plan of illumination. So they set to work.

It may be well to say that the original generic scheme for the Exposition, that of joining the three Americas in a unified attempt to show one another their trade resources, seems to be in results far less prominent than was hoped at first. For one reason or another, — I have heard European influences in South America given as a chief cause, — the Latin Americas did not coöperate as was expected. The great trade idea upon which the Pan-American was originally based gradually faded, and gave place to the idea of an electrical beatification, —

for which the spectator will perhaps be thankful. There are exhibits, to be sure, from most of the South American countries, but the United States occupies industrially foreground, background, and middle distance. The other countries fill in the odd corners. The ardent patriot will see no lack of proportion in this; and as there is a hint of Mexico and the Argentine, and very creditable exhibits by Chile and Honduras, we have enough of the sister continent to justify the name. Most of the southern republics are represented in one way or another. It is hard, however, to explain the insufficiency of Canada's exhibit. It is upon much too small a scale to do credit to her great resources. It is worthy of note that when the other countries realized the importance and beauty of the Pan-American, they set about vigorously to retrieve themselves.

So the staging of electricity was undertaken. There was Buffalo to start with, and Buffalo is backed in the great race of American cities by the power of Niagara and the commerce of the Lakes. It is delightfully accessible and pleasing. Here was the psychological place. It was also the psychological moment, — a period of general prosperity, a time when America had set about her great task of making commercial vassals of the Old World countries. The psychological idea came with electricity, and under this happy triad of influences conspiring for success the work was begun.

The managers took a big rectangle of unused land to the north of a beautiful park, and welded with it the most attractive portion of that park for their groundwork. Then they charted an effect. They put millions into an attempt to please, and did more, for they have both pleased and startled, — an effect peculiarly delightful to Americans.

But nothing was done fortuitously. Never was an exposition so planned for the *ensemble*. The whole must be bet-

ter than any part: each part must be a legitimate factor in the whole. The Exposition must be at base philosophic, on the surface theatric. An understanding of the philosophy of the Pan-American is material for its fullest enjoyment. It also shows the scope and the Americanism of the whole effect.

Imagine, then, a Nibelungen-Lied in architecture! That is broadly what was planned. The audacity of the attempt is bewildering. Has the effect been gained? That will depend largely upon the temperament of the beholder.

But this is what has been attempted, and architecture, arrangement, color scheme, and vista all play their parts in the symbol. It was intended to represent nothing less than the strife of Man with Nature. The great Electric Tower, 408 feet high, represents his victory in the conflict. The other buildings, with their accessories of sculpture and garden, all are symbols leading up to this effect. The matter is much too complex for treatment in this article. It is given in some detail in the very excellent art handbook sold on the grounds. It is safe to say that many will find the symbols both inspiring and well carried out. It is no less safe to say that the general, if they know of the plan at all, will be more astonished than impressed. But it explains much that is otherwise chaotic, and it shows the very elaborate unity that underlies the whole.

To understand properly this underlying motif, a glance at the plan in general is here needed. Entering the Exposition by the Lincoln Parkway gate, — and it is inadvisable to enter by any other for the first time, — the spectator sees the content of quiet nature, quiet water, green spaces, clumps of trees. Advancing, he comes upon a formal colonnade. The natural note dies. The rows of columns begin to be flanked with symmetrical gardens. The strife with Nature has begun. As he goes on, he comes upon a Triumphal Entrance, at once the

most striking and beautiful bit of architecture at the Exposition. Four massive pylons, or bridge piers, decorated out of rectangularity by statuary and niche, each bearing a magnificent equestrian statue, connected at the right and left with massive chains of shields, form the feature of the bridge. These pylons frame the only successful vista at the fair. Before the spectator, as he stands on the bridge, is unfolded the clamorous glory of the Pan-American. He sees a great court peopled with statuary rising from fountains and basins. Directly ahead of him, at the end of the court, is the dramatic climax of the scene, the Electric Tower. Over walls of gayly hued buildings the Tower arises in tinted majesty. Directly in front is a wide esplanade, that reaches on the right to the Government Building, on the left to the Horticultural Building. The effect is that of a huge cross, the upright being the axis which runs from the Tower through the centre of the bridge which bears the pylons.

Remember that this is all in color. That white note in the immediate foreground is the Fountain of Abundance. Save the dusty white of the asphalt pavements, that is all the white the eye is permitted to see. The rest is an intemperate iris, a rainbow gone mad.

Reviewing the general scene and studying it more closely, one gets a subtle harmony out of this architectural orchestration. The eye is carried naturally to the Electric Tower between the crowded and fantastic lines of walls. But it is not carried easily. The sky line is tortured into a miscellany of curves and angles. There is architectural balance, but the serration of the sky line rather obscures it at first. But what with particularity does one see?

To the right, again, is the Government Building, an excellent effort, forming with its elaborate fountain the right arm of the great cross. This is balanced on the left by the Horticultural Building

with a similar fountain. Both basins are crowded with statues and allegorical groups; those about Government representing Man, those about Horticulture representing Nature. The allegories are intricate and baffling without the aid of the art guidebook. For instance, the fountain of Nature balances the fountain of Man. Nature is an allegorization of the sun and the stars, with the Globe, upon which are figures representing the four elements, and below river and brook, mountain and dale. The fountain of Man is surmounted by a double figure representing the two natures of man joined by a veil, the mystery of the soul. Below are the Five Senses, hand in hand, supporting it. Such are the chief groups of the fountains; but there are many others, even more complex.

Beginning with the great court which culminates in the Electric Tower, the same idea is carried out. On the side of Man now in strife with Nature is Ethnology, — a huge dome, supported by four highly decorated walls; opposite is the Temple of Music, on Nature's side, — a similar dome, with even more highly decorated walls, too ornate for satisfaction. The great court starts at this point, and sweeps widely up to the Tower. It is full of statuary rising from fountain and cascade, and is a most elaborate and pretentious work. On the right, beyond Ethnology, and joined to it by the Court of Cypressess, is the building devoted to Manufactures and Liberal Arts, balanced on the left by the Court of Lilies and the Machinery and Transportation Building. Man's strife is thus shown in his accomplishment. Across the Mall which cuts the court at this point is Agriculture on the right, Electricity on the left. Just beyond them, and heading the great court, is the Electric Tower. Behind it is the Plaza, flanked by two decorative restaurants and a curved structure of great beauty, the Propylæa. The restaurant

to the right, pretentious and elegant, forms an entrance to the Stadium; to the left opens up the Midway. This is, then, the groundwork of the Pan-American.

It is difficult to do more than suggest the effect of all this color, this statuary, these fountains, and these buildings. Much is so largely without precedent that it strikes a beholder differently at different times. It is a great architectural ode; one that has forsworn metre, yet one that is rhythmical. Most observers interpreting through the architecture are rather puzzled than otherwise. There is less unity in design than was originally purposed. It was given out generally that the predominant architectural note would be Spanish; if not the Spanish of Mexico, at least a free Spanish Renaissance. But if any note of style is insistent, it is French, largely of the modern school. Machinery and Transportation, Electricity, and the Government Building are Spanish in feeling and treatment. The Temple of Music is potpourri Renaissance, Ethnology French, and Horticulture Italian. The upper part of the Electric Tower is Spanish, again, being our old friend La Giralda of Seville, but the curved colonnades at the base are French. What unity may we get from this babel of styles? Perhaps to call the whole Exposition Renaissance would allow a common note. But it is all more than exposition architecture. This revel of style and color is something far more than ordinary, far more than merely pleasing. Perhaps there is too little concentration of ornament to make it most effective; but as gayety is the note sought after, and as gayety is so signally achieved, it is hard to find fault with that. The architecture nowhere seeks to impress by sheer majesty, but rather by delightfulness. Aside from the pylons, the Stadium is the only building which is calm and restrained, and the Stadium is imposing indeed. As for the rest, one might

say that the general effect is that of a great exotic orchid, with the Tower for a stamen.

Has the color scheme been really successful? Has it a part in the general allegory? Aside from its decorative values, it is supposed to have a most subtle part. About the esplanade in the foreground of the vista the strongest primary colors have been applied, befitting the early strife of Man and Nature. Advancing toward the Tower, the tones are gradually subdued; there is less glare and flash, and the Tower, which is a gray ivory, forms again the culminating point. The director of color has cunningly suggested as the predominant note the light emerald green which he took from the hue of the water at the crest of Niagara Falls, and has carried it into every building. So we have warm yellow as the basis of the decoration of the Government Building, orange for Horticulture. Music receives a pure red for a basis, Ethnology an orange red. Machinery and Transportation is based on green, as Liberal Arts is on golden brown. Collected about the Tower is French gray, with the Tower itself a lighter gray. These basic notes are relieved by, and contrasted with, every variety of harmonizing hue; the domes in the foreground are blue, the smaller domes and other prominent ornaments gold. Every bit of detail, every spandrel, cornice, niche, grille, and rosette, is picked out in color. White is almost absent, and so as an illusion the tableau is more perfect; for the prevailing grays and the red of the roofs give an idea of permanence as they give an idea of age.

But the question will intrude itself, Is it a success? I heard one of the directors state his opinion in this way: "There are some mortals with a heaven-sent gift of selecting their own neckwear. Others take what the haberdasher forces upon them. The few who really select their own will find fault with the color scheme of the Pan-American." He spoke

the truth. The average mortal is pleased with this splash of color; it both pleases and astonishes. There may be some who will elevate their eyebrows a trifle, but the minority report will be drowned in the general clamor of approval.

This is in a lesser degree true of the sculpture. It plays so prominent a part in the Exposition, and withal so integral a part both in the design and as the key to the allegory, that it is deserving of detailed treatment. It is all the work of American sculptors, remember; and American sculpture is bold, innovating, audacious. There are many bones of contention here, many an argument, heated and vigorous, hidden within this elaborate garden of trade, in regard to its sculpture. When much else has faded from memory, the sculpture will be kept alive by discussion. It is the work of thirty-five artists. They were given every opportunity to express their individuality. And they did it.

Where else would we find the bare realism of a farming group, — a farmer, with conventional chin whiskers, in a baggy sack coat, guiding a plough, his attendant raising a whip behind him to urge on a yoked ox and horse? Where else might we see the double-bodied man referred to before, or Kronos, a winged figure representing the flight of time, standing on a turtle to represent the slowness of time? There are bones of contention, indeed, in the sculpture of the Pan-American. It would perhaps please every critic to say that there is here much of the very best and much of the very worst an exhibition has ever seen; but that would not indicate the general average of promise and execution. There are some surprises in sculpture in store for the spectator.

The landscape architecture deserves particular comment, as it is necessarily so strong a factor in the general plan. Its detail is surprisingly pleasing. The sunken gardens, aquatic gardens, the beds of flowering plants, groups of

trees, and lines of shrubs, add more to the general unity than the casual observer will ordinarily credit. Formal — yes, elaborately formal — as is the landscape architecture, it gives the ensemble a higher decorative value than any similar effort, at least in this country.

We have now given a partial idea of the stage for electricity. It is time for the entrance. Somewhere over in Canada has sunk the red ball of the sun, touching resplendently as he went the gold and blue of dome and finial. Standing before the pylons, and fronting the esplanade, one sees the slow dusk conquer the massed color, the insistent hues. The buildings huddle mysteriously together about the gray Tower, and here and there a band strikes up. Dim like an exhalation is the picture now, and a pervasive hush is over the scene. The splash of the fountains is, of a sudden, loud. The statues whisper together. The people are silent. There glows, before one knows it, a premonitory redness along up through the lines of pillars which range themselves in solemn file in the great court. Each pillar is surmounted with a close cluster of lights. And look! the great Tower itself is blushing a low red. The red is angry now, sharper, and there! daylight is almost here again. Each building has glimmered into light. Electricity has mounted her splendid throne. But it is not daylight; it is something almost better, — refined daylight; less frank, less brutal, less modern. Suddenly from everywhere there has come a light which is more than a glow, but less than a glare. In a second or so, the Exposition has grown from a city of shadows to a vision of light. And such a vision, and such a light!

Expositions, like men, thought the managers, should hitch their wagons to a star. The Pan-American has hitched its glorious wain to the Pleiades. It has harnessed itself to no less than 250,000 of those "domesticated, biddable stars"

called incandescent lights. It is no mere picking out the outline of a building in a row of lights. It is re-creating the architecture in a softer beauty, which, standing against the blue velvet of the sky, gives us a picture hitherto not possible even in dreamland. Arcades, cornices, mouldings, domes, wall spaces, all have burst into light. Metaphor has spent itself and become outworn upon previous efforts which were not a fraction of what is here achieved. The crowd does not applaud, as it stands nightly to watch this effect. Hand-clapping would indicate a mere vulgar approval. Were the wonder of it less complete, applause would be a natural note. There is nothing but a silence, an awed appreciation. It is all too far beyond experience for other manifestation. It would be interesting were some statistician to establish what was the candle power of ancient Pharos, — an illumination which was rated among the few wonders of the world, and which impressed contemporaries so vividly that it has come down through the centuries as an instance of man triumphant over the night. But here are 250,000 eight-candle-power incandescent lights, — some 35,000 on the Electric Tower alone. Here is the light of 2,000,000 candles in a small rectangle of a few acres. Add to the glowing bulbs the colored fountains, the great circling beams of search lights, and you can easily see why electricity properly staged, with the falls of Niagara back of it, is worth a transcontinental trip.

Electricity plays, indeed, the predominant part in the Pan-American Exposition. Viewing it less as a spectacle, and more as an educator, the same proportion is observed. It is here alone that the Exposition is less an epitome than a prophecy. We can trace a comprehensive history of electricity in the great exhibitions of the past century. The Centennial first gave the public its knowledge of the telephone. The Paris Exposition of 1881 had as its most prophetic

exhibit the incandescent light, which prophecy is so wonderfully realized here. The World's Fair marked the progress of electrical manufacture and development along a score of lines. The Pan-American is a lesson in the transmission of power that promises much for the future. But there is more.

Perhaps, on its industrial side, the most prophetic thing about the Pan-American is seen in certain exhibits in electro-metallurgical and electro-chemical lines. Unfortunately, the general public will perhaps not mark their importance; for the products alone are seen, not the processes. But viewed comprehensively their significance is great. They are, in short, an industrial fourth dimension. An insight into the importance of this feature of the fair may be gained in part by understanding that, as the products of the electric furnace, they are products of a new tool which is almost commensurate with that with which Nature builded the planet. Nature had in her forge a heat of some 10,000° with which to work. In the electric furnace man has but 3000° less. So he has started out to both fulfill and undo the work of his originator. Where Nature made little, man is making more; where she hid a valuable substance in a worthless compound, he is melting and making anew. As an example, look at this small exhibit of manufactured graphite. Electricity converted it from coke and gives it to the world in such quantity as may be desired, much purer than any mined article, and much cheaper. The Pan-American in this phase shows man a practical creator, with perhaps the transmutation of the elements almost within his power.

The exhibits in general show the ever increasing approximation of mechanical perfection. There is the same ingenuity, the same bold innovation, that has always marked American exhibits. There is little, however, save a general progression to be seen in most lines. This is not hard to explain. Where, at earlier

expositions, inventions and models were exhibited, they were put there to attract attention, and perhaps more than attention, capital. Now, with capital so ready to be invested in any feasible scheme, the startling innovation is rather kept hidden than otherwise, lest the knowledge prove of value to a competitor. Competition is too keen, and so we see less of the process than the product. Shop secrets are too valuable to be uncovered at an exposition.

From the Plaza beyond the Electric Tower one may enter on the right to the Stadium, on the left the Midway. Athletic sports are thus balanced with amusements. In no previous expositions have the sports been held within the grounds; they have merely served as a tangential attraction. Here, in a highly dignified and imposing amphitheatre, is a field dedicated to athletics. A healthy amateurism is directly fostered by the programme and the manner of conducting the contests. Managed by college men, the professional side of modern feats of strength and skill is subordinated as far as possible. The Stadium seats 12,000 people. Even here it is the spectacle above all else, — the insistent note of the Pan-American cannot be avoided, — so 12,000 gather to see eighteen struggling for victory upon the baseball field. The proportion is worthy of note; it is all something to see rather than to participate in.

In one way, the educational value of industrial exhibits grows less and less as competition grows keener. But these exhibits, as I have said, are no longer the chief feature of great expositions. What is desired is crowds. Of the 20,000,000 spectators the directorate of the Pan-American hopes for, what percentage expects to view the exhibits with an idea of being helped in business? Statistics on this point would be of inestimable value. But, of these 20,000,000, who will not visit the House Upside Down, take a Trip to the Moon, listen

to the band in Old Nuremberg, or will refrain from the half a hundred other shows upon the Midway? Of a truth, expositions have become spectacular with reason, and the tone has shifted from education to amusement. Here, for instance, is a single concession which is said to represent an actual outlay of \$200,000. It is run at a loss on days when the crowd is not large. This means that on the days when there are large crowds it must gather in an immense amount of money. Yet it was considered a very tempting investment.

What does all this signify, this statement made by the Exposition authorities that there has been an outlay of \$3,000,000 on the Midway? Is its elaborate composition of colored buildings,

its imposing statuary and landscape architecture, but an entrance to a long, huddled street, crowded with buildings devoted to all sorts of amusement, good and bad? Would the late P. T. Barnum have made the ideal director of great national fairs? In a way, yes. The Midway represents an outlay of nearly one third of what the Exposition proper has cost. Will the next great fair increase this proportion? It would seem so. The Pan-American has sought to be instructive, but indirectly instructive. Even the body of the fair has been builded in a way that makes it at root an amusement. And thus we have a \$10,000,000 Exposition with a \$3,000,000 Midway, — an interesting comment upon present American tendencies.

Eugene Richard White.

TWO GENERATIONS OF QUAKERS.

AN OLD DIARY.

A LITTLE old book, shabby and yellow and worn at the edges, found among the papers of a Quaker family in Philadelphia, has come into my hands. On the outside is written, "Diary for the years 1760, 1761, and 1762 kept by A. W.;" and within, every corner is closely filled with small, old, faded writing. A. W., it is known, was Ann Whitall, one of the Cooper family from which, afterwards, Fenimore Cooper was born. She was the wife of James Whitall, a New Jersey farmer, and was the mother of seven children. They lived at Red Bank, across the Delaware, about six miles from Philadelphia. Save for one appearance in Revolutionary history, little was known about her until this diary was discovered. But this brown book of "Meddatations," saved by chance out of the waste of time, gives us a strangely vivid glimpse of three years of her life.

At the time this book was written, the Quakers had been settled about a hundred years in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Originally exiled from England for the sake of their faith, they had grown rich, and the natural bent of their religion had given a certain stamp of staidness and comfort to their homes and meeting houses, which still are to be found about Philadelphia. But these English yeomen and laborers, called from their fields and farms by the religious excitements of the seventeenth century, swept as it were across the Atlantic by one of the storms of that stormy period, had soon fallen back into the rural ways of their race amid the peace and quiet of this remote colony.

Any one who knows New Jersey can picture the old farmhouse where Ann Whitall lived, the great trees, the meadows and cattle, the broad Delaware flow-

ing by, the sandy roads; and, not far off, the square gray little meeting house, whither on First Days and Fifth Days the neighbors would drive, and, hitching their horses in the sheds, would sit in silence in the still interior, — a Friend being moved now and then to preach or pray, and sometimes a farmer or farmer's wife, weary with the week's work, falling into a peaceful doze. A most pious and harmless community, surely, with its rustic cares and labors, and the little prim town of Philadelphia across the river.

But Ann Whitall, as we learn from her journal, was a soul of the old stormy kind; her spirit lived not so much in New Jersey as in the Jerusalem whose wickedness was denounced by the prophets. Philadelphia was a Babylon, or "bablon" she spelled it; and her imagination, roused by the eloquence of the Old Testament, found amid her peaceful surroundings wickedness equal, apparently, to the wickedness of old Egypt, or the abominations of Chaldea and Assyria denounced by the prophets. Satan, she declared, was hunting up and down the banks of the Delaware; and her mind dwelt on the portents that announced the fall of Jerusalem. — how the river was turned back, a comet hung like a sword in the heavens, and armies and horses were seen fighting there; and evidently, to her, the New Jersey skies were full of similar omens. "The Corn is to husk, and the wod gon to town — but is it a time to bi and to sel? and to get gain, or is it a time to set and sleap? O that we may be stopt in the lane as Balum wos by his ass he rid upon, or as Pharoah wos in the reed see — we must go and leve all behind us, and we don't know how soon — then farewel corn, farewel wod, farewel ill companie that has tuck all my time when I shud a bin a reeding or arighting sum gud matter like Judge Hale. or a wolkng alone a midetating sum gud like Isaac of old." "This field wants ploughing, tother

wants sowing — O remember you must go and leve it al befor long." "O our time, our little time, how do we spend it," and she tried to keep the Grave always before her own eyes and the eyes of her sons and husband. But the boys were so "eger after the world, staring about," she wrote with tears, "they ha'n't time to think they shall di." Playing ball, fishing, and skating, — which was as bad as playing ball, — these were the especial iniquities of that rural neighborhood; at the skating pond all the "ruscom" of the earth met together, the more the better. But did Abraham and Isaac and Jacob spend their time so? Was this the way Judge Hale spent his time, "his prasious time? no no, alon by himself praying and riting down sum good matter." If skating and fishing seemed so wicked to her on week days, what must she have felt when, as sometimes happened, these recreations were indulged in on the Sabbath! Alone and deserted in the farmhouse, she would compare the Quaker villages of Woodberry Creek and Haddonfield to the Cities of the Plain; predict with grim satisfaction judgments from heaven, or recommend that her children should remember Job's children, "what revellin' thar wos with them, but," as she adds concisely, "soon cut off."

But through these lamentations we are able to get glimpses of the quiet farm life that went on, and in which Ann Whitall evidently took an important share; she hardly found time to sit down, much less to write her "Meddatations;" and the cries of her distressed spirit are put side by side with homely receipts which show the careful housewife, "a tea of Camfrey and water-melon seed," a medicine of "upland sumach-berries, loaf-sugar, and spirit," or her belief that whatever was good for poisons was good for scalds and burns. She writes, too, of the farm work, the ploughing and reaping, the droughts, the rainy summers, storms that almost blew down the house,

the violent winters, — “snow upon snow,” “the trees heavy with snow;” for her phrases are always curiously vivid.

“It is the 14th of March,” she notes in the year 1762; “if it holds so cold what will become of the poure dum creters, o it sounds in my ears every day, what will thay du for want of hay;” and again, “O the poure dum creters, it sounds in my ears how they du sufer.” And later on she notes with evident pleasure the coming of the tardy spring: “it is got so warm we can plant peas — the grass du begin to gro and the frogs begin to cri;” and by the 16th of April they had grass at least “for some of the creters.”

We get, too, from these meditations a clear view of Ann Whitall's husband, a well-to-do farmer, more fond of fishing and sport than going to meeting. He would go off with the boys down the river in the boat; or when he was not at work or fishing, she notes bitterly that he would go to bed. However, when one day her husband had an accident, and in cutting a piece of cedar to put a spill to draw cider, the knife, glancing out of the wood, pierced through three thick jackets into his breast, just below his heart, she rejoiced most sincerely that he was not killed. “O what a grat favour he is still liveing among his Childern O wonderful inded: it is one of the grat-test blessings that his childern and I can have this side of the grave to have him along with us. Tho we dont agree so wel as we shud about som matters, I ofen thinks, be it as it will now, it wod be a hunredfold wos if I was alone with such a passel of Children. O I ofen thinks what wod becom of me if he was tuck away.”

For it was this “passel” of children that were the main cause of poor Ann Whitall's troubles. John was still a child of two or three; too young to run after the world, but apt to be ill, and plainly the unlucky one of the family. At one time he had a bad fever, — “mourns and

greves like an old man,” his mother notes, “cris and ses I's sick.” And another time he fell into boiling water, and was terribly scalded. It would not have been so bad, she says, with her love of prescriptions, “if they had put on it Indian meal and cold water, or molasses and salt to get the fire out, or Irish potatoes, or spirit of turpentine, or sweet oil and the white of an egg beaten together, or rattlesnake root boiled in hog's fat,” — and so on with a long list of prescriptions. Under which, in the trembling handwriting of an old woman, is a note, dated 1788, twenty-six years afterwards, in which she remarks that John had always as a child had bad luck, and now had returned home apparently ruined, having lost £1500 in one vessel, “all gone to the bottom.” But James and Job Whitall, the older boys, though healthy and strong enough, were greater causes of sorrow to their “poor afflicted mother,” as she calls herself. “Now James and Job has tuck up the trade of runing about,” she notes bitterly. They would go skating; get into companies, prattling and talking; would not think of death and their latter end; nothing brought them home but night. “O I ofen ses has any poure mortal in the hol world so much trubel as I; every day wormwood and gol; some of it I right down for them to see when I am lade in my grave for I du believe it wil com hom to them when thay ma'n't think of it; James and Job wil du what thay plees; for if I say won word they will begin to houf mee, and where is thare mannars to houf their Mother,” and she goes on to complain of what has been mentioned before, — her husband's habit of going to bed in times of idleness, or, as it seemed, of domestic trouble. Again we find the same complaint: “The boys nor thare father, has no religion in them but to go to meeting when they plees, and to tel me I am no better than themselves nor so gud, with all my going to meetings, and houf me every day I live.

O it is as bitter as wormwood and gol ; I think sumtimes there never was a mother so unhappy as I am."

But the boys must have had their causes of complaint. It is not hard to see that Ann Whitall was by no means easy to live with ; all company, except that of pious old Friends, she regarded as bad company, or "pisen," as she puts it, in her vigorous way ; she not only disapproved of all their sports and pleasures, and wished them to spend their young hours in meetings and meditations on Death, but she plainly made pretty vigorous attempts to compel them to behave according to her ideas. The following is significant: "O I have often thought of it with a gret del of sorrow, o the harm we du our childern by letting of them go into ill Compani — won of them said we shud have to answer for it. O keep them in while thay are young, and master them." Again and again she recurs to the need of severity and discipline with children ; and one of her favorite quotations which she quotes is from Lamentations : —

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him."

And now and then she copied out of some pious eighteenth-century book she was reading a page or two bearing on the wickedness and ungratefulness of children, — extracts that, with their correct spelling and affected style, make curious patches amid her own passionate orthography and vivid Scriptural writing. "We do sometimes observe," one of the extracts begins, "the unwearied labours of a Parent's love, bestowed without the desired effect ; 't is mournful to see children pierce with bitterness the breast that has been their support in their infantile years ; to fill that eye with sorrow that has dropt the tear of maternal fondness ! 't is a cruel thing for a child to mingle Gall and Wormwood in the cup of a Parent descend-

ing to the Grave. Let us be assured," Ann Whitall copies out with evident satisfaction, "that their own portion of Gall and Wormwood will be doubly increased."

Her daughters, Sarah and Hannah, were, at least while they were little girls, of more comfort to her. When she was nursing her sons, and could not go herself to meeting, she describes them going off to meeting with their father ; Hannah riding on her mother's mare, and Sarah behind her. Hannah was eight years old. It makes a pretty picture, the two little Quaker girls riding off with their father. They were fond of meeting, and would often cry when they could not go, their mother writes ; adding a characteristic doubt as to whether they would be so good when they grew up.

Ann Whitall must have been, however, a more genial person than her meditations, written probably in moments of annoyance, would make us believe. It is a tradition among her descendants that, though she was difficult to live with, all her children were devoted to her. She reproves herself more than once for laughing ; and at the end of her diary, in a burst of frankness, she confesses that she is much too fond of eating. "I find sum freedum to right whot a tarabel thing this eating of tu much is, and has been to me many times : I think I can say of a truth it is the wost sin that ever I did. I du believe it is as bad as drinking too much, eating too much is the root of all evil in me. I du believe, O had I minded it when I was young, but o this enmy of our poure souls always a driveing of us into sin, o that his chain mout be shortened won link !" She does not tell us whether the devil's chain was ever shortened ; but it is a relief to think of this earnest and pious farmer's wife now and then relaxing, and allowing herself not only to feed on "wormwood and gol," but to enjoy a good meal of the shad or wild duck, or sweet corn or watermelons,

of the bountiful New Jersey fare. For the ideal up to which she tried to live was a terribly high one. "I ofen thinks if I cud be so fixt as never to Laugh nor to smil I shud be won step better; it fils me with sorrow when I see people so ful of laf and of prate; our Lord pronounces a Woe against them that laugh now for they shall weep and mourn. The Wicked, says Holy Job, spend their Days in Mirth, and in a moment, go down to the Grave; Solomon said of Laughter, it is Madness, and of Mirth, what doth it. O I thinks cud my ies run down with tears always." She evidently thought it was her duty to "cri day and night;" and that the time to be given to religion and mourning — and they seem to have been very much the same thing to her — should be at least twelve hours in the twenty-four.

Almost every human being has some peculiar place and refuge for his thoughts, which he dreams of amid his drudgery; whither his desires turn, and where his life draws its nourishment and secret strength. One soon sees in this old journal that there was such a place of refuge in Ann Whitall's life. It was not, however, her home, the farm, and her family of boys and girls; she always speaks of these as causes of trouble and vexation, and remarks, indeed, in her strong Scriptural language, that she lives "among scorpions." It was the Quaker meeting, the little plain meeting house, with its rows of Friends, its mystic silence, or the prophetic sermons, lamentings, and denunciations. There seem to have been two or three rural meeting houses within riding distance of Red Bank; and there were evidently frequent week-day meetings as well as Sunday ones. She could ride to these meetings on her mare, but in bad weather she drove in the farm wagon. One stormy day the wagon was refused her. It was Quarterly Meeting at Haddonfield, and she was determined to go; and riding through the rain "as the woter run down my skin," she com-

forted herself with the thought of how much more the traveling Friends, Susanah Haddon and Jane Crosby, suffered "a traveling about, and the tears runing down their faces for our sins." Another time she was thrown from her horse, — "3 day of 5 month 1761. I must right sum of my trubbel, mare cict [kicked] up with me, down I went and hurt sum; but got apon another mare and went to meeting, and thare was Sanmual Mifflin's Mother and spoak a grate del to us. I com hom by myself, to mourn and tu cry to the Lord. O that ever any mortel liveing was ever born to no [know] the troble that I no, no creeter can I have to ride that is fit, but I may cri out my dais, and more and more trubbel every day I live, and nothing but wormwod and gol to drink at." And when she got home she had found her husband and sons were all away. "O what is more rong in my mind, all ways a gad-ding abroad when firs day coms, thare father is not at hom won firs day in a hol year if he can halp it; O I think if I had a bin kild to-day with the fol off the mare's back, then I had bin gone from all tears and trubbel." There were many sudden diseases, she reflects, continuing her "Meddation;" it might be her turn next to be "lade in her cofin;" but alas, she feared her day was not yet come; her cup was not yet full of bitters. "I must drink more wormwod and goll, O the showers of tears that has fell from my fass this day, and now while I am wrighting."

Her only comfort was to go again to meeting. "O if it wont for the comfort that I git somtims at Meeting to here som of such worthies of the same mind with myself, I cud not a stud til now, I must a sunk in sorrow." For here was her refuge from the "turmile of the World;" here, with other serious-minded Friends, she could weep over the sins of their little community, "rasel for a blessing," or listen to denunciations and prophecies in which her stern soul de-

Two Generations of Quakers.

lighted, and with which she filled her little diary. "A hard laborious meeting." "Joshua Lord spoke a long while, he did rattle us a going," she records in her vivid idiom. And again: "Hard to keep the enemy out. O as Adam Mott said in our meeting, he is always rady to take us off our whack."

Probably those traveling Friends, preaching day after day to little drowsy congregations of New Jersey farmers, had come to attach no very distinct or terrible ideas to their chanted sermons out of the Old Testament prophets. Traditional echoes of older sermons, they were the last waves, beating themselves out on the peaceful shores of the Delaware, of the seventeenth-century storms amid which Quakerism arose. But to Ann Whitall they were terribly real and serious; she believed literally in the judgments (or "gugments," as she spelled them in her curious way) that, according to the preachers, were overhanging New Jersey; taking a sombre joy in the sermons, preached out of Ezekiel, which denounced that pious settlement of farmers, — a community which, she declared, was as full of iniquity as ever was Jerusalem before its fall. And strangely enough, on that little community — in fact, on the Whitall house and farm itself — a "gugment" did at last come crushing down; an event which is famous in history, and which left behind it legends of bloodshed and ghosts that are still remembered.

"O they had polluted my Sabbaths, and their eyes were after their fathers idols; wherefore I gave them statutes that were not good and judgments whereby they should not live." Words like these, written down in this journal, bring with them a faint echo of the old falsetto singsong and prophetic chant of some ancient Quaker preacher, rising amid the silence of the meeting.

"Weep and howl for your Miseries that shall come upon you, for you have lived in Pleasure on the Earth and been

wanton; ye have nourished your hear as in a day of Slaughter." "Thus saith the Lord, a sword a sword is sharpened: it is also furbished. It is sharpened to make a sore slaughter, it is furbished that it may glitter." And after listening to some very strong language, she exclaims, "O whot is a week of turmille to the consolation and comfort of such a meeting." And once when a woman Friend "from old England" had come and had preached, mourning and crying over them, the poor farmer's wife, with her house and seven children, wished vainly, "O had I nuthink to du but to go along with har."

But Ann Whitall not only loved her meetings; she thought it a sin not to go. "Whot is honour and glory of him that made us if it ant going to meetings?" she asks, with conviction; and in the storms of winter, from which she suffered, — "none so cold as I that has life," — she was afraid to go, she confesses; and yet afraid to stay at home, "for fere of ofending our mity maker; I have paid dear for staying at home, tho some makes a lite matter of it." And once, when reaping came at the same time as a week-day meeting, she feared a judgment on their fields because meeting was neglected, and compared the conduct of her husband with that of Boaz; for Boaz came to the farm from Bethlehem, or in other words, as she quaintly remarks, "now want that from meeting?" while her husband, although twenty years married, and the father of grown-up boys, neglected meeting altogether.

But nothing in this mortal state is complete and full of satisfaction; and Ann Whitall found many causes for tears in her beloved meetings. Indeed, it was too plain to her that the general corruption of the times had penetrated into the meeting houses; and as Ann Whitall sat and listened to the preachers, she could see before her with her own eyes signs of the wickedness and

Two Generations of Quakers.

domination of which they preached. The hor of bablon has brats among vou," one preacher told them; and Ann Whitall seemed not in the least surprised. Not only were there the vacant seats of Friends who had not come, but among the Friends who were there, some there were who would go to sleep. This sin or "abomanation" of sleeping in meeting caused her great distress of spirit; again and again she recurs to it: "O the concarn I wos in to think of so many that can set and sleep Meeting ater Meeting, year ater yere;" and on one occasion she was "led," as the Quaker phrase is, to remonstrate, after meeting, with a drowsy widow, who, as we gather, did not receive her admonition in a very friendly spirit.

Causes of equal or greater distress were the signs of worldliness and fashion among the New Jersey Friends. Fashions, no doubt, traveled slowly in those days; the elegancies of the French court may perhaps have crossed the stormy Atlantic in little sailing vessels; but it must have been slowly, and in very dim echoes, that anything of the kind penetrated among the Quaker community. Ann Whitall, however, was quick to denounce them. "O the fashions and running into them!" she exclaims, horrified by a report that the "garls in penselvani has got thare necks set off with a black ribon; a sorrowful site indeed, but whot did that dear friend Nickles Davis tel them, the old peopel had not dun there duty, and that wos the reason that the young wos no better; six of them garls from Darbe wos here from John Hunts, I thought thay did not belong to friends til I wos in formd thay did, but I a mani times think whot signifies my being concerned about fashings? where is one friends child or children but som doddry fashion or another is on thare backs or heds; here is this day Josiah Albason's soun, all the soun he has; his hat is clos up behind." It was not only the young women whom the "enimi" tempted; his

power over the young men was only too plainly shown by their "wearing of thare hats sot up behind;" and next, she thinks, they will have ribbons to tie their hair. As for the galleries, where the younger Friends sat, "they stinkt with fashings." Calico, tea, and tobacco she denounces with great energy. "O lementabel is our cas I think; I am so fild with sorow a mani times about the wicked — O I thinks cud my ies run down with tears all ways, and the abomanation of the times, so much exces of tabacher and tee is as bad so much of it, and thay will pretend thay cant du without it, jest like the tobacker trade, and thare is the calico — O the Calico! we pretend to go in a plain dres and plain speach but whare is our plainness? and we, like all the rest, be how thay will, what fashion hant the quakers got, as William Hunt said. O that we had a many such as he, thare wod be no calico among the Quakers, no, no nor so many fashion mongers. I think tobaccko and tee and Calico may all be set down with the negors, all won as bad as another."

With the year 1762 Ann Whitall's journal ends. Here and there, however, where there was room, entries have been made at different dates. They are brief, but they show that her spirit was not broken by advancing years. In 1777 there is a concise note of the death of a woman preacher, and the remark that the "gugments" of the Lord she had foretold had all by that time come on them. What these "gugments" were we shall soon discover.

The next entry is as follows: "23 of 6 mo 1780 a cler plasent day, a dry time, the gras is drid up in a many plases — O we want rain, but who is worthy of won drop? we deserve a famin."

In 1783 there is a note of "a most sorrowful meeting, so dad and so miserabel." And the last note of all, in a changed and aged handwriting, is the one of 1788, already given, about her son John Whitall and his misfortunes.

For a few brief days only our diarist appears on the stage of history. The judgments she had predicted all her life did at last descend, with literal and by no means metaphorical blood and slaughter. But to explain what happened, a reference to the history of the time is necessary.

When the war of the Revolution at last broke out, the Americans built a series of forts on the Delaware to protect Philadelphia from the British fleet; for without the fleet and its supplies it was not possible for the enemy to hold the city. Now it happened that one of these forts, Fort Mercer, was placed on the farm of Red Bank, so near to the Whittall house that Ann Whittall must have seen the work going on — with what grim reflections we can imagine — from her windows. When Howe, victorious at Brandywine, marched on Philadelphia, the British made determined efforts to capture, and the Americans equally determined efforts to defend, these river forts. And thus came about the attack on Fort Mercer, in 1777, or the battle of Red Bank, a gallant and famous little engagement, in which Lieutenant Colonel Christopher Green, with four hundred men of the 2d Rhode Island Regiment, successfully defended this feeble earth fort against Count Donop with twenty-five hundred Hessians. The engagement was sharp and bloody. The American boats cannonaded the Hessians. Count Donop was mortally wounded, his troops driven back, and three or four hundred killed or wounded were left on the field. During the battle which raged about her house Ann Whittall sat upstairs, spinning. As a Quaker, she of course utterly disapproved of fighting: during the war with the French she had thought, as her diary shows, the very mention of it wicked; and her soul was not of a kind that human weapons could very much daunt. So there she sat, calmly spinning, in the midst of the cannon balls; quite refusing to move, and probably not even looking

out of the window. And it was only, at last, when a shell burst through the walls and partitions behind her back that she reluctantly and leisurely took up her wheel and went down to continue her spinning in the cellar.

But when the battle was over, and the Hessians retreated, she came up to take care of the wounded who filled her house. We are told that she scolded the Hessians for coming to America to butcher people, but also that she was active and vigorous and kindly in nursing them; and indeed, it was an unrivaled opportunity to gratify her love of herbs and prescriptions. Count Donop died in her house. "It is finishing a noble career early," he said; "but I die a victim of my ambition and the avarice of my sovereign." The gallant young German noble thus found his grave on this New Jersey farm. The French engineer, De Manduit, in the American service, not understanding Quaker principles, and considering James Whittall and his wife Tories, had cut down their orchard and destroyed their barns. Two of the British vessels were driven on shore, and there exploded. The only reference in Ann Whittall's diary to these events is the concise note already quoted, that in 1777 the "gugments" predicted by the aged woman preacher "Eals Holl" had come upon them. And it seems that in her stern soul she believed this rage of musketry and cannon, these shells bursting through the house, and men-of-war exploding almost under her windows, were a judgment on them; troops being sent from Germany and France, and warships brought by Heaven across the ocean, to punish her family and other Friends for sleeping in meeting, and for Sunday skating and fishing.

To reinforce the small garrison of Fort Mercer, Lafayette made a night march from Philadelphia; but after renewed attacks the fort had to be abandoned. Colonel Christopher Green's gallant defense, however, was always remembered; and

in 1781 Lafayette, traveling with the Marquis de Chastellux, came out from Philadelphia with De Manduit to visit the remains of the fort. The Marquis de Chastellux has left in his memoirs an account of this visit: how, on their way across the Delaware, De Manduit explained (as far indeed as that Frenchman understood them) the peculiar views of the Whitall household, and prepared his companions for a cool reception. The reception was even cooler than he expected. Ann Whitall never even appeared; while her husband sat motionless and silent by the fire, without even looking at the brilliant young French nobles, who tried in vain all their arts and charms of manner to make him talk. A curious scene! We dimly imagine what each party, old New Jersey Quaker and young French courtiers, thought of the other. If only Ann Whitall had been present, and written one of her "Meditations" on the subject!

It would be hardly fair to take this journal as a representation of the life and religion of the eighteenth-century Quakers. There is a very different spirit in the writings of the Friends of

that time; one need only mention John Woolman, who was a neighbor of Ann Whitall's, and who, her journal shows, visited and preached at the meetings she attended. But Ann Whitall drew her religion entirely from the Old Testament; lived in fear of a jealous God, and the judgments he was about to bring down for the wickedness and abominations against which she struggled with all the strength of her vigorous spirit. She dreaded death; drew no comfort from the thoughts of a future life, and her one prayer was for peace, — "O may I have rest when I am laid in the dust."

In those days it was not the custom of the Friends to erect monuments, or even to place stones over their dead. Quaker graves were but little nameless mounds of green about their square meeting houses. And under one of these little mounds, near the meeting house where she wept and mourned, and not far from the broad Delaware, lies Ann Whitall, long since gone from the "fretting and turmoil of the world," and enjoying at last, we must hope, the rest and peace she so desired.

Logan Pearsall Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A QUAKER BOY.

My earliest recollections are associated with the dress, speech, and manners of a sect that has become almost obsolete but in name. They are not as of things at all peculiar or unusual, but as the most familiar objects in my daily life. The broad-brimmed hat, the "shad-bellied" coat with its narrow standing collar, the pale drab sugar-scoop bonnet, the scant sleeved and skirted gown with the white kerchief folded across the bosom, the addressing of every person by the singular pronouns, the naming of the months and days of the week by their numbers, seemed not so strange to my childish eyes and ears as did the dress and speech

of the "world's people." From my point of view, it was these people, not my own, who had departed, unwisely if not sinfully, from the ordinary and proper way of life.

I was as much surprised as grieved when, in my first schooldays, my stiff-collared, single-breasted jacket and my "thees" and "thous" were derided, and I scoffed at for being a Quaker. I soon fell into the worldly custom of addressing a playmate as "you," and calling his belongings "yours," but it was very difficult for me to learn the heathenish titles of the days of the week in their proper order. "Tuesday" and "Thurs-

day" sounded so much alike that I was always getting each in its wrong place. I was helped in this difficulty by the fact that on Fifth Day I donned a clean "shirtee," as my wide turn-over collar attached to a gathered front piece was called, and went to meeting with the family, and that this was the world's people's Thursday, which they did not so observe except at Thanksgiving.

How well I remember Fifth Day meetings, whose silence particularly impressed me by its contrast with the noise and bustle wherewith the world's people were carrying on their secular affairs! From the road would come the occasional clatter of a rapidly driven wagon, rattling into and out of hearing, with the incongruously merry whistle of the driver; from the fields the bawling of teamsters, and from barns the regular beat of flails; while within reigned such silence that the buzzing of the flies in the windows, the sighing of a summer breeze, or the hissing of the sappy wood and the crackling of the expanding or contracting metal of the stove seemed loud and startling sounds.

The silence frequently remained unbroken by any human voice during the entire session, till the elderly Friend who sat at the "head of the meeting," on the "high seat," would turn to the Friend who sat next him and shake hands with him; and the hand-shaking ran along seat after seat, till every one had shaken the hand of the person on each side of him. I used to feel highly honored when some venerable Friend bent his kindly face upon me and gravely shook my little hand, but it did seem a trifle queer when it was my own father who so greeted me. This friendly ceremony was called "breaking the meeting."

It was peculiarly trying to a boy to maintain a decorous demeanor during the long periods of silence. If the spirit of evil did not arouse in him an unaccountable desire to laugh at the sight of some other boy, it overcame him with an un-

controllable drowsiness. When I was thus overcome, my father would set me on my feet, to my extreme mortification; for I imagined Friends would think the Spirit had moved me to speak, when I had no message to deliver.

One quiet summer day, when we were sitting in perfect silence, an old cow that had strayed into the meeting-house yard poked her head in at the open door, and regarded the assembled Friends with a countenance as unmovable as any of theirs. One warm October day, a big boy, who had come across lots to meeting, and on the way filled the crown of his hat with thorn apples, fell asleep in his seat, near the door. Every man and boy wore his hat in Quaker meeting. A sudden nod tumbled his from his head, and all its contents clattered on the floor, whither he followed, and made his exit on all fours, pushing his hat before him. The smile that this surprising exhibition created was not entirely confined to the youthful members of the assembly.

Our meeting house was a great square unpainted building, with shingled sides, and of two stories, the upper one consisting of a wide gallery reached by a narrow flight of stairs. Beneath these was a closet, which was awful to my youthful imagination; for in it were kept the tools for digging graves, and the rope for lowering the coffins into them. The large lower room was divided midway by a partition: on one side sat the women; on the other, the men. It was provided with shutters, which were closed during the session of meetings for business, to shut one sex apart from the other while each transacted the business especially belonging to it.

The body of the house was furnished with plain, unpainted seats, so hard that it is a wonder how the drowsiest Friend could ever fall asleep sitting on them. Facing these, at one end, were three long, elevated seats, one rising above the other, with rails in front, and just as hard and plain as the others, though they were the

seats of the ministers and elderly Friends. It was a very common habit of the preachers to slide their hands from side to side along these rails, as if keeping time to the slow and measured cadence of their sermons. In the open space between the high seats and the others stood a huge box stove, one in each apartment, that in winter made the atmosphere torrid in its immediate neighborhood, while it but slightly raised the temperature of the remote parts of the room. The elderly women had little foot stoves, tin boxes in wooden frames, with sheet-iron fire pans, which they filled with coals at the stove before taking their seats.

The grounds around the meeting house were surrounded by a board fence, as shorn of all adornment as the house itself, except by nature's contributions of grass and daisies, and one little maple tree that grew near the gate, and clothed itself in autumn with gay colors, in utter disregard of Quakerly soberness of attire. There was a bed of tansy, set with no purpose of ornamentation, but for use at funerals. Its bitter aroma is always associated in my mind with those solemn occasions. There was an entire absence of display at funerals. The coffin was of unpainted wood and without handles, and was placed in the grave without any outer box. There were no services at the grave, nor a word spoken but by the manager of the funeral, who, in behalf of the family of the deceased, briefly thanked those present for their attendance. This was not done till the grave was filled, wherein one and another in turn assisted. Even to the bounds of the mysterious world beyond the grave the Friends bore testimony against worldly ostentation. Many of the graves were entirely unmarked. Some had at head and feet small gray stones, as rough as when taken from the ledge or field. A few bore the initials, fewer the full name, with the age and date of death, in rude characters carved by loving but unskilled hands.

Meetings for worship were held on First Days and Fifth Days. Each month two of these midweek meetings were followed by sessions for the transaction of business, that were termed Preparative and Monthly Meetings. After the religious service some Friend arose and asked, "Is it not about time to close the shutters?" when this act was accomplished with some little stir, shutting the men and women apart as in separate rooms. I never knew what was done in the women's room, but suppose the business transacted was substantially the same as in ours, where the clerk read the "minutes" of the last meeting, and then a list of nine "queries." The one which I remember most distinctly was, "Are Friends clear of sleeping in meeting and other unbecoming behavior?" Each time I was overwhelmed with the consciousness of guilt, and did not dare to look up and encounter the many eyes that I knew must be fixed upon me.

The usual answer to each query, by the head of a duly appointed committee, was, "All clear as far as appears."

Persons "intending marriage" were required to make public declaration of such intention in the meeting. The man, accompanied by an attendant, entered the women's meeting, and made formal declaration of his intended marriage; and the woman did the same, in like manner, in the men's meeting. A committee was then appointed to visit the parties, and learn if each was clear of other engagements; and if the report was favorable, the marriage was in due time solemnized in the presence of the meeting. After the usual religious exercises, the couple arose, joined hands, and repeated the few solemn words prescribed by the Discipline, when such of those present as desired set their names to the certificate of marriage. The ceremony ended with a wedding dinner at the home of the bride's parents.

"Declaration of intentions" was a trying ordeal, as may be easily imagined.

"Who came in with Timothy when he declared his intentions?" was asked of a Quakeress who had lately been married. "I can't tell thee," she answered. "I only know that he had a patch on one of his boots."

"Do any keep company with persons not of our Society, on account of marriage?" was another query. For sixty years ago whoever married out of the Society was "disowned," — a serious penalty, especially to a "birthright member," as one born of Quaker parents was called.

Another serious breach of discipline was to attend marriages accomplished by a justice or a priest. So, also, was the performance of military duty, or the payment of fines for the non-performance of such duty.

If a member became incapable of self-support, he or she did not become a town pauper, but was supported by the meeting, and was treated with as much respect as the wealthiest of the Friends.

Twice a year Quarterly Meetings were held at our meeting house, and each occupied three days. Friends came from the precincts of other Quarterly Meetings, and often from what, in those days of slow travel, were long distances. Ministering Friends from distant parts, men and women who "had a concern" to visit Friends, were frequently present. What with the religious "opportunity," the generous but unostentatious hospitality, and the social intercourse of old and young, Quarterly Meetings were the great events of our year. I remember how unwontedly full the meeting house used to be on these occasions. It seemed to me there could not have been more present before the deplorable "Separation," which I so often heard spoken of.

The division of the Society, on doctrinal points, into Orthodox and Hicksites occurred some years before my remembrance; but a good deal of the bitterness which always attends religious quarrels still remained, and there was no reli-

gious unity between the two sects, though some members of each felt a warm personal regard for some of the other. The old meeting house remained in possession of the Hicksites, but their thinned ranks only meagrely filled its wide seats, and the useless gallery had been quite cut off from the lower room by a loose flooring of boards.

At Quarterly Meetings the seats were almost crowded, and it seemed strange that the place could be so still with so many living people in it. No sounds were heard but the dismal moaning of the wind in that mysterious upper room, the hissing of the sappy wood, the hollow murmur of draught, and occasionally the sigh of some burdened spirit or the cautious clearing of a clogged throat. Then, rising without a rustle of garments, some venerable preacher, moved to bear testimony, would break the solemn silence with as solemn speech. The sermons were delivered with a peculiar intonation, a kind of monotonous tune, not always unpleasing in its effect. Sometimes they seemed interminable to children's sleepy ears and aching bones; but they were sure to end at last, and then came the welcome signal of hand-shaking, and presently the bustle of departure to homes and warm firesides and bounteous tables and visiting.

I am afraid that I was not religiously inclined, or, as Friends would say, not a "tender youth;" for what was said and done at meeting is not so strongly impressed upon my memory as the home events incidental to Quarterly Meeting. How distinctly through the mists of near threescore years I see the circle of worthies gathered around the Franklin stove, all arrayed in their best sober-hued attire; the men eating apples, if doing anything, the women almost always knitting, and all busily chatting. No one was addressed as Mrs., Miss, or Mr., but by the first or full name, or as Friend So-and-So, whether man or woman. From another room came the subdued sound

of the young people's decorous merriment, in which I was too young to be permitted to take part, but was assigned to the humblest place in the circle of the elders, a footstool or little chair by my father's knee. Much of the conversation was of so grave a nature that it did not interest me; but it never failed to do so when it drifted into reminiscences of the past, the trials of early Friends, the hardships of the pioneers in the northern wilderness, and stories of the wild beasts that had not then long been rare. Even now I feel the pain of the bitter disappointment I suffered when, as the most thrilling point of some story was approached and the name of an actor was mentioned, some worthy woman Friend would interrupt with the incongruous inquiry, "Now thee speaks of Ichabod Frost, John Holmes, I want to ask thee if his wife was n't Zebulon Thorne's daughter?"

Then they would go off on the genealogical trail of the Frosts and Thornes, till the subject in which I was so deeply interested was lost sight of; and remembering the oft-repeated maxim that children were to be seen, not heard, I never dared to lead them back to it.

For two or three days the houses of resident Friends were filled with visiting Friends, who in turn were filled with the best that each house afforded, and then, with kindly farewells, departed, to resume the ordinary affairs of their peaceful lives.

For me, the quiet that succeeded the bustle of Quarterly Meeting was attended by a depressing feeling of loneliness. If the elders of the family shared it, they were too rigidly disciplined in restraint of all manifestations of emotions to give any outward sign of it. It was rare indeed to see a Friend moved to tears, or excessive mirth, or any violent expression of anger.

The sweet yet strong faces of the women, especially, wore an habitual expression of serenity, as if victory had been

gained over all enemies of the soul, and that peace entered upon which passeth all understanding. How befitting was their dress! What could be more becoming to the placid face than the plain muslin cap, without ribbon or ruffle, or the spotless muslin kerchief folded across the calm, untroubled breast!

I remember the clearstarching of these articles as a sort of half-religious rite, performed, in a room withdrawn from the public gaze, by my mother and my aunt, walking slowly to and fro as they clapped the precious muslin between their palms, and indulged then, if ever, in such mild and guarded gossip as Quakers might partake of. I am unable to know how much early associations may influence my opinion that there could be no more becoming dress for a middle-aged or elderly woman than the simple, unchanging garb of the Quakers. Yet I am forced to admit that the bonnet, precious as it was to its owner, was a very ugly article of head-gear. In shape it closely resembled a sugar scoop, except that it had a bulging crown, folded lengthwise in broad plaits. The covering was of finest light drab silk, or sometimes black silk, and lined with white silk, and of course entirely without any sort of adornment. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine how such a headdress could be adorned but by the calm, sweet face to which it could add no charm. I remember a few cold-weather bonnets of beaver, with high square crowns and broad soft brims, that were quite as unattractive to the eye, but must have given the wearers much more comfort than the stiff sugar scoops.

The broad-brimmed hat of the men was not so unbecoming, especially when it had a round crown, like the modern derby; but it was very stiff, and as uncompromising in form as its wearer. My heart warms at sight of the ugliest article of the apparel, now almost obsolete, though once so familiar to my youthful eyes, and the old speech comes as readily

to my tongue as if it had never learned another.

In Fifth Month was held the Yearly Meeting, of which we youngsters heard much, but saw nothing; for it was convened in far-off New York. It was a solemnly momentous event in our lives, and not a small one in theirs, when our parents and some of the neighboring Friends set forth on their journey to the distant city, by stage, canal boat, and steamboat, or sometimes by their own conveyance, in which case they spent the nights in the homes of their hospitable brethren who lived on the route. By the speediest means, it took nearly a week to accomplish the brief journey. The departing pilgrims were intrusted with many messages, commissions, and letters; for the postage on a letter to New York was twenty-five cents, a sum then better worth saving than can now be imagined. It used to be said that the Quakers always brought rain to New York, but what else they did I have little idea, except to issue an epistle to the Monthly Meeting and one to other Yearly Meetings, which in due time were read

before the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings.

There are yet Yearly, Quarterly, and Monthly Meetings, and meetings for worship, but the good people who attend them are not like those with whom my earliest recollections are so fondly associated. Except by a few of the oldest members, the peculiar distinctive dress is no longer worn nor the "plain language" spoken. In the meetings one sees fashionably dressed congregations, and hears singing and organs, but no testimony against "steeple houses" and a "hireling priesthood," and but little is said of the great guide, the "light within." To one who remembers Quakerism as it was sixty years ago, its forms are not recognizable nor befitting its name, and its peculiar spirit seems to have departed. As for our old meeting house, like most others of its kind and time, nothing remains to mark its site but the rough stones that were the steps of its two front doors, and the last member of its worthy congregation sleeps in his adjacent quiet bed beneath the unshorn grass and daisies.

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE STEEL-ENGRAVING LADY AND THE GIBSON GIRL.

THE Steel-Engraving Lady sat by the open casement, upon which rested one slender arm. Her drapery sleeve fell back, revealing the alabaster whiteness of her hand and wrist. Her glossy, abundant hair was smoothly drawn over her ears, and one rose nestled in the coil of her dark locks.

Her eyes were dreamy, and her embroidery frame lay idly upon the little stand beside her. An air of quiet repose pervaded the apartment, which, in its decorations, bespoke the lady's industry. Under a glass, upon a gleaming mirror, floated some waxen pond lilies,

modeled by her slim fingers. A large elaborate sampler told of her early efforts with her needle, and gorgeous mottoes on the walls suggested the pleasing combination of household ornamentation with Scriptural advice.

Suddenly a heavy step was heard upon the stair. A slight blush mantled the Steel-Engraving Lady's cheek.

"Can that be Reginald?" she murmured.

The door flew open, and on the threshold stood the Gibson Girl.

"Excuse me for dropping in upon you," she said, with a slight nod, tossing

a golf club down upon the sofa near by. "You see I've been appointed to write a paper on Extinct Types, and I am anxious to scrape acquaintance with you."

The Steel-Engraving Lady bowed a trifle stiffly. "Won't you be seated?" she said, with dignity.

The Gibson Girl dropped into a low chair, and crossed one knee over the other; then she proceeded to inspect the room, whistling meanwhile a snatch from the last comic opera. She wore a short skirt and heavy square-toed shoes, a manish collar, cravat, and vest, and a broad-brimmed felt hat tipped jauntily upon one side.

She stared quite fixedly at the fair occupant of the apartment, who could with difficulty conceal her annoyance.

"Dear me! you're just as slender and ethereal as any of your pictures," she remarked speculatively. "You need fresh air and exercise; and see the color of my hands and face beside your own."

The Steel-Engraving Lady glanced at her vis-à-vis, and shrugged her shoulders.

"I like a healthy coat of tan upon a woman," the Gibson Girl announced, in a loud voice. "I never wear a hat throughout the hottest summer weather. The day is past when one deploras a sunburned nose and a few freckles."

"And is a browned and sunburned neck admired in the ballroom?" the other queried. "Perhaps your artists of to-day prefer studies in black and white entirely, and scoff at coloring such as that ivory exhibits?" She pointed to a dainty miniature upon the mantel.

"No wonder you can't walk in those slim, tiny slippers!" the Gibson Girl exclaimed.

"And can you walk in those heavy men's shoes?" the Steel-Engraving Lady questioned. "Methinks my slippers would carry me with greater ease. Are they your own, or have you possibly put on your brother's shoes for an experiment? If they were only hidden beneath an ample length of skirt, they

might seem less obtrusive. And is it true you walk the streets in such an abridged petticoat? You surely cannot realize it actually displays six inches of your stockings. I blush to think of any lady upon the street in such a guise."

"Blushing is out of style." The Gibson Girl laughed heartily.

"Nor would it show through such a coat of sunburn," the other suggested archly.

"It very likely seems odd to you," the visitor continued, "who are so far behind the times; but we are so imbued with modern thought that we have done away with all the oversensitiveness and overwhelming modesty in which you are enveloped. We have progressed in every way. When a man approaches, we do not tremble and droop our eyelids, or gaze adoringly while he lays down the law. We meet him on a ground of perfect fellowship, and converse freely on every topic."

The Steel-Engraving Lady caught her breath. "And does he like this method?" she queried.

"Whether he *likes* it or not makes little difference; *he* is no longer the one whose pleasure is to be consulted. The question now is, not 'What does man like?' but 'What does woman prefer?' That is the keynote of modern thought. You see, I've had a liberal education. I can do everything my brothers do; and do it rather better, I fancy. I am an athlete and a college graduate, with a wide, universal outlook. My point of view is free from narrow influences, and quite outside of the home boundaries."

"So I should have imagined by your dress and manner," the Steel-Engraving Lady said, under her breath.

"I am prepared to enter a profession," the visitor announced. "I believe thoroughly in every woman's having a distinct vocation."

The Steel-Engraving Lady gasped. "Does n't a woman's home furnish her ample employment and occupation?"

"Undoubtedly it keeps her busy," the other said; "but what is she *accomplishing*, shut in, walled up from the world's work and interests? In my profession I shall be brought in contact with universal problems."

"A public character! Perhaps you're going on the stage?"

"Oh no. I'm to become a lawyer."

"Perhaps your home is not a happy one?" the Steel-Engraving Lady said, with much perplexity.

"Indeed it is, but I have little time to stay there."

"Have you no parents?"

"Parents? Why, to be sure; but when a woman is capable of a career, she can't sit down at home just to amuse her parents. Each woman owes a duty to herself, to make the most of her Heaven-given talents. Why, I've a theory for the entire reorganization of our faulty public school system."

"And does it touch upon the influence at home, which is felt in the nursery as well as in the drawing-room?"

"It is outside of all minor considerations," the Gibson Girl went on. "I think we women should do our utmost to purify the world of politics. Could I be content to sit down at home, and be a toy and a mere ornament," — here she glanced scornfully at her companion, — "when the great public needs my individual aid?"

"And can no woman serve the public at home?" the other said gently. Her voice was very sweet and low. "I have been educated to think that our best service was" —

"To stand and wait," the Gibson Girl broke in. "Ah, but we all know better nowadays. You see the motto 'Heaven helps her who helps herself' suits the 'new woman.' We're not a shy, retiring, uncomplaining generation. We're up to date and up to snuff, and every one of us is self-supporting."

"Dear me!" the Steel-Engraving Lady sighed. "I never realized I had aught to

complain of; and why should woman not be *ornamental* as well as useful? Beauty of person and manner and spirit is surely worthy of our attainment."

"It was all well enough in your day, but this is a utilitarian age. We cannot sit down to be admired; we must be 'up and doing;' we must leave 'footprints on the sands of time.'"

The Steel-Engraving Lady glanced speculatively at her companion's shoes. "Ah, but such great big footprints!" she gasped; "they make me shudder. And do your brothers approve of having you so clever that you compete with them in everything, and are there business places enough for you and them?"

"We don't require their approval. Man has been catered to for ages past, while woman was a patient, subservient slave. To-day she assumes her rightful place, and man accepts the lot assigned him. And as for business chances, if there is but one place, and I am smarter than my brother, why, it is fair that I should take it, and let him go without. But tell me," the Gibson Girl said condescendingly, "what did your so-called education consist of?"

"The theory of my education is utterly opposed to yours, I fear," the other answered. "Mine was designed to fit me for my home; yours is calculated to unfit you for yours. You are equipped for contact with the outside world, for competition with your brothers in business; my training merely taught me to make my brother's home a place which he should find a source of pleasure and inspiration. I was taught grace of motion, drilled in a school of manners, made to enter a room properly, and told how to sit gracefully, to modulate my voice, to preside at the table with fitting dignity. In place of your higher education, I had my music and languages and my embroidery frame. I was persuaded there was no worthier ambition than to bring life and joy and beauty into a household, no duty higher than that I owed my

parents. Your public aspirations, your independent views, your discontent, are something I cannot understand."

The Steel-Engraving Lady rose from her chair with grace and dignity; she crossed the room, and paused a moment on the threshold, where she bowed with the air of a princess who would dismiss her courtiers; then she was gone.

"She surely is an extinct type!" the Gibson Girl exclaimed. "I realize now what higher education has done toward freeing woman from chains of prejudice. I must be off. I'm due at the golf links at three-fifteen."

When the sun set, the Steel-Engraving Lady might have been seen again seated beside the open casement. Her taper fingers lightly touched the strings of her guitar as she hummed a low lullaby. Once more she heard a step upon the stair, and once again the color mantled her damask cheek, and as she breathed the word "Reginald" a tall and ardent figure came swiftly toward her. He dropped upon one knee, as if to pay due homage to his fair one, and, raising her white hand to his lips, whispered, "My queen, my lady love."

And at this moment the Gibson Girl was seated upon a fence, swinging her heavy boots, while an athletic youth be-

side her busied himself with filling a corn-cob pipe.

"I say, Joe," he said, with friendly accent, "just you hop down and stand in front of me to keep the wind off, while I light this pipe."

And the sun dropped behind the woods, and the pink afterglow illumined the same old world that it had beautified for countless ages.

Its pink light fell upon the Steel-Engraving Lady as she played gently on her guitar and sang a quaint old ballad, while her fond lover held to his lips the rose that had been twined in her dark locks.

The sunset's glow lighted the Gibson Girl upon her homeward path as she strode on beside the athletic youth, carrying her golf clubs, while he puffed his corn-cob pipe. They stopped at a turn in the road, and he touched his cap, remarking: "I guess I'll leave you here, as I am late to dinner. I'll try to be out at the links to-morrow; but if I don't show up, you'll know I've had a chance to join that hunting trip. Ta-ta!"

And the night breeze sprang up, and murmured: "Hail the new woman,— behold she comes apace! WOMAN, ONCE MAN'S SUPERIOR, NOW HIS EQUAL!"

Caroline Ticknor.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WHETHER in Cuba or the Klondike, in camp or in college, wherever men live together in close quarters, there they form a moral code.

The codes of college students, for instance, like the codes of mining camps, are couched in grotesque, slangy terms; but the heart of them is sure to be sound.

For the strictly limited purposes of a college code—that is, for healthy,

wealthy young fellows who have no immediate concern about earning their living, and who are free from domestic, business, and political responsibilities—these college codes serve fairly well. In substance, they all agree that a man shall be wide awake and tactful, genial and courteous, kindly in his comments on others, cheerful when things don't quite suit him, generous in small things as well as

in great ; especially, that he shall give nothing less than his best, and take nothing from his fellows he has not fairly earned ; that he shall lose thought of himself in devotion to some common ends, and put forth the last ounce of energy in him before he will give up the game he sets out to play, or the work he " goes in for," or the friend whom he loves. The man who does these things is accepted as a thoroughly good fellow, a gentleman ; he has all the virtues which are absolutely required to get on well in the limited sphere to which this code is applied. That our college youth, in entire unconsciousness of what they are doing, and without the remotest intention of drawing up a moral code, come to a tacit acceptance of principles so profound, so searching, and so comprehensive, is a magnificent witness to the soundness of young men's ethical insight.

The Greeks worked out an ethical code for themselves in as direct a contact with actual social needs as is felt by our miners and soldiers and ranchmen and college students. Though there were many points which their code did not cover, yet it was much broader than any of these special codes which are being developed to-day, and with adequate amplification can be made to include the whole social duty of man. Their ethical efforts came to so little not from lack of insight so much as from lack of motive. To unite the ethical insight of the Greek with the spiritual motive of the Christian would be the salvation of individual or country or race. The straightest approach to the Greek point of view is through Plato's doctrine of the Cardinal Virtues.

If we are to see life with the eyes of the Greeks, we must first free our minds of the notion that anything in the world, any appetite or passion of man, is either good or bad in itself. Life would be simple indeed if only some things, like eating and studying and working and saving and giving, were absolutely good ;

and other things, like drinking and smoking and spending and theatre-going and dancing and sexual love, were absolutely bad. To be sure, men and schools and churches have often tried to dissect life into these two halves ; but it never works well. Material things and natural appetites are in themselves neither good nor bad ; they become good when rightly related, and bad when wrongly related. The cardinal virtues are the principles of such right relation.

The first cardinal virtue is wisdom. Wisdom, in the ethical sense of the term, is a very different thing from book-learning. Illiterate people are frequently exceedingly wise, while learned people are often the biggest fools. Wisdom is the sense of proportion, — the power to see clearly one's ends, and their relative worth ; to subordinate lower ends to higher without sacrificing the lower altogether ; and to select the appropriate means to one's ends, taking just so much of the means as will best serve the ends, — no more and no less. It is neither the gratification nor the suppression of appetite and passion as such, but the organization of them into a hierarchy of ends which they are sternly compelled to subserve.

Of the many ends at which a wise man aims, such as health, wealth, reputation, power, culture, and the like, a single subordinate phase of a single end, the investment of savings, will bring out the essential feature of wisdom. Now, the end at which a man aims in investment of savings is provision for himself and his family in old age. It is the part of wisdom to keep that end constantly before the mind, — not allowing other ends to be substituted for it ; and to choose the means which strictly subserve that end, — not the means which are attractive in themselves, or promise to serve some other end. Yet simple as this matter is, not one investor of savings in twenty has the wisdom to do it.

Investment of savings is an entirely

different thing from the investment a merchant or manufacturer makes for purposes of profit ; and to keep this distinction clear is one of the greatest signs of practical wisdom. The prime consideration in investment of savings should be security. The wise investor of savings will remember two principles : first, high interest is another name for poor security ; second, large profits is another name for extreme risk. He will confine his investment to building and loan associations, savings banks, government and conservative municipal bonds, real estate ; first mortgages on real estate worth twice the face of the mortgage, which is producing income considerably in excess of the interest on the mortgage, and is owned by some one who has other property besides that on which the mortgage is held ; and finally, local companies which serve essential local needs, like light, water, and transportation, provided they are honestly and economically managed. These, in about the order named, are the only safe, and therefore the only wise forms of investment for savings. The expert banker and financier may seek larger profits where he pleases ; but the man who puts his savings, be they small or large, on which he relies for old age, into any forms of investment more risky than these is a fool. There is nothing more pitiful than to see men and women, who have worked hard and lived close year after year, flattered and wheedled into putting their savings into some specious scheme which promises six or eight per cent interest, or the chance in a few years to double their money, and then fails altogether just when the money they have saved is most needed, and the power to earn wages or salary has gone.

To sum up the dictates of wisdom on this point in a few simple rules, wisdom says : " Avoid high rates of interest ; seek no business profits beyond the range of your own immediate and expert observation ; lend money as a favor to no one,

unless you are able and willing, if need be, to give the money outright ; have no business dealings with your relatives in which business and sentiment are mixed up ; sign no notes and assume no financial responsibilities for other people ; keep your money where you can watch the men who manage it for you ; never put a large part of your savings into any one investment." He who keeps these rules may not grow suddenly rich, but he will never become suddenly and sorrowfully poor.

This simple yet very practical example may serve as the type of all wisdom. It simply demands that we be perfectly clear about our ends, and the part they play in our permanent plan of life ; and then, that we never leave or forsake these chosen ends to chase after others which circumstance or flattery or vanity or indolence or ambition may chance to suggest.

If man dwelt alone in a world of things, wisdom to subordinate things to his ends would be the principal virtue. The form of the perfect character would be a circle, with self as the centre. The fact that we live in a social world, where other persons must be recognized, is the ground of justice, the second cardinal virtue. Justice requires the subordination of the interests of the individual to the interests of society, and the persons who constitute society, in the same way that wisdom requires the subordination of particular desires to the permanent interests of the whole individual to whom they belong. For the individual is a part of society in the same vital way in which a single desire is part of an individual. To indulge a single desire at the expense of the permanent self is folly ; and to indulge a single individual, whether myself or another, at the expense of society is injustice.

The essence of injustice consists in treating people, not as persons, having interests and ends of their own, but as mere tools or machines, to do the things

we want to have done. The penalty of injustice is a hardening of heart and shriveling of soul: so that if a person were to treat everybody in that way, he would come to dwell in a world of things, and, before he knew it, degenerate into a mere thing himself. Lord Rosebery points out that this habit of treating men as mere means to his own ends was what made Napoleon's mind lose its sanity of judgment, and made his heart the friendless, cheerless desolation that it was in his last days. We have all seen persons in whom this hardening, shriveling, drying-up process had reached almost the vanishing point. The employer toward his "hands"; the officer toward his troops: the teacher, even, toward his scholars: the housekeeper toward her servants; all of us toward the people who cook our food and make our beds and sell our meat and raise our vegetables, are in imminent danger of slipping down on to this immoral level of treating them as mere machines. Royce, in his *Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, has set this forth most forcibly, among English writers; though it lies at the heart of all the German formulas, like Kant's "Treat humanity, whether in thyself or in others, always as an end, never as a means," and Hegel's "Be a person, and respect the personality of others." Royce says: "Let one look over the range of his bare acquaintanceship; let him leave out his friends, and the people in whom he takes a special personal interest; let him regard the rest of his world of fellow men, — his butcher, his grocer, the policeman that patrols his street, the newsboy, the servant in his kitchen, his business rivals. Are they not one and all to him *ways of behavior* toward himself or other people, outwardly effective beings, rather than realized masses of genuine inner sentiment, of love, or of felt desire? Does he not naturally think of each of them rather as a way of outward action than as a way of inner volition? His butcher,

his newsboy, his servant, — are they not for him industrious or lazy, honest or deceitful, polite or uncivil, useful or useless people, rather than self-conscious people? Is any one of these alive for him in the full sense, — sentient, emotional, and otherwise like himself, as perhaps his own son, or his own mother or wife, seems to him to be? Is it not rather their being for him, not for themselves, that he considers in all his ordinary life? Not their inner volitional nature is realized, but their manner of outward activity. Such is the nature and ground of the illusion of selfishness."

This passage from Royce lays bare the source of the greater part of the social immorality in the world, and accounts for nine tenths of all the world's trouble.

What wonder that a man of this type cannot succeed in any large work of administration! He treats men as things. But men are not things. They rise up in indignation against him. Every man of them is instantly his enemy, and will take the first chance that occurs to betray him and cast him down. A man of that type cannot run a mill or a store or a school or a political campaign or a hotel a week without being in a row. He cannot live in a community six weeks without having made more enemies than friends. The first time he trips, every one is ready to jump on him. And in all his trouble and unpopularity and failure and defeat, the beauty of it is that he is getting precisely what he deserves, and we all exclaim, "It's good enough for him!" Selfishness is closely akin to folly. The fool treats things as if they were mere qualities, and had no permanent effects. But the effects come back to plague and torment him. The selfish man treats men as if they were mere acts, and had no permanent selves. He may at the time get out of them the act he wants, but in doing so he makes them his enemies; and no man can permanently prosper with every other man openly or secretly arrayed against

him. The most fundamental question a man can ask about our character is whether and to what extent we habitually treat persons as persons, and not as things. The answer to that question will tell whether we shall succeed or fail in any enterprise which has an important social side; will tell whether we shall make a home happy or wretched; will tell whether we are more of a blessing or a curse to the world in which we move. And the test is to be found, not in our attitude toward the people whom we consider our superiors and equals; not in the appearance we make in what is technically called society. There we have to be decent, whether we want to or not; there we have to treat, or appear to treat, persons as persons, not as things. Little credit belongs to us for all that. But when it comes to our relations with the people of whom Royce was speaking, there we seem to be under no such social compulsion. There our real character gets blurted out. How do we think and feel and speak and act toward our washerwoman or the man who does our humblest work for us? That determines whether we are at heart Christians or barbarians, whether a gentleman or a brute sits on the throne of our soul. For whether a fellow man is ever a means instead of an end, whether the personality of the humblest ever fails to win our recognition, inasmuch as we do it or do it not unto the least of our brethren determines our moral and social status, as the men of insight, like Kant and Hegel and Jesus, define it.

One of the most important forms of justice is honesty in services and material goods. To be honest means that we refuse to be partner to a trade or transaction in which we would not willingly accept its consequences to all parties, provided we were in their place. Any transaction that involves effects on another we would not willingly, under the circumstances, accept for ourselves is fraud and robbery. The man who pil-

fers goods from a pocket or a counter is the least of the thieves of to-day. He is only doing, in a pitiful way, the devil's retail business. The men who do his wholesale business often move in the best of society, and are even the makers and executors of our laws. Wholesale stealing has numerous forms, but it is nearly all reducible to two well-marked types.

First, stealing is carried on by issuing representations of what does not exist as represented. Stealing of this sort is really lying. Adulteration of goods, watered stock, false accounts, are the grosser forms of this stealing. The more adroit of these rascals, however, take to the promotion of spurious enterprises. They form a company to work a mine which has ore, but which they know cannot be worked at a profit; or they build a railroad between points where there is not traffic or travel enough to pay a fair rate of interest on the capital invested. They appropriate to themselves a generous block of the stock as the price for their work of organization. They put in the most expensive plant and equipment. For the first few months, when there are no repairs needed, by artificial stimulus and by various devices of bookkeeping, or by leaving some bills unpaid, they make a showing on paper of large earnings above running expenses. On this fictitious showing they sell their stock to investors at a distance, who think they are being specially favored in being let into a chance to earn dividends of ten per cent. Then comes the crash; the poor fools that invested in the stock find it worthless, and even the bonds which represent its construction fall below par. Then the poor robbed, cheated, deluded investors look to the promoter for redress; and lo! he has unloaded his stock, and is planning another mine in inaccessible Tennessee mountains, or selling lumber that no team can haul out of some impenetrable Florida swamp, or booming city lots

staked out on some unbroken Kansas prairie, or running an electric railroad through the pastures and woodlands that connect out-of-the-way hamlets in Maine. Justice and honesty demand that we shall read that man's character in the light of the losses he inflicts on hard-working farmers, dependent widows, poor men and women who have toiled all their lives, and are looking for rest in old age. In that clear light of consequence to their fellows, the acts of these unscrupulous promoters stand out in their naked hideousness and deformity. The man who promotes a scheme of this kind, knowing or having good reason to believe that his gain is represented by widespread robbery of the innocent and plunder of the unprotected, is a thief and a robber; and the place where he belongs is at hard work in striped clothes, by the side of the defaulter, the burglar, and the picker of pockets. The fact that he does not get there, but fares sumptuously in a palace he rears with his ill-gotten gain, is one of the chief reasons why men still believe and hope there is a hell.

The other type of stealing which flourishes in modern conditions is the misuse of one's representative or delegated influence. A thief of this sort uses his position in one corporation to let favorable contracts to himself in another corporation in which he is directly or indirectly concerned. He uses his position as purchasing or selling agent for a company by which he is employed, to induce the seller or buyer to make a special rebate or bonus to him in his private capacity; thus charging his employer with an unrecognized salary in addition to the one he is supposed to receive. He uses his political influence to promote his personal fortunes, or those of his friends and retainers, at the public expense. Wherever a representative or delegated power is used for personal, private, friendly, family, or any ends whatever other than the single interests of the

constituents or firm or institution represented, there is a case of wholesale stealing of the second type.

Opportunities for the successful practice of these two types of wholesale stealing are incidental to our highly complex political and industrial life. Exceptional talent and industry and enterprise may still manage to make money without them. But most of the great fortunes which are rapidly made rest on one or the other of these two types of theft. The temptations to resort to them in these days are tremendous. Yet it is no new discovery that wrongdoing is profitable and easy, while virtue is costly and hard. The first step toward righteousness in these matters is to define clearly, in modern terms, what honesty is; and to brand all whose gains rest on the losses of others as the thieves and villains they are.

Justice, if left to the feeble hands of individuals, would be but poorly executed, even if the individuals concerned were most justly and generously disposed. It is through institutions that justice most effectively works. Loyalty to institutions is a higher and more universal form of justice.

Loyalty to the family involves the recognition that the family is prior to the individual. Into the family we are born; by our parents we are trained and reared; from parents, brothers, and sisters we first learn life's most precious lesson of love. The loyal son must ever hold the family as a dearer and better self. Its interest must be his interest; its requirements, his will; its members, members of himself, to be honored, cherished, defended, supported, so long as he has strength and means to support them, heart and soul wherewith to love.

Loyalty to one's own home carries with it, as its counterpart, a respect for the home and family life of others. Chastity is the great virtue that guards the sanctity of the home. Approached from the point of view of the family and the home, chastity is one of the most

reasonable and imperative requirements which justice and loyalty lay upon men. To the libertine justice puts the searching questions: "How would you like to have been born as the product of the passing passion of a man who was too mean to acknowledge either you or your mother? How would you like to have your own sisters treated in that way? How would you like to look forward to rearing your own daughters for the brief, bitter life of the brothel?" These are hard questions, no doubt, the very suggestion of which gives one a feeling of horror. But just those questions the libertine must answer before he can ever think guiltlessly of a licentious life for himself. For these wretched women whom he meets on the street after nightfall, or goes to a brothel to find, were once the dear daughters and sisters of fond fathers and mothers and brothers; and God meant them to be the happy wives of good husbands, fond mothers of sweet children to grow up and honor and love them in turn. To lead one such woman astray, or to patronize an institution which ruins such women by the wholesale, is to be a traitor to the great and blessed institution of home; to make impossible for others that pure, sweet family life to which we owe all that is best in our own lives, and which holds in its beneficent keeping all the best gifts we can hope to hand down to our children. Chastity is no mere conventional virtue, which a young man may lightly ignore, under some such pretext as "sowing wild oats." It is rooted and grounded in justice to others, and loyalty to the benign institution of home.

If man were merely a mind, wisdom to see particular desires in the light of their permanent consequences to self, and justice to weigh the interests of self in the impartial scales of a due regard for the interests of others, would together sum up all virtue. Knowledge, in these two forms, would be virtue, as Socrates taught.

We feel, however, as well as know. Nature, for purposes of her own, has placed the premium of pleasure on the exercise of function, and attached the penalty of pain to both privation of such exercise on the one hand, and overexertion on the other. Nature, too, has adjusted the scale of intensity of pleasures and pains to her own ends; placing the keenest rewards and the severest penalties on those appetites which, like nutrition and reproduction, are most essential to the survival of the individual and the race; thus enforcing by her rough process of natural selection a crude wisdom and justice of her own. Moreover, these premiums and penalties were adjusted to the needs of the race at a stage of evolution when scanty and precarious food supply and a high death rate, due to the combined inroads of war, famine, and pestilence, rendered nutrition and reproduction of vastly more relative urgency, in comparison with other interests, than they are to-day.

Pleasure and pain, therefore, though reliable guides in the life of an animal struggling for existence, are not reliable guides for men in times of artificial plenty and elaborate civilization. To follow the strongest appetites, to seek the intensest pleasures and shun the sharpest pains, is simply to revert to a lower stage of evolution, and live the life of a beast. Hence that combat of the moral nature with the cosmic process to which Mr. Huxley recently recalled our attention; or rather, that combat of man with himself which Paul and Augustine, Plato and Hegel, have more profoundly expressed. This fact that Nature's premiums and penalties are distributed on an entirely different principle from that which wisdom and justice mark out for the civilized man renders it necessary for wisdom and justice to summon to their aid two subordinate virtues, — courage and temperance: courage to endure the pains which the pursuit of wisdom and justice involves; temperance to cut off

the pleasures which are inconsistent with the ends which wisdom and justice set before us.

The wide, permanent ends at which justice and wisdom aim often involve what is in itself, and for the present, disagreeable and painful. The acquisition of a competence involves hard work, when Nature calls for rest; the solution of a problem requires us to be wide awake, when Nature urges sleep; the advocacy of a reform involves unpopularity, when Nature suggests the advantages of having the good opinion of our fellows; the life of the country calls for the death of the soldier, when Nature bids him cling to life by running away.

Now, since we are not ascetics, we must admit that *per se* pleasure is preferable to pain. If it were a question between rest and work when weary, between sleep and waking when tired out, between popularity and unpopularity, between life and death, every sensible man would choose the first alternatives as a matter of course. Wisdom and justice, however, see the present and partial pain as part of a wider personal and social good, and order that the pain be endured. True courage, therefore, is simply the executor of the orders of wisdom and justice. The wise and just man, who knows what he wants, and is bound to get it at all costs, is the only man who can be truly brave. For the strength of one's courage is simply the strength of the wise and just aims which he holds. All bravery not thus rooted and grounded in the vision of some larger end to be gained is mere bravado and bluster.

Of the many applications of courage, two of the simplest will suffice for illustration: the courage of space, to take the pains to keep things in order; and the courage of time, to be punctual, or even ahead of the hour, when a hard task has to be done.

Even if our life is a small, sheltered one, even if we have only our house or

rooms to look after, things tend to get out of order, to pile themselves up in heaps, to get out of our reach and into each other's way. To leave things in this chaos is both unwise and unjust; for it will trouble us in the future, and trouble the people who have to live with us. Yet it costs pain and effort to attack this chaos and subject it to order. Endurance of pain, in the name of wisdom and justice, to secure order for our own future comfort and the comfort of our family and friends, is courage. On the other hand, to leave things lying in confusion around us; to let alien forces come into our domain and encamp there, in insolent defiance of ourselves and our friends, is a shameful confession that things are stronger than we. To be thus conquered by dead material things is as ignominious a defeat as can come to a man. The man who can be conquered by things is a coward in the strict ethical sense of the term; that is, he lacks the strength of will to bear the incidental pains which his personal and social interests put upon him.

The courage of time is punctuality. When there is a hard piece of work to be done, it is pleasanter far to sit at ease for the present, and put off the work. "The thousand nothings of the hour" claim our attention. The coward yields to "their stupefying power," and the great task remains forever undone. The brave man brushes these conflicting claims into the background, stops his ears until the sirens' voices are silent, stamps on his feelings as though they were snakes in his path, and does the thing *now* which ever after he will rejoice to have done. In these crowded modern days, the only man who "finds time" for great things is the man who takes it by violence from the thousands of petty, local, temporary claims, and makes it serve the ends of wisdom and justice.

There are three places where one may

draw the line for getting a piece of work done. One man draws it habitually a few minutes or hours or days after it is due. He is always in distress, and a nuisance to everybody else. There is no dignity in a life that is as perpetually behind its appointments as a tail is in the rear of a dog.

It is very risky — ethically speaking, it is cowardly — to draw the line at the exact date when the work is due; for then one is at the mercy of any accident or interruption that may overtake him at the end of his allotted time. If he is sick, or a friend dies, or unforeseen complications arise, he is as bad off as the man who deliberately planned to be late, and almost as much to blame. For a man who leaves the possibility of accident and interruption out of account, and stakes the welfare of himself and of others on such miscalculation, is neither wise nor just; he is reckless rather than brave. Even if accidents do not come, he is walking on the perilous edge all the time; his work is done in a fever of haste and anxiety, injurious alike to the quality of the work and the health of the worker.

The man who puts the courage of punctuality into his work will draw the line for finishing a piece of work a safe period inside the time when it is actually due. If one forms the habit and sticks to it, it is no harder to have work done ten days, or at least one day, ahead of time than to finish it at the last allowable minute. Then, if anything happens, it does no harm. This habit will save literary workers an incalculable amount of anxiety and worry. And it is the wear and tear of worry and hurry, not the amount of calm, quiet work, that kills such men before their time.

I am aware that orderliness and punctuality are not usually regarded as forms of courage. But the essential element of all courage is in them, — the power to face a disagreeable present in the interest of desirable permanent ends. They are far more important in modern life than the

courage to face bears or bullets. They underlie the more spectacular forms of courage. The man who cannot reduce to order the things that are lying passively about him, and endure the petty pains incidental to doing hard things before the sheer lapse of time forces him to action, is not the man who will be calm and composed when angry mobs are howling about him, or who will go steadily on his way when greed and corruption, hypocrisy and hate, are arrayed to resist him. For whether in the quiet of a study and the routine of an office, or in the turmoil of a riot or a strike, true courage is the ready and steadfast acceptance of whatever pains are incidental to securing the personal and public ends that are at stake.

Temperance is closely akin to courage; for as courage takes on the pains which wisdom and justice find incidental to their ends, so temperance cuts off remorselessly whatever pleasures are inconsistent with these ends. The temperate man does not hate pleasure, any more than the brave man loves pain, for its own sake. It is not that he loves pleasure less, but that he loves wisdom and justice more. He puts the satisfaction of his permanent and social self over against the fleeting satisfaction of some isolated appetite, and cuts off the little pleasure to gain the lasting personal and social good. There is a remark of Hegel which gives the key to all true temperance: "In the eye of fate all action is guilt." Since we are finite, to do one thing is to neglect all the competing alternative courses. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. As James puts it: "Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well dressed and a great athlete, and make a million a year; be a wit, a *bon-vivant*, and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher; a philanthropist, statesman, warrior, and African explorer, as well as a 'tone-poet' and saint. But the thing is simply impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter

to the saint's; the *bon-vivant* and the philanthropist would trip each other up; and the philosopher and the lady-killer could not well keep house in the same tenement of clay. So the seeker of his truest, strongest, deepest self must review the list carefully, and pick out the one on which to stake his salvation."

Some selection there must be between competing and mutually exclusive goods. The intemperate man selects what appeals most forcibly to his sensibilities at the moment. The temperate man selects that which best fits his permanent ends. There is sacrifice in either case. The intemperate man sacrifices his permanent and social self to his transient physical sensations. The temperate man sacrifices his transient sensations in the interest of his permanent and social self.

The temptation to intemperance comes chiefly from a false abstraction of pleasure. Finding that some function is attended with pleasure, we perform the function for the sake of the pleasure; forgetting to consider the end at which the function aims, or even disregarding the end altogether. A man seizes on one or another of the more sensitive parts of his nervous system, and then contrives ways to produce constant or frequently recurrent excitation. Thus the glutton crams his stomach, not for the nourishment and vigor food will give him, but for the sensations of agreeable taste and comfortable distention. Muscle must toil, brain must plan, and every other organ do extra work, simply to give the palate its transient titillation and provide the stomach its periodic gorge. The drunkard gets the whole sympathetic system of nerves into an excitation so intense as to drive away all concern for other things, and fill his consciousness completely full of the glorious sense that all is well with his physical organism. Tobacco gives a pleasure still farther removed from any rational end. With a minimum of physical substance, a man can get the sensation of working his jaws and lungs, se-

creting saliva, and being in a tranquil state of body and mind.

Yet if one is bound to have agreeable sensations, regardless of their permanent effects, there is a way, quick, sure, cheap, refined, convenient, unobtrusive, far beyond the crude, clumsy devices of glutton, drunkard, snuff-taker, chewer, or smoker. With a powder so small that it can be held on the tip of a penknife, with a tablet a whole bottle of which can be carried in the pocket, with a drop injected by the hypodermic syringe, one may invoke the magic potency of morphine, hashish, or cocaine.

Such are the latest refinements of intemperance, the most improved devices for stimulating our physical and nervous functions into pleasurable activity, apart from all consideration of the normal ends the functions were evolved to serve. It would be easy to hold them up to ridicule. If, in a book of travels, we were to read of a tribe in some remote island who spent a large portion of their substance gorging themselves with a dozen kinds of food at a single meal; pouring down liquid which made them silly and stupid, and therefore careless and happy; stuffing vegetable matter up their noses, or chewing it and spitting out the juice, or rolling it up in tubes or putting it in bowls and setting fire to it for the fun of pulling the smoke into their mouths and puffing it out again; or injecting under their skins substances which would make them lose all sense of reality and responsibility, and live in a dream world where wishes were horses and beggars might ride; and if we had never heard of such practices before, we should not rank them very high in the scale of civilization.

Yet we cannot, if we would, dispose of these forms of intemperance by ridicule. In each case some pleasure is gained, and that pleasure is so far forth a real good. Let us be serious and fair with them all.

The glutton's gorging of his stomach,

in so far as it produces a pleasurable feeling of distention, is good. If a man were nothing but a stomach, and that were made of cast iron, then gluttony would be not only good, but the highest good. If a man were nothing but a bundle of nerves, and these were of wire and never subject to reaction, then the man who could keep them thrilling most intensely by whiskey and champagne would be the wisest one of us all. So if man were nothing but a nose, and that had the lining of a boiler, then snuff-taking would be the acme of virtue. If man were reduced to a pair of huge jaws, then chewing would be virtue for him. If one were a heating-plant chimney, then smoking would be the best he could do. If a man need do nothing but dream, then to neglect the joys of opium or cocaine would be superlative folly.

The evil of these things is due to the greater good they displace. Man is more than stomach or nerves or nose or jaws or chimney or dreamer; and indulgence in these departments of his life, unless very carefully controlled and restricted, involves injury to more important sides of life, out of all proportion to the petty gains in these special departments in question.

The folly or evil of these practices differs greatly in degree, though they are all branches from the same psychological root, — the quest of sensations divorced from the normal ends the stimulated functions serve. The list of branches from this same root could easily be enlarged. Theoretically, the highest wisdom, the strictest temperance, would eliminate them all; not, however, on ascetic grounds, but on the rational ground that the wisest man can find better use for his time and money, his vitality and strength, than in any of these abnormally evoked sensations. Yet, practically, something must be conceded to human weakness and infirmity. To say that all these things are theoretically

foolish, and therefore immoral, does not carry with it the position that every man is a fool and a knave who practices them. Gluttony, the use of snuff, and chewing, once as prevalent and popular among those who could afford them as smoking is now, have receded before the advancing march of a higher civilization, until they are hardly consistent with our ideas of a gentleman. Drunkenness is rapidly going into the same category. A century ago, a man was thought no less a gentleman because he was occasionally or even frequently drunk. To-day, a man who permits himself to be seen drunk is not wanted for employee or partner or son-in-law or intimate friend. The victim of drug habits we all pity, loathe, and distrust. Moderate drinking and smoking are the two forms in which the quest for abnormal or non-functional sensation is still in vogue. All the other forms of intemperance cited have so far received the stigma of social disapproval that their gradual descent through lower and lower strata of society to final disuse is merely a question of time.

Moderate drinking and smoking undoubtedly have still a long lease of life. There is a good deal to be said in behalf of them both. Moderate drinking temporarily aids digestion, increases good-fellowship, dispels anxiety and care, and serves one of the two purposes of food. We all know multitudes of men who have practiced it for years, and are apparently little the worse for it. To them its discontinuance would be a real hardship; costing, perhaps, in mental strain and effort and temporary physical discomfort, more than the resulting physical gain to themselves as individuals. That multitudes of people will continue the practice, and will do so under the impression, right or wrong, that they are doing what is wisest and best for themselves, there can be no doubt. Such people are not to be condemned as intemperate. Whatever the final verdict of physiology may be

(and that is not yet rendered), so long as these people believe, on the testimony of expert authorities whose judgment they trust, and on their own experience so far as they are competent to interpret it, that moderation in the use of alcoholic drink is good for them, they are wise and temperate in its use. For morality is not a matter of right or wrong opinion about physiological or social questions. It is a question of personal attitude toward the opinions which one holds.

The man, however, who knows or believes that it injures him, and helps materially to injure others, and still continues to use it, thereby confesses himself to be a fool and a slave, and merits our severe condemnation. The fundamental elements of manhood are wanting in that man. His rank is lower than the beasts; for they cannot violate a reason they do not possess. Instinct does for them what the consciously intemperate man lacks the stamina to do for himself. In view of the doubtful nature of the gain which moderate use of alcoholic liquor brings even to those who interpret temporary exhilaration as permanent benefit; in view of the danger that moderation will slip into excess, and be caught in the chains of habit; in view of the havoc and misery which liquor causes in the world; in view of the extreme difficulty of securing the temperate individual use without complicity in its terrible social abuse; in view of the certainty that in the long run the individual would be quite as well off without it, and that society as a whole would be infinitely the gainer if it were universally discarded as a beverage, — the man who seeks to be guided in his life by the highest wisdom and the sanest temperance, though he have not a particle of asceticism in his make-up, though he grudge no man the joy he gets from a social glass, though he will judge no man who conscientiously uses it as either morally or spiritually inferior to himself in consequence, yet, in

the present state of physiological knowledge and the existing social conditions that attend the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, will find the better part for himself and the highest service to society in a moderation so strict as to amount to practical abstinence.

Smoking, so easily disposed of on ascetic principles, presents, from our point of view, a very difficult and delicate question. There is a good deal to be said in its behalf. It is a solace of solitude. It is a substitute for exercise. It promotes digestion. It brings people together on terms of easy and restful intimacy; taking away the chill and stiffness from social intercourse, much as an open fire in the fireplace adds a cheer to a room quite independent of the warmth it generates. The advantages from smoking are not confined exclusively to the immediate physical sensation.

Furthermore, when once the habit is established, the body adapts itself to it, and contrives, through lungs, skin, and kidneys, — though not without scenting the clothing with foul exhalations and tainting the breath with offensive odors, — to throw the poison off. Hence men who have once formed the habit; who feel that they can afford its considerable expense, and can find no better use for the money it represents; who gain a good deal of pleasure from it, and are able to detect no serious physical effects, may well believe (although, if they were to look the matter up impartially, the weight of scientific testimony would be against them) that, on the whole, for them, situated as they are, the continuance of the habit represents the greater good. Here again it is not for us to judge individuals. All we can say is that this is a possible, if not the impartial and scientific way of looking at the matter. Many do look at it in that light. In so far as they are honest in taking that view of the matter, they are wise and temperate in smoking as they

do. If, however, they know it is injuring them; if they have a sneaking suspicion, which they dare not follow up with a thorough investigation, that the practice is injurious in general, and is harming themselves in particular, then they are fools and slaves to persist in the practice. But that is a judgment which the individual, who alone knows the facts from the inside, must be left to pass upon himself. We who stand on the outside cannot get at the inner facts, and so have no right to pass such a judgment. At all events, the young man who would attune his life to the highest wisdom, and control it by the firmest temperance, will not permit himself to form the habit before he has attained his full physical and mental stature, and has proved his ability with his own hand or brain to earn for himself whatever necessities and comforts of life he believes to be more fundamental and important than the inhalation and exhalation of smoke.

Let us be careful not to confound a wise temperance with the absurdities and rigors of asceticism. Asceticism hates pleasure, and sets itself up as something superior to pleasure. Hence it is sour, narrow, repulsive. As Macaulay said of the Puritans, "They hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators;" so the ascetic seems to hate the pleasure there is in things, and to begrudge other people their joys and consolations. Temperance work has too often fallen into the hands of these ascetic cranks, who pose as the apostles and martyrs of the true and only temperance.

True temperance is modest. It is nothing in itself, but, like courage, simply the handmaid of wisdom and justice to carry out their commands. Temperance does not hate pleasure. Temperance loves pleasure more wisely, — that is all. The temperate man recognizes that the pleasure of an act is a pretty sure indi-

cation that the act has some elements of good. But temperance denies that pleasure is an indication of the relative worth of different acts. Reason, not pleasure alone, must decide that point. Temperance never cuts off an indulgence, unless it be to save some greater and more valuable interest of life. Temperance is always, if it is modest, and keeps its proper place as the handmaid of wisdom, engaged in cutting off a lesser to save a greater good. Its weapon and symbol is the pruning knife; and its aim and justification is that the vine of life may bear more and better fruit. To erect temperance into a positive principle, to be merely a temperance man or woman, to cut off the fair leaves of pleasure merely for the sake of cutting them off, is monstrous, unnatural, perverse. The great moral motive power of life must lie in the positive and pleasurable interests which wisdom and justice and faith and love lay hold upon. To cast out evil as an end in itself is as futile as to try to drive the air out of a room with a fan.

Temperance, indeed, often finds itself arrayed against the lower and intenser forms of pleasure. That is because, for purposes of her own, Nature has attached the keenest pleasures to those instincts which are most fundamental to the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the species. But temperance, if it be wise, — if, that is, it be truly moral, — must ever justify itself by those personal and social goods at which wisdom and justice aim. Hence temperance, though an important virtue in its place, is yet a strictly subordinate one. No man can amount to much without constant practice of stern self-denial and rigid self-control. But a man who does nothing but that; the man who erects temperance into a positive principle, who believes that the pruning knife can bear fruit of itself, and despises the rich soil that feeds the roots and the sweet sap that nourishes the

branches of the vine of life, is no man at all. The measure and value of our temperance is, not the indulgences which we lop off from the branches of life here and there, but the beauty and sweetness and worth of the fruit which is borne by our lives as a whole.

Such are the cardinal virtues ; such are the counsels a Greek philosopher would give us, could he return to earth to-day. Would give, I say ; for I am well aware that the points I have chosen for illustration are, for the most part, points on which Plato and Aristotle touched very lightly, if at all ; and that on the most important of them their precept and practice were in open contradiction to the precepts I here have set forth. I have followed the logic of their principles rather than the letter of their precepts. Like a fluid in connected vessels, the spiritual life of an age cannot rise, in its ethical precept and practice, above the level of the prevailing religious conceptions, literary standards, political institutions, and social customs. No one knew this better than Plato, as is evident from his attack on the current literary and religious standards of his day, and his attempt to construct an ideal republic, where philosophers should be kings. Christianity, democracy, and the deepening recognition of the rights of personality in men and women, chil-

dren and servants, have lifted the level of spiritual life to heights undreamed of by Plato, and pronounced by Aristotle to be impossible. On this higher level, the old formulas of the Greeks receive a vastly richer content and an infinitely wider application ; but as forms of statement they never have been and never will be surpassed.

However deep and wide and full man's life, under Christian influence and inspiration, may come to be, it will ever retain the form the old Greeks stamped upon it, — the form of the cardinal virtues. Man will ever approach perfection in proportion to the wisdom with which he grasps the permanent ends of his life, and subordinates all means to those ends ; the justice with which he weighs the interests of his fellows in the same scales as his own ; the courage with which he greets all pains incidental to the prosecution of his own ends and those of his fellows ; and the temperance with which he cuts off whatever pleasure proves inconsistent with the steadfast adherence to these personal and social ends. For thus to live a wise, just, brave, temperate life is to be rightly related to the world, to one's fellows, and to one's true self ; and therefore sums up, as far as ethics apart from politics and religion can do it, all the virtues and duties of man.

William De Witt Hyde.

NEW ORLEANS AND RECONSTRUCTION.

THE city had been founded in 1718. That is to say, the sanguine young *Sieur de Bienville*, bent upon realizing his dream of a great metropolis on the Lower Mississippi, had at last marked out a site on the narrow strip of land lying between the river and Lake Pontchartrain, had put up a few wretched huts, and was now using every effort to have the gov-

ernment of the whole province domiciled in his future capital, and was earnestly opposing the policy of the European directors of the Company of the West, who were shortsightedly determined to establish the capital at Biloxi or Mobile, or on the Bay of St. Bernard. This *Bienville* had inherited the legacy of *La-salle*, *Iberville*, and those other earlier

explorers of the Mississippi Valley, — a legacy of dreams, of fiery imagination, of plans that stretched infinitely into the golden haze of the future. In the vision of these men, there had been always foreshadowed the figure of a city which should dominate this enormous valley of fertility and richness, — a city lying near the mouth of the great river which, with its countless branches, drained and enriched and opened this vast treasure store of Nature; and, consequently, as New Orleans is one of the few cities of this country with a past, so, likewise, it has always been the city of the future, — a city of vast possibilities in the plans of Lasalle, of Iberville, of Bienville, of France, and then of Spain, of Aaron Burr, of Napoleon, of Thomas Jefferson and the United States.

To the vivid imagination of the first Frenchmen who explored the valley, this vast territory appealed irresistibly as a land of limitless possibilities. What a field for the imagination of an artist like Lasalle to work upon! Vast forests to be explored and threaded with highways; fields and mines to be worked for the treasures which Nature had but half hidden in them; the great province of Canada to be welded to the greater province of Louisiana by the possession of the Mississippi; the building of an immense chain of forts from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, strengthening the hold of France, and slowly pushing both Spaniard and Englishman out of North America, — all this untraversed wilderness, like a fresh canvas, on which to build the richest empire of the earth. Lasalle felt that the Mississippi would be the key to this whole region, and that Nature herself seemed to destine that there should one day be a city near its mouth, as the natural gateway of the valley, — a city which at some time would become one of the great and the rich of the earth. The little piece of higher ground, lying so providentially between the river and the lakes which lead out

to the Gulf, attracted his eye, and it was part of his astounding plan to found a city somewhere in this neighborhood. This was the legacy of Lasalle; and to this legacy Bienville boldly laid claim when, in 1718, he marked out his town on the "Island" of Orleans, and firmly insisted, against the cautious policy of the Company, upon making his little collection of huts the capital of the province of Louisiana.

It was small wonder that many of the directors of the Company held back in doubt. Indeed, it is strange that fresh colonists came so eagerly, unless even the common settlers were somehow fired by contagion with that inexhaustible and romantic imagination of Bienville. The city — still half imaginary in a doubtful future, and half in sordid actual existence — was poor enough as Le Page du Pratz saw it. A few wretched huts, thatched with *latanier*, huddled near the river, and about a league and a half back toward the lake, on Bayou St. Jean, were a few more. On all sides, for many a desert mile, lay the vast sombre gloom of the impenetrable, mysterious swamp, weighing upon the spirit with all its vast solitude and sinister menace of lurking pestilence, casting the dull shadows of its gray moss-choked trees into the very souls of the few white men alone in this measureless wilderness. But in the midst of this pitiful reality the dream of Lasalle lived in the mind of Bienville. Many other colonists came, as Le Page du Pratz had done, and made little ephemeral huts of wood and *latanier* thatch, near which no fire might be built with prudence; and doubtless many another besides the worthy chronicler bought an Indian slave girl and established a modest *ménage*. At any rate, the colony grew; not always by such simple means, unfortunately, but sometimes in ways which have passed into story, and thrill us to-day with pity and horror.

Nevertheless, by some new influence in this fresh land, where there was no

past, no tradition, no class, no convention, but all free future, the sometimes foul methods of peopling the colony seemed to be purged of the evil effects which might have been expected; and when, a few years later, the capital of the province was at last triumphantly established in Bienville's city, progress began in earnest. The town was laid out in squares, within the small space now bounded by Canal, Esplanade, Old Levee, and Rampart streets; a small levee was erected, and ditches were dug along the streets to drain the water back into the swamps; for the town suffered from the annual overflow of the river, and the raised squares of the inhabited portion stood out like little islands, giving themselves the name *islets*, which is still the local Creolism. Grants of land were made in the neighboring country, and the province was soon growing rice, indigo, and tobacco; the fig was introduced from Provence and the orange from Hispaniola, and soon a flourishing commerce sprang up.

The rule of the Spaniard was in most respects wise, and the city grew steadily in importance. During the early years of the new United States the Spanish government at New Orleans was a source of threatening danger, at one time almost drawing under its control the growing territory of Kentucky. Napoleon, too, after he had gained possession of Louisiana, meditated a vast scheme of dominion in the West, wherein New Orleans figured as capital city. Meanwhile, the power of the United States had been spreading steadily westward, and the possession of the Mississippi, and of New Orleans, its great port, had become a necessity loudly demanded by the whole country, not only as a means of freeing itself from the old dread of which ever foreign power held this position of advantage, but still more as an outlet for its expanding commerce. Therefore, when Napoleon was compelled, by a turn of events, to sell the whole pro-

vince to Jefferson, the act of purchase marked the victory of that great force of commercial necessity which, from the earliest times, has slowly but inevitably and irresistibly worked toward the control of the destiny of New Orleans.

To be sure, the transfer was attended with inconveniences and with some hardships; but after the first years of bitter discontent, of another reconstruction under alien laws and governors, harder for the people of the city than the rule of the Spaniard had been; after unjust and suspicious treatment and neglect at the hands of the national government; and after the glorious trial by blood and battle in the War of 1812, New Orleans began to take her own high place among the cities of the country, and entered upon the brightest and most prosperous period of her history. The population of the city at the time of the cession to the United States had been about 8056; between that time and 1815 the number had increased to almost 33,000; and in 1840 the population reached 100,000, making New Orleans the largest city in the country, after New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Before the steamboat trade began, hundreds of flatboats came down the river, and the city swarmed with bargemen, — a rough, disorderly class, which, by its boorishness of manner, lack of culture, and keen scent for a bargain, gave an evil savor to the name "American;" so that to this day many old-fashioned residents of the old quarter still look upon the Anglo-Saxon as a semi-barbarian, without polish or the finer instincts of intellect or art, and one still hears, occasionally, the negro expression *Méricains coquins*. Indeed, it was a life-and-death struggle between the two forces which have since moulded the city into its present personality, — the older spirit of isolated and proud conservatism, holding to the traditions and tastes brought from Europe, and the new spirit of commercial progress and practical, money-making, trade-

pushing Americanism. Each modified the other, and in the years which followed the cession the two quarters gradually coalesced in certain ways; so that the city grew marvelously in commercial importance and population, rapidly absorbing the lucrative trade of the Mississippi Valley, and becoming, as Jefferson had predicted, one of the great ports of the world, and yet it lost none of the peculiar personality which had been the result of its isolated and independent growth. In fact, as wealth increased, the city became more and more noted for the culture which was represented by its upper classes, unique in America, European in taste. Nowhere else in America were such private libraries or such pictures, or silver, statuary, and furniture, and nowhere else in America were such things so heartily appreciated; for the cultivation of the city was of longer and more spontaneous growth, and less like the first awkward efforts of a pupil trying to do graceful things with heavy, untrained fingers, than was the case in nearly all other parts of the United States. Visitors from Europe who found welcome in the elegant homes of the city breathed here a more congenial atmosphere than any other this side of the Atlantic. All this has been much bewritten, — this period of wealth and prosperity and the leisure which breeds refinement and social, artistic, and intellectual development. Again New Orleans seemed on the point of realizing the dreams of her founders and of those who had coveted possession of her; but then came "the war," as we must always say in the South, when we try to explain why the present is not what the past promised.

When the Civil War broke out, Louisiana went into the new Confederacy with much regret, as did all the better part of the South, — regret of the days of former unity, and sorrow to take up the sword which the instinct of honor and self-preservation seemed to force into her hand.

New Orleans, however, did her part, and sent her best to the distant war, leaving herself unprotected, and in the hour of need found herself deserted and helpless. When the Federal fleet drew up before the city, in 1862, resistance was impossible. There were no troops, no fortifications. There was not even a military officer to surrender the place. So, without surrender and without resistance, this most important city of the vast valley of the Mississippi fell into the hands of the enemy; and on the 1st of May, 1862, after all disagreeable and dangerous preliminaries had been arranged by Farragut and the naval force, General Benjamin F. Butler set foot upon the streets of New Orleans. From that day dates the weary period of oppression, robbery, and ruin which marred for so long the future of the city, and left scars upon the public character which will remain for generations. The rule of the Spaniard had been strict, and the hand of O'Reilly had fallen heavily upon New Orleans, but a wise policy and endeavor for the public welfare had soon reconciled the people. Had Butler shown either forbearance or wisdom, or if, though pursuing a course of firm military domination, he had shown common justice and personal bravery or decency, the long period of riot and anarchy, bitterness and ruin, might have been averted, and the reconstruction of Louisiana might have been a comparatively simple matter; but Butler succeeded only in casting odium upon the government whose policy he was supposed to be carrying out, and setting farther off the day of reconciliation. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of his motives or his policy. It is enough merely to state that the protest which his administration aroused grew so universal that he was recalled, after seven months of abuse, and General Banks was sent in his place.

A large part of the state was in possession of the Confederates, and no at-

tempt was made to organize a state government until 1864. In that year a so-called Constitutional Convention of delegates from the parts of the state lying within the Union lines was held, a constitution was adopted, the Confederate debt was repudiated, slavery was formally declared to be forever abolished, and a new government was chosen. After the war had been ended, many of the old leaders of the South began to regain their influence in politics; and as this condition of affairs was not at all to the taste of the hungry swarm of carpet-baggers who followed in the path which the victorious army had opened, the Radical party which controlled Congress began to take active measures of retaliation.

The negro was made the excuse for the course which was followed. The condition of the freedman at this time was indeed pitiable. Under the institution of slavery, he had developed from a state of the lowest savagery to a condition of partial civilization; but this development had been due to wholly abnormal conditions, and had not been at all analogous to the slow process and weeding-out struggle through which the white races had toiled upward for thousands of years. If the negro had been forced to compete for existence in America, he would have been crushed out by the civilized power, as the Indian has been. The peculiar institution of slavery, however, protected him not only from this competition, but also, by artificial means, from those great forces of Nature which inevitably weed out the weaker organisms, and which operate most unrestrainedly upon the ignorant savage. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world, human beings had been bred and regulated like valuable stock, with as much care as is put upon the best horses and cattle. As a natural consequence, the sanitary condition of the negro during slavery was remarkable (especially by contrast with his present condition),

and his growth was the abnormal growth of a plant abnormally raised in a hot-house. When, therefore, this mass of helpless beings was thrown upon its own resources by the act of emancipation, and when the protection of slavery had been withdrawn, the direst wretchedness and suffering followed. In 1865 the Freedmen's Bureau was created, but it was powerless to cope with the situation. Congress then committed the fatal mistake of imagining that suffrage would work out a solution. Accordingly, the Representatives of the Southern states were refused their seats until their states had ratified the Fourteenth Amendment to the national Constitution.

In Louisiana, the Radical Republicans made an illegal attempt in this direction. The convention of 1864 had decided that amendments to the state constitution should be proposed in the legislature, and then submitted, after approval by that body, to a general election. The legislature had adjourned in March, 1866, without taking any such action; but, after its adjournment, certain members of the old convention of 1864 set on foot a movement to call another meeting of the same body which had then met. The former president of this convention refused to issue the call, whereupon the minority (about forty members out of ninety-six) assembled in New Orleans on June 26, and elected a president *pro tempore*, who called a meeting for a "Constitutional Convention" to be held on July 30. The openly avowed object of these Radicals was the enfranchisement of negroes and the withholding of suffrage from the majority of the whites, hoping thereby to control the government. The negroes were appealed to in mass meetings, and much inflammatory talk was indulged in. Finally, the convention, swelled in numbers by a yelling crowd of negro supporters, met in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The citizens, who had been worn out by the course of Butler

and his successors, were exasperated to impatience by these proceedings. A large mob attacked the building where the convention was being held, overpowered the scared lawmakers and their negro supporters, — though most of these were armed, — and killed or wounded more or less seriously a large number of them there and in the street. A congressional committee of three investigated the trouble. Their report makes interesting reading. This investigation, however, judging from the testimony elicited, the questions put, and the class of witnesses called, was unfair and prejudiced; and notwithstanding the strong protest of the minority, the report of the majority, recommending strict military government and thorough reconstruction of Louisiana, was approved. In 1867, consequently, Louisiana was put under military rule. The district commander was directed to enroll the citizens, enforcing the test oath, excluding ex-Confederates, and admitting negroes to ballot, and to call a general election of voters so chosen to select delegates to a convention which should revise the constitution of the state, in conformity with the sentiment of Congress. Registration boards were appointed, and delegates were elected by a combined vote of white and black radicals. The convention so elected duly ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, granting the curse of suffrage to the negro; and in 1868 Louisiana seated her Representatives in Congress. The government so elected was maintained by the power of United States troops, in the face of all opposition on the part of the disfranchised majority of the people, and regardless of the shameless system of robbery and political knavery which was practiced upon the helpless state.

In 1872, however, the Amnesty Act restored suffrage to many ex-Confederates. A party of Liberal Republicans separated from the Radical party, joining with those Democrats who had

been enfranchised; and this split in the dominating party weakened its power. The final separation occurred during the session of the legislature in January, 1872. Warmoth was governor. On the death of Dunn, the lieutenant governor, in the November previous, Pinchback, a colored supporter of Warmoth, had been elected president of the Senate. Question was made of the legality of his election. In the House, Speaker Carter, an anti-Warmoth man, was antagonized by the governor's friends. After a bitter struggle, during which Warmoth and some of his supporters were arrested by the Federal authorities, Carter was deposed. An investigating committee was sent down by Congress. During the broil Warmoth and Pinchback became separated. Warmoth, heading the Liberal Republicans, fused with the Democrats in a reform ticket which named John McEnery for governor, with an electoral ticket supporting Greeley and Brown. The Pinchback faction of Radical Republicans supported the Grant ticket, and nominated Kellogg for governor and Pinchback for Congressman at large. The election of November, 1872, was disputed. There were two Returning Boards, each declaring its candidate elected by a good majority. Each party made up its own lists of Representatives, which differed considerably. The new legislature met on the 7th of January, 1873, under the surveillance of United States troops. A week later both governors took the oath of office. President Grant favored the Pinchback faction, and supported it with Federal troops; and the congressional committee which had been instructed to investigate the dispute found that, while McEnery and his party were entitled to the government *de jure*, the Kellogg party, supported by the army, was the government *de facto*. They recommended the passage of a law insuring honest elections; but the suggestion was not adopted, and practical anarchy ensued.

Though Grant supported Kellogg, the McEnery government still retained its organization. Disputes and fights, naturally, were common, and soon the active portion of the city organized into a White League, a body armed and ready for decisive action. Kellogg maintained his power by the protection of the Federal troops (who by this time were heartily sick of shielding the carpet-baggers) and with the assistance of the Metropolitan Police, a body of militia, mostly negroes, directly under his orders.

Matters reached a bloody crisis, when, on the 14th of September, 1874, a mass meeting of citizens appointed a committee to wait upon Kellogg and ask him to abdicate. The governor had fled to the protection of the United States troops in the Custom House, which was called among the White Leaguers the "House of Refuge." Kellogg, from his safe quarters, declined to negotiate, and the leaders of the people advised their followers to go home and get their arms. In the afternoon, the White League under General Ogden completely routed the Metropolitan Police under General Longstreet, who subsequently joined Kellogg in the House of Refuge. No acts of violence were committed against negroes or non-combatants, although the officials of the McEnery ticket were installed all over the state. The day after the fight, a mass of citizens escorted Lieutenant Governor Penn to the State House in triumph, and when the White League passed the Custom House the United States troops gave them the heartiest cheers. President Grant, however, exerted his power, and drew Kellogg from his retreat to resume his duties as governor. Some of the McEnery party remained in office, but merely because certain members of the Kellogg party had fled and could not be found. The Metropolitan Police had been completely demoralized, and were of no further service.

The final change was coming. The whole mass of the people was now thor-

oughly disgusted with the methods of the carpet-baggers; for white citizens who were legally entitled to vote had been arbitrarily prevented from registering, and the more intelligent and better class of negroes had begun to see that the Radical Republicans were not their friends, and that only those negroes who could be used as mere tools obtained offices. It seemed likely that the election of November, 1874, would go to the Democrats; but when the Returning Board completed its labors, it was found that the Republicans had the treasury and a majority of two in the legislature, five seats being left open. These changes in returns were made on the ground of intimidation at election, — in some cases even when no complaint had been made to them. A congressional committee, composed of two Republicans and one Democrat, examined the work of the Returning Board, and unanimously reported that its action had been, "on the whole, arbitrary, unjust, and illegal; and that this arbitrary, unjust, and illegal action alone prevented the return of a majority of Conservative members to the Lower House." No action was taken upon this report, and trouble gathered again. A few days before the assembling of the legislature one of the Republican members was arrested for embezzlement, and his party claimed that this had been done for political purposes. The threatening aspect of affairs caused President Grant to put General Philip Sheridan in command of the department.

On the 4th of January, 1875, the House convened. Of what happened then there are several accounts; the following is substantially from the report of the subsequent Congressional Investigating Committee. The State House was surrounded by Federal troops, and no one was permitted to enter save by Kellogg's orders. At noon order was called by Vigers, clerk of the former House. The roll call was answered by fifty Democrats and fifty-two Republicans.

A Conservative member, Mr. Billieu, nominated L. A. Wiltz as temporary chairman. The clerk made some objection, but Mr. Billieu quickly put the motion, and declared it carried by a *viva voce* vote. Wiltz sprang to the platform, pushed the clerk aside, and seized the gavel. The members were then sworn in. In some way, a new clerk and sergeant-at-arms were elected; then, from some gentlemen who had managed to secure admittance, several additional sergeants-at-arms were appointed. Protests, points of order, confused calls for yeas and nays, were overridden. It was a case of fighting the devil with fire, and so the five contesting Democrats were admitted and sworn in. The Republicans, in the confusion, nominated Lowell for chairman, and declared him elected; but he declined to attempt to take his seat, and Wiltz was elected Speaker of the House. Several of the Republicans now attempted to leave, but were prevented by the sergeants-at-arms. Pistols were drawn, and the troops were called in to restore order. The election of minor officers went on, until finally Kellogg ordered the Federal officer to remove the five members who had just been sworn in, but who had not been returned by the Returning Board. This was done, and Wiltz and the Conservatives left the hall. The Republicans remained and organized, electing Hahn Speaker.

In reporting this affair, General Sheridan characterized the people of the city as "banditti," and advised violent and crushing methods. On the other hand, all the exchanges, and a long list of Northern resident merchants and clergymen, passed resolutions denying the justice of Sheridan's report; and the public press at the North added its protest in favor of downtrodden Louisiana. Under a resolution introduced in the Senate, Mr. Thurman called upon President Grant for an explanation. The President's message in reply was weak

and unsatisfactory. Before long, however, a congressional committee effected what is known as the "Wheeler adjustment," whereby the Kellogg government was allowed to remain; but twelve contesting members of the legislature, elected by the people, and excluded by the Returning Board, were seated. Wiltz and Hahn withdrew their claims, and a Conservative member was elected Speaker of the House.

In the presidential campaign of 1876, Louisiana gave her popular vote for Tilden against Hayes; but the Returning Board had given the state to Hayes, on the old charge of fraud and intimidation. Kellogg had signed the returns in favor of the Hayes electors; and McEnery, who still insisted that he was governor, signed for Tilden. The Electoral Commission, in January, 1877, by a strict party vote, decided to abide by the decisions of the Returning Boards in the contested states, and gave the election to Hayes. In the state election, General F. T. Nichols, a Democrat and veteran of the Confederate army, ran against Packard for governor, and was elected. During Nichols's term President Hayes withdrew the Federal troops, and the reign of the carpet-bagger was over.

Such is the bare, dispassionate outline of the political history of the city during these wretched years; but a far more terrible story is told by the condition of the impoverished people. The wealth of the city had made it a special prize for the horde of adventurers, politicians, and fanatics, white and black, who preyed upon their prostrate victim under the protection of a misguided and vindictive national government. After the ruthless harvest of Butler and his fellows, there had followed a swarm of gleaners through long years of riot, oppression, confiscation, and robbery. It has been calculated that during the ten years preceding 1876 New Orleans paid in direct taxes more than the estimate value of all the property

within her limits during that year ; and yet the state debt was larger by \$40,000,000 than it had been before the carpet-bag rule, notwithstanding the fact that all debts contracted by the state while under the Confederate government had been repudiated by the so-called Constitutional Convention of 1864. Business had been broken up, commerce was stagnant, whole families had been impoverished. Work — work of all kinds — had to be sought, even by many of the women ; and that, too, in a city where business activity had been almost killed. Anything was laid hold of. The young generation of many an old house was glad to drive street cars, or snip cloth at a dry-goods counter. Even this is not the worst that is told in the unwritten tales of the people. This is the story of the strong, but the weaker went to the wall, as always ; and some day, when the novelist of the city shall come, he shall find in the whispered stories of these days themes as powerful, significant, pathetic, and tragic as the themes of Tolstoi, Stepniak, and Sienkiewicz.

In course of time, however, the government and commerce of the city assumed more normal conditions. The power was slowly absorbed again by the people and their chosen leaders. By all the means, fair or foul, which a people struggling desperately for self-preservation will use, the influence of the negro and the local Republican was nullified ; and though the methods chosen have had an evil influence upon the politics of the state, the government of the state and the city to-day is as much an expression of the will of the people as it is anywhere in the United States.

New Orleans of to-day is of two parts, and nourishes a twofold life, — just as the shaping force of its destiny has been twofold, — from within and from without

The old quarter of the city is Latin. By long isolation this Latin city developed.

oped its peculiarities, growing slowly and inwardly, so to speak, living out the European life from which it had sprung. The narrow stone-paved streets, picturesque whether washed with gray rain or yellow sunshine ; the decaying houses of the past, with their wrought-iron balconies, closed heavy shutters, jealous gates, and alleys opening into flowery hidden courtyards ; the stuccoed walls and red-tiled roofs of the humbler dwellings squatting beside the banquettes ; the Place d'Armes, with the Spanish cathedral and Cabildo ; the many-tongued and many-hued French market ; the very people, with their Latin faces and Latin speech and Latin faculty of making their habitations picturesque in some peculiar way, whether in elegance and refinement or in squalor and dirt, — all, the whole quarter, is quaint and foreign to the American visitor, and has that sense of silent gossip which one gets from the streets and houses of Balzac's stories, a certain personality in the expression of the very brick, stone, and iron, and an indefinable connection between these houses and streets and the quaintly individualized characters whom one sees at every turn. In fact, there is only one way to describe the impression exactly : to live in this quarter, to know its houses, its streets, its people, its stories, is like reading Balzac. Only the obvious externals, however, can be put into word descriptions which a stranger would understand. It requires long acquaintance to know Zizi, for example, that *milatresse* who is coming out of the cathedral yonder with her basket, having been to the French market and to early mass, and who will, later on (as the day is Sunday), go to the *matinée* at the French Opera to hear Faust or Le Trouvère *au quatrième*, with somebody's dining-room boy or coachman, — some good-featured mulatto, who is as likely to be named Raoul de Navarre as Bobo or Popol. Even a Frenchman would not understand their negro patois, which

has attained the dignity of a distinct dialect. And if some friend should take you through one of those alleyways which open into Royal Street, and lead you back to the palm-crowded courtyard, and up the curved stairway with its thin carved banisters and the quaint arched windows at the landings, you would feel how much harder it is to know the lady who welcomes you so courteously up there in a cool, darkened room, filled with relics of old furniture and bric-a-brac, and who pours you some cordial, made by an ancient family recipe, into one of the small crystal glasses spared by "Butler's Yankees." The stranger finds it hard to understand this life, which seems to draw its present existence from the past and from those immediate surroundings which are in fact visible heredity. The great mahogany case of books which *grandpère* brought from Paris, Ovid, Horace, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Bernard, classic Latin and classic or old-fashioned French, things for which the great "reading public" of America has no time, all elegantly and permanently bound, as books are not bound in these days of hasty literature, — all speak of another world, a different set of ideals and beliefs and conventions and prejudices from those which pass current as American.

On the other hand, above Canal Street all is different, again. Here is the newer quarter, settled by the "Americans" who came into the city after the cession to the United States. It is not in the residence portion of this quarter that one will find anything peculiar or interesting, — except, always, the flowers and the trees. Among the dwellings of the middle and lower classes of this American part of the town, one sees little but cheap, hasty buildings, and commonplace, colorless, deadening ugliness; and on the wider avenues (except the older ones), even where the display of wealth is most evident, there is sometimes an offensive air of newness, incongruity, or

striving after effect, which is saved from the uninspiring appearance of the smart avenues of most American cities only by the redeeming grace of flowers, lawns, and trees. Along the river front and in the business portion of the city, however, one really sees what the American influence has done for New Orleans, — the great outer force which has been slowly shaping the destiny of the city to its own ends. By its tastes, as it were, New Orleans is not commercial as Chicago and New York are commercial; but in tracing the history of the place, and noting especially the struggle of the United States for its possession, one sees clearly how a life of commerce has been forced upon it by its geographical position and by the development of the vast and rich valley of the Mississippi.

Only since the Civil War have the South and West begun to develop their inexhaustible and untried natural resources. They are destined to become the producing portion of the country, and the richest. The central position of New Orleans in this wide region, and its extraordinary facilities for shipping, lying as it does between East and West and at the mouth of the great system of rivers which drain the Mississippi Valley, seem to single it out to be the great port of this portion of the country, perhaps the greatest port of the whole country. The railroads, confident of the future of the city, are improving their terminals and adding large grain elevators. The city is now exporting more grain, cotton, and other goods than ever before in its history. Being favorably and centrally located in relation alike to Texas, the West, the Upper Mississippi Valley, Kentucky, Alabama, Cuba and the West Indies, and the territory which will be made more accessible by an Isthmian Canal, New Orleans is equally fitted to handle most easily all the trade between these points, and itself to manufacture the raw products imported from them.

A better harbor and greater extent of wharfing could not be found in the world; but this gift of Nature to New Orleans has never been, as yet, worked to its full advantage, on account of the shallow depth of the channels through the bars at the mouths of the river. About the year 1721, Bienville's engineer, Panger, suggested that, as the river constantly deposited sediment and made land at the time of annual overflow, drift logs could be directed to lie in such a way as to form rough, permeable dikes along the bank of one of the channels running out into the Gulf, and the logs fixed by sinking old vessels, allowing the sediment to fill up the interstices; thereby increasing the depth of the bed as the force of the current was increased by narrowing the channel. The jetties which Captain Eads placed in South Pass somewhat over twenty-five years ago have given a depth of sixteen or seventeen feet to twenty-six or thirty feet in that channel, and the number of arrivals of ocean steamers in the port of New Orleans has been more than doubled; but it is now of the highest importance to the whole Mississippi Valley that one of the mouths of the river should be deepened, so as to allow the largest vessels to cross the bar with ease. It is strange that the national government has not yet taken full advantage of the unusually favorable position of New Orleans, to increase its usefulness as a port for all the vast and rich area of which it is the natural commercial gateway.

Since the destruction of the old civilization which flourished so luxuriantly in New Orleans before the Civil War, the unfortunate city has been too much

occupied by its desperate struggle for bare existence and for freedom from the black incubus to fulfill the promise which the culture and elegant wealth of those days seemed to assure. What wealth remained with us has changed hands, and the old aristocracy has gone, in one sense, out of prominence. The books, the pictures, the statuary, the handsome and refined furniture of that day, have mostly flown away to the North, either during the carnival of Butler and the carpet-baggers who came gleaned after him, or in the resulting poverty upon which the pawnbroker preyed; and so to-day, although the second-hand shops are a paradise for the casual collector, New Orleans is in no sense an art centre, not even of imported art, as is the case of New York; and absence of imported art in America means that there is little or no art of any kind worthy of the name. As a city of gayety and pleasure, in spite of her myriad sorrows, New Orleans is known above all her sister cities. Perhaps it is the dash of warm Latin blood that allows her to abandon herself to pleasure without a thought of commercial gain, or of anything but the mere enjoyment of the present. If, however, New Orleans is ever to fulfill that dream of her founders which saw her mistress of the richest portion of the continent, if New Orleans is ever to be the great world-city which Nature seemed to design she should be, it will be through using her one supreme advantage of position, as Lasalle and Bienville saw, and by means of that vast civilizing growth whose roots are in human need and whose fruits are the power of great nations, that warfare of times of peace, — commerce.

Albert Phelps.

MR. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S POEMS.¹

THE dear tradition of a savage world lying in wait to pounce upon young poets and crunch their bones was never so visibly contrary to the fact, and therefore never so firmly entrenched in popular belief, as at the present day. In reality, national pride feeds itself more and more upon the glories of national literature, and hence it is increasingly necessary, if a rising poet does not exist, to invent him. When he does appear, the cakes and ale are all for him. Rostand and Stephen Phillips are living proofs of the sure welcome which awaits a rebirth of poetry. It is, in fact, this general eagerness of a waiting and lenient world to catch up Clough's cry, "Come, Poet, come!" and to think a spirit has, in truth, come from the vasty deep simply because it has been called, which makes one take perhaps undue critical alarm, and not look out the window as soon as, it may be, one should at every "Lo, here! lo, there!" But Mr. William Vaughn Moody has qualities which enable him to conquer even the prejudice aroused by lavish praise. On his first volume of verse, *A Masque of Judgment*, the verdict of the judicious could not well be other than (in adaptation of Schubert's epitaph) "a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes," and in his latest collection of poems we surely get an installment of the fruition of those hopes.

Of his political poems — *An Ode in Time of Hesitation*, and *On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines* — there is no need to speak at length in the pages in which they first appeared and which they adorned. Enough to say, disputed policies aside, that they show Mr. Moody to have that essential gift of the true poet, the capacity to feel with his native land and to be one with his kind. When

we add that he has also that "strain of rareness" which prompts him to convey rebuke under the guise of moving appeal for a return to temporarily abandoned ideals, and to be a pleading lover rather than a scourging prophet, we see how fine is the equipment of his spirit for patriotic verse. And the high idealism, the pathos and aspiration, of these poems of his which take up large and agitated questions of the day, and which come, even to those in opposite political camps, with the refreshing sense of "making their meaning clear in verse," unite to produce, with their distinction of workmanship, an effect for which we should not know to what other to look. But Mr. Moody has followed a sure instinct in giving the place of honor in his volume to a poem, *Gloucester Moors*, which affords a fairer because broader test of his powers. It shows him, by so much, to have — in addition to the technical mastery of his craft — imagination, sympathy, ability to see the large in the little and the universal in the particular, and originality combined with fidelity to the great poetical tradition. All these are revealed in *Gloucester Moors*. From copse and cliff the poet's eye ranges easily to the fishing fleets, and thence to that gallant ship, the old earth, a "vast outbound ship of souls:" —

"Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip."

It is all finely imagined, sympathetically rendered, with frequent flash and charm of phrase; and, at the end, Mr. Moody shows how true a son of our best poets he is by rising to a strain of religious fervor, even if the religion be only that of humanity: —

"Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,

¹ *Poems*. By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?"

From Bryant's Waterfowl down, that solemn finale has been the clear note of our noblest poets, and in it Mr. Moody is true to type. He is also true to the thought and doubt of his time, to the sense of "social compunction" which fills so many hearts, when he substitutes for Bryant's organ tone of assurance that man's steps would be led aright the passionate inquiry and implication of self-reproach which are themselves the promise of ultimate betterment.

It is a delight to find a young poet so enamored of simplicity. This extends to diction. Mr. Moody betrays only the slightest fondness for Swinburnian archaisms. He has, to be sure, "blooth" and "tean" (teen?), but in general he finds the common old words good enough for him, as they were for Tennyson, provided he may, by delicate setting, by subtle interfusions, give them new suggestiveness and beauty. An example is from *The Bracelet of Grass*, —

"The opal heart of afternoon
Was clouding on to throbs of storm,
Ashen within the ardent west
The lips of thunder muttered harm," —

where every word is ordinary, and only "harm" unhappy: yet what a sense of novelty, of vivid picturing! In his themes, too, Mr. Moody seems to reveal no straining for the fantastic or extraordinary. He deserves the praise that Adelaide Procter, in writing to Hayward, bestowed upon the first numbers of *Vanity Fair*, in which, she said, Thack-

eray displayed a "total absence of affectation" in describing "what is simple and true."

"Some natural sorrow, grief or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

Not that Mr. Moody is simply a way-side poet. He has traveled, he has read, he has thought, and cultivation breathes in all his work. His *Dialogue in Purgatory* is an acknowledged debt to Dante, and one wonders if *Faded Pictures*, in which "only two patient eyes" were left, —

"But I, well, I left Raphael
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
To think away the stains and blurs
And make all new again and well," —

one wonders if this was not a distinct reminiscence of the "*occhi belli*" of Beatrice: —

"Nei quai mirando mio disio ha posa."

There are eyes once more —

"The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes!" — in *The Daguerreotype*, the last poem of the volume, and one which is in some respects the most original and powerfully conceived of them all. But of this, and of the two other longer poems before unpublished, *Until the Troubling of the Waters*, and *Jetsam*, we have not left ourselves room to speak. Yet we trust that our impression of Mr. Moody's rare quality has been sufficiently conveyed. That there is crude execution here and there in his volume we are not concerned to deny; but it would be a very curmudgeon of a critic who did not find pleasure in signalizing the rise of so bright a star upon our poetical horizon.

OUTDOOR POEMS.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

I HEAR it beat in morning still
 When April skies have lost their gloom,
 And through the woods there runs a thrill
 That wakes arbutus into bloom.

I hear it throb in sprouting May, —
 A muffled murmur on the breeze,
 Like mellow thunder leagues away,
 Or booming voice of distant seas.

In daisied June I catch its roll,
 Pulsing through the leafy shade;
 And fain I am to reach its goal,
 And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the autumn leaves are shed,
 And frosts attend the fading year,
 Like secret mine sprung by my tread
 A covey bursts from hiding near.

I feel its pulse 'mid winter snows,
 And feel my own with added force,
 When red-ruff drops his cautious pose,
 And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls,
 A withered leaf leaps in the breeze;
 Some hidden mortar speaks, and hurls
 Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life, of fervent wing,
 A dynamo of feathered power,
 Thy drum is music in the spring,
 Thy flight is music every hour.

John Burroughs.

CLAIR DE LUNE.

OVER my head were the pine tops, gray in the midsummer moon;
 Compassed I was by the shadows — cavernous deep and soft —
 And ever the forest's silence that seemed to listen, alive.
 Sometimes I caught, down a glade, the sudden gleam of a birch;
 White as a straight, slim column, bearing the roof of the night.
 Sometimes a firefly flashed, and a bit of leaf grew distinct,

Vivid against the dark, and melting to dark again.
 Warm was the air with pine boughs long dried in the sun ;
 And once there came to me there the drifted scent of the fern
 And of moist fresh earth, and I guessed that water was near.
 Speedily then came the lilt of a tinkling whisper of sound
 That trailed through the night and the listening aisles of the wood —
 Ah, the brook! and I felt that a comrade was close.
 Alone it was, but crooning a song to itself, as a child
 Will sing to itself in the dark for a challenge to fear.
 A cool-leafed bough of a birch stretched like an arm o'er the path,
 Touching me as I passed, softly ; just as a friend
 Will lay a quick hand upon one and whisper a brave " Good cheer ! "
 Oh, the moon on the pines, and the gleam
 Of light-shafts broken by leaves scattered upon the ground !
 And oh, the breath of the night, — the inviolate leagues of the dark,
 With sudden spaces of light, arras'd with tremulous leaves,
 Where scarce I dared look, lest, perchance,
 Diana, goddess and maid, glistening white through the gloom,
 Should be standing, her bow tense-drawn, on guard at some sylvan shrine!

.
 That sudden sound in the leaves, — was it the brook, or Pan,
 The great brown wood god himself, drunken with moonlight for wine,
 Chuckling there, close at hand, over some midsummer dream ?
 And there where the sentinel lamps of the fireflies lighted the place,
 And the hush of the wood like a curtain folded in silence and peace,
 I went very softly ; for there, under a canopy fern,
 Haply Titania slept close, close against Oberon's heart.
 Oh, magic midsummer wood ! Oh, wonderful silver-lit dark !
 When all the lost gods came back, and all the old tales were true !
 When silence and shadow and dream seemed the only real things in the world,
 And the doubt and the stress and the pain had faded, until they became
 As far away as a star, as vague as a firefly's gleam !

Arthur Ketchum.

WIND.

I AM Wind, the deathless dreamer
 Of the summer world,
 Tranced in snows of shade and shimmer,
 On a cloud-scarp curled ;

Fluting through the argent shadow
 And the molten shine
 Of the golden lonesome summer,
 And its dreams divine.

All unseen, I walk the meadows,
 Or I wake the wheat ;
 Speeding o'er the tawny billows
 With my phantom feet.

Outdoor Poems.

All the world's face, hushed and sober,
 Wrinkles where I run,
Turning sunshine into shadow,
 Shadow into sun ;

Stirring soft the breast of waters
 With my winnowing wings,
Waking the gray ancient wood
 From hushed imaginings ;

Where the blossoms drowse in languors,
 Or a vagrant sips,
Lifting nodding blade or petal
 To my cooling lips.

Far from gloom of shadowed mountain,
 Surge of sounding sea,
Bud and blossom, leaf and tendril,
 All are glad of me.

Loosed in sunny deeps of heaven,
 Like a dream I go ;
Guiding light my genie-driven
 Flocks, in herds of snow,

Ere I moor them o'er the thirsting
 Woods and fields beneath,
Dumbly yearning, from their burning
 Dream of parchèd death.

Not a sorrow do I borrow
 From the golden day ;
Not a shadow holds the meadow
 Where my footsteps stray.

Light and cool, my kiss is welcome,
 Under sun and moon,
To the weary vagrant wending
 Under parchèd noon ;

To the languid, nodding blossom
 In its moonlit dell.
All earth's children, sad and yearning,
 Know and love me well.

Without passion, without sorrow,
 Driven in my dream,
Through the season's trance of sleeping
 Cloud and field and stream ;

Haunting woodlands, lakes and forests,
 Seas and clouds impearled,
 I am Wind, the deathless dreamer
 Of the summer world.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

RAIN.

THE patient rain at early summer dawn ;
 The long, lone autumn drip ; the damp, sweet hush
 Of springtime, when the glinting drops seem gone
 Into the first notes of the hidden thrush ;
 The solemn, dreary beat
 Of winter rain and sleet ;
 The mad, glad, passionate calling of the showers
 To the unblossomed hours ;
 The driving, restless midnight sweep of rain ;
 The fitful sobbing and the smile again
 Of spring's childhood ; the fierce, unpitying pour
 Of low-hung, leaden clouds ; the evermore
 Prophetic beauty of the sunset storm,
 Transfigured into color and to form
 Across the sky. — O wondrous changing rain !
 Changeful and full of temper as man's life ;
 Impetuous, fierce, unpitying, kind again,
 Prophetic, beauteous, soothing, full of strife :
 Through all thy changing passions hear not we
 Th' eternal note of the UNCHANGING SEA ?

Laura Spencer Portor.

TWIN FLOWERS ON THE PORTAGE.

THEY cover in a twinkling host
 The mosses, green and yellow ;
 One flower would be Titania's boast
 Without her lovely fellow.

But linked in fragile twos they droop
 Where'er the vines may wander ;
 Above the hidden loop in loop
 They seem to drowse and ponder.

If form could wake in sound, these cones
 Would haunt the dewy hollow
 With tabors taut, and golden drones,
 And dancing flutes that follow.

If odors risen from orient wells
 Might don a sea apparel,
 The blooms would beam as rosy shells
 Beneath a sea of beryl.

If flowers could form in thought, these lights
 Would be the gentle seeming
 That virgin fairies bend on knights
 When they are half a-dreaming.

Where on the portage now they droop
 In tint and odor mellow
 One flower would grace Titania's troop
 Without her lovely fellow.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE RAVENS.

Too heavy seemed the fragrance of the fern,
 And drowsed me; up the road from turn to turn
 Sconces of white cohosh made altars green
 And milky-candled shrines of each ravine,
 To drowse me; and the spirit, shrine to shrine,
 Purple, or fawn, or unknown butterfly,
 Flitting, they drowsed me. Weary of beauty, I,
 Beauty that in the sun before the storm
 From the rich mountains smiled too sweet and warm.
 Harsh is the face of truth, I thought, and stern.
 Release me, scented sorcery of the fern!
 A little life, and masked with sleepy flowers!

And the storm rose, and changed the darkening bowers.
 Cloud-shade and wind and thunder fell on me:
 I took the rain like waking, I was free
 Of those enchanted hands, awake, aware,
 Exulting. Death was out and on the air;
 And even in her flowers life abode,
 Knowing her mate, his passing, he that rode
 High on the dusk, a great voice with him blown.
 I saw not those dark wings: I heard alone
 The croak of passing ravens. Weird it fell,
 And hoarse, and rusty, and like an old great bell
 Tolloed, and the dark drew on from height to height,
 Clanged, and the dark seemed greater than the light,
 Tolloed, and I stood full stature, drawing breath,
 Tolloed, and I thought, I have heart to look on death,
 Clanged, and I cried, O bold old godlike death!

Joseph Russell Taylor.

IN THE GREAT PASTURES.

"Our cattle also shall go with us." — EXODUS x. 26.

WHEN the grave twilight moves toward the west,
 And the horizons of the plain are blurred,

I watch, on gradual slope and foothill crest,
 The dark line of the herd.
 And something primal through my being thrills,
 For that line met the night when life began!
 And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
 Have kept the trail with man,
 Till their calm eyes his greater iliads hold:
 The wonder look, the dumb reproof and pain,
 Have followed him since Abram's herds of old
 Darkened the Asian plain.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

By a suggestive coincidence, the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death falls in the same month as the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Julius Cæsar. The great Roman who invaded Britain in 55 B. C., and the great Saxon who resisted the Danish invasions of Britain a thousand years later, were veritable kings of men. Each of them summed up in himself the highest racial characteristics and capacities. Each became a national hero, not more through natural superiority of mind and character than through the performance of such political tasks as could scarcely have been wrought out by other hands. Though neither of them was by preference a soldier, both accomplished military feats of extraordinary skill. But they were rather administrators of the very highest type, men of rare executive power and of incessant activity. The problems of peace with enemies, of order and good government, were matters with which they were constantly concerned. The difference between the cool, pagan, skeptical temper of the Roman democrat and the devout humility of the Saxon king needs no illustration to those who have read the Commentaries on the Gallic War and Alfred's prefaces to his translations. But

however far apart the two men stand in respect of moral character, — and we really know little about the personal life of either, — it is well to be reminded by the mere coincidence of their anniversaries how perpetual an inheritance of human society are those problems of government with which the two rulers had to deal.

To-day the descendants of the Saxon Alfred — no longer the *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos* of the Augustan poet — are the dominant force in world politics. Yet British and Americans alike are grappling at the present moment with that very question of the government of subject races which, we are told, converted the Roman republic into a military empire. It brings the times of Julius Cæsar strangely near to our own to read these sentences from the opening paragraph of Froude's *Cæsar*. "The early Romans possessed the faculty of self-government beyond any people of whom we have historical knowledge, with the one exception of ourselves. In virtue of their temporal freedom, they became the most powerful nation in the known world; and their liberties perished only when Rome became the mistress of conquered races, to whom she was unable or unwilling to extend her privileges. . . . If there be one lesson

which history clearly teaches, it is this : that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall in pieces from mere incompetence for its duties."

Whether Froude, writing in 1879, was right or wrong in his interpretation of Roman history is not here in issue ; but the passage may serve to remind us that the recent decision of our Supreme Court deals with very old matters, and that a thousand years, or two thousand, are very little space in which to work out satisfactorily the fundamental problem of how human beings, in a world apparently intended for their habitation, shall live side by side.

REGULAR readers of the Atlantic will doubtless recall the brilliant essay by Woodrow Wilson which introduced, last January, the series of papers devoted to the Reconstruction Period. Certain passages of the essay, setting forth the far-reaching changes wrought by Reconstruction, gain a fresh significance if re-read in the light of the late decision of the Supreme Court in the Porto Rican cases. None of our historians have grasped more philosophically or phrased more deftly the fact, evident enough to everybody now, that the national will, as expressed through the Congress, is certain to discover or create constitutional warrant for its actions.

Here are a few sentences from the essay. Their application to the problems arising out of our new possessions is one more illustration of the vital relation between "past politics" and the history that is making before our eyes.

"First of all, it is clear to every one who looks straight upon the facts, every veil of theory withdrawn, and the naked body of affairs uncovered to meet the direct question of the eye, that civil war discovered the foundations of our government to be in fact unwritten ; set

deep in a sentiment which constitutions can neither originate nor limit. The law of the Constitution reigned until war came. Then the stage was cleared, and the forces of a mighty sentiment, hitherto unorganized, deployed upon it. A thing had happened for which the Constitution had made no provision. . . . When the war came, therefore, and questions were broached to which it gave no answer, the ultimate foundation of the structure was laid bare : physical force, sustained by the stern loves and rooted predilections of masses of men, the strong ingrained prejudices which are the fibre of every system of government. . . . It unmistakably uncovered the foundations of force upon which the Union rested.

"It did more. The sentiment of union and nationality, never before aroused to full consciousness or knowledge of its own thought and aspirations, was henceforth a new thing, aggressive and aware of a sort of conquest. It had seen its legions and felt its might in the field. It saw the very Constitution, for whose maintenance and defense it had acquired the discipline of arms, itself subordinated for a time to the practical emergencies of war, in order that the triumph might be the more unimpeded and complete ; and it naturally deemed nationality henceforth a thing above law. . . . The Constitution knew no such process as this of Reconstruction, and could furnish no rules for it. . . . It is marvelous what healing and oblivion peace has wrought, how the traces of Reconstruction have worn away. But a certain deep effect abides. It is within, not upon the surface. It is of the spirit, not of the body. . . . The real change was the change of air, — a change of conception with regard to the power of Congress, the guiding and compulsive efficacy of national legislation, the relation of the life of the land to the supremacy of the national law-making body. All policy thenceforth wore a different aspect.

"We realize it now, in the presence of

A Fore-shadowing of the Supreme Court Decision.

novel enterprises, at the threshold of an unlooked-for future. It is evident that empire is an affair of strong government, and not of the nice and somewhat artificial poise or of the delicate compromises of structure and authority characteristic of a mere federal partnership. Undoubtedly, the impulse of expansion is the natural and wholesome impulse which comes with a consciousness of matured strength; but it is also a direct result of that national spirit which the war between the states cried so wide awake, and to which the processes of Reconstruction gave the subtle assurance of practically unimpeded sway and a free choice of means."

A FRIEND of the Atlantic and of literature has been good enough to give us the following glimpse of poetry in the making, before it has hardened into the finished commercial product. He says:—

"A sheep herder in Wyoming, after a terrific storm, in which his sheep were almost lost, writes to a friend in the East as follows: 'Inspired by the fine day after the storm, I started a sonnet yesterday, but got through only with eight lines, when I stopped to shoot a jack rabbit. By the time I had cleaned and cooked it the inspiration had gone. Here are the lines: you finish it.'

"These are the eight lines:—

'For five long days and nights the driving
snow

Fled ever onward 'fore the angry blast
From out the icy north; no shadow cast
By sun or moon in all that time. But lo!

A new day dawns. The distant mountains
show

Their broad, majestic brows; the storm has
passed:

The sun in glory shines, and now at last,
Its fury o'er, the wind breathes soft and
low.' "

The sheep herder's friend, in the kindness of his heart, has composed the necessary sestet which rounds a sonnet into its perfect measure of fourteen lines. We shall not rouse the envy of Atlantic

poets by printing the sestet, although we are willing to own that it begins with

"So man, the child of trouble," etc.

The "So man" opening for the sestet of a sonnet will at once be recognized by experts as one of the classic devices for firmly tying the imagery of the first lines to the thought or image contained in the final six. "So man" is a sort of King's Gambit, a pretty safe move to make upon the sonnet chessboard. "The child of trouble" may contain a veiled allusion to the untimely death of the jack rabbit. But this is by no means clear, nor is it essential to the structural unity of the sonnet.

In a country where nearly a thousand poets promptly rushed into rhyme to confute the reasoning of The Man with the Hoe, there should be no lack of sonneteers willing to take the octave printed above and to complete it, as the Wyoming poet himself would no doubt have done triumphantly, had he not paused to shoot, clean, and cook that unfortunate jack rabbit. The Atlantic is of opinion that the most effective sestet (which it hereby pledges itself to print) will be the one which not only completes and enforces the sentiment of the octave, but in so doing manages to indicate the subtle and elusive personality of the jack rabbit as it darts across the poet's vision. Enter the jack rabbit! Whether he should be actually described we are reluctant to pronounce, but surely his presence should be "felt," as William Wordsworth would say. And by the way, would Wordsworth have hesitated a single instant to complete that sonnet? We think not. The "So man" would have sprung to his ready pen as promptly as the Wyoming shepherd seized his murderous gun. And so far from the inspiration disappearing with the entrance of the jack rabbit, we could name a good many Wordsworthian sonnets that would have been far better if some one had started a jack rabbit at the end of the eighth line.

SIDNEY LEE's recent *Life of Shakespeare* is one of the books from **Complementary Truth.** whose perusal the reader arises in a respectful but chastened frame of mind. All the authentic information we have, or probably ever shall have, about the most interesting of human beings is there sifted, collated, clinched, by apt quotation and careful reference, and arranged in the clearest and most methodical manner. If any frivolous and romantically inclined person had, up to this time, dallied with the fancy that discoveries might yet be made which would throw a stronger light on the development of England's greatest intellect, he must now dismiss his dream, and accept the inevitable. The evidence is all in, and any person of average intelligence can sum it up for himself. The bones of Delia Bacon and Nathaniel Holmes and the very late Ignatius Donnelly lie bleaching on either side of the straight and admirably made road by which we have been led. "They perished in their daring deeds." We know as well as we can ever hope to know that Shakespeare was not born in any extant room or under any subsisting roof; though he may have been, and probably was, born at a point of space now inclosed by the walls and covered by the roof of the tidy shrine to which our own fellow citizens do perpetually resort. We know that the boyish poet was in some sort the victim of a comparatively elderly Anne Hathaway, whom he neglected a good deal, perforce, during the period of his London engagements, but to whom he was not seriously and systematically unfaithful. We know that the soul-shaking language and imagery of the sonnets were largely conventional, and employed with only a little less of fire and pathos by some thousands of contemporary sonneteers, in all the European tongues. We know that the "dark lady" was *not* Queen Elizabeth's maid of honor, Mary Fitton, who had the typical English complexion;

and that nobody in his senses, or out, would have dreamed of describing the third Earl of Pembroke, at any period of his career, as "Mr. W. H." We know, furthermore, that Shakespeare can never have studied either law or medicine or science then so called, and with almost equal certainty that he never saw the continent of Europe. We know, finally, beyond a peradventure, that when he had, at a comparatively early age, realized his own modest personal ambition, and settled himself in the unassailable position of richest man in a small country town, his absorbing pre-occupations appear to have been two, — the eccentric design of making his poor relations comfortable, and the yet more bourgeois though perfectly legitimate effort to obtain a coat of arms from the Herald's Office. We feel positively grateful to him for having selected a good, haughty motto, "*Non sans Droict.*"

It all sounds very dry and tame, — hopelessly and conclusively tame. And yet a most unexpected effect is produced upon the mind by this process of ruthless rationalization. It throws one back, somehow, upon sheer mysticism. All that can be explained upon obvious, human grounds bears so minute a proportion to the radiant and imperishable whole, the veiled majesty, the sacrosanct and inviolable personality of the Emperor of our English tongue, that it reacts in the form of an overpowering persuasion, of supernatural agency, and the essential insignificance and evanescence of all seen and temporal things. If this which his latest and most conscientious biographer has given us be the whole ascertainable truth about William Shakespeare, then he remains to be accounted for as the shepherds of Admetus accounted for Apollo; as the Romans accounted for the youthful pair who watered their white steeds, after the battle, at Juturna's well; as the Aztecs accounted for the fair-haired man who came to them from afar, and taught

them to raise the fruits of the earth and of the spirit; nay, — in all reverence be it said, — as the worshipers in the catacombs and the victims in the arena accounted, and their modern representatives, if any, still account, for the brief life that began in Bethlehem and ended on the Mount of Olives. We are driven along converging ways toward one central point, and left no choice but to accept, not the theory of inspiration, merely, but the more stupendous possibility of *incarnation*.

It is indeed remarkable, when one comes to think of it, how small, comparatively speaking, is the amount of positive knowledge which can be obtained, even by the most disinterested devotion and untiring industry, concerning any subject that involves — as what subject does not? — a spiritual coefficient. The complement of what can be definitively ascertained and stated is always so vast that one is continually meeting instances, especially in a materializing epoch, of the thinker who surrenders, in a breath, before he leaves the scene of his visible warfare and accredited victories, the very position which he has spent his best years and powers in laboriously fortifying. St. George Mivart dies unshriven, and the prelate who dismissed him to his supposed doom virtually admits, within two years, the main point of his contention. Julian never said, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" but it was doubtless a sincere convert to complementary truth who first said that he said so. And the young Browning was under a deep conviction of complementary truth in human character when he wrote that striking page in *Paracelsus* which begins, "Naught blinds you less than admiration," and ends with the indelible passage: —

"Trust me,
If there be fiends who seek to work our hurt,
To ruin and drag down earth's mightiest spirits
Even at God's foot, 't will be from such as love,
Their zeal will gather most to serve their cause;
And least from those who hate, who most essay

By contumely and scorn to blot the light
Which forces entrance even to their hearts:
For thence will our defender tear the veil
And show within each heart, as in a shrine,
'The giant image of perfection, grown
In hate's despite, whose calumnies were
spawned
In the untroubled presence of its eyes."

BEING in an educational mood the other evening, I inquired of my cousin Augustina whether she considered that Mr. So-and-So had written the Great American Novel.

"No," said Augustina; "he has simply written a book of which his publishers, if they can be trusted, have sold some two hundred thousand copies."

I waited in silence.

"I wish the people of these United States," said Augustina, "would learn to distinguish between quality and quantity. The trouble is, there are too many of us that know how to read."

"Go on, Augustina," I said.

"Yes," said Augustina calmly, "we are the victims of compulsory and indiscriminate education. We know how to read, but the majority of us would rather lie down and die than think. So we follow the crowd. The crowd," said Augustina, "is only the old mob with a cleaner face and more buttons to its wearing apparel. The crowd, in its youth, happened to fall upon the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and by this means wrestled through a primer and six or seven graded school readers, and then it provided itself with a ticket to some public library. And now it has delivered itself into the hands of the enterprising publisher."

"Well?" I said.

"The publisher has just sent out from his press a naturally told, wholesome, mediocre novel, which some good-natured critic reads, and commends in words far too high for its deserts. The critic smells in each page of the book the vanished pine trees of his youth. So he says, and the crowd, believing him, buys

The Crowd
and the Ad-
fective.

the book, and goes sniffing through it, in the hope of getting its olfactory nerves treated as pleasantly as those of the good-natured critic. Now, to speak the truth," said Augustina, "the crowd cannot tell the difference between a plain New England pine and a cedar of Lebanon."

She plunged ahead.

"And the crowd passes the book around, and helps to swell the chorus started by the publisher and the good-natured critic; and at last even those people who do know and love literature begin to have doubts in regard to the matter. And yet Mr. So-and-So's work is not art and not literature, and I protest against the false position it holds in the estimation of the public. So, I repeat, there are too many of us that know how to read."

"And who is to blame in the matter?" I inquired.

"The good-natured critic," answered Augustina promptly. "He should come out and say: 'My dear people, here is a new book, which in regard to style is without form and void. It contains no character that is vital enough to last. But it is a good book, a natural book, a perfectly harmless book. Read it, and you will still be able to sleep the sleep of the just.'"

"And what good would that do?" I asked.

"Well, the critic would tell the truth, and that is good for his soul. It might help to preserve the artistic balance. As it is, the crowd seems to be trying to perpetuate its amateur, lawless opinions. For the crowd," said Augustina, fixing a solemn eye upon me, "in spite of all the boards of education in this world or the next, will never know a piece of literature, even if it should live under the same roof with it."

"Well?" I said helplessly.

"This may be the land of the free," said Augustina, resuming the attack, "but it is not the home of the brave. Witness the general tone of criticism. What we need is some rude old Dr. Johnson to roar out to the good-natured critic, after some particularly genial effusion: 'Trash, sir, trash, and you know it! Is this your method of serving the ends of literature? Are you not aware, sir, that every author needs at first a good sound licking?'"

"Go on, Augustina!" I cried from my corner.

"I am thinking of organizing a Society for the Preservation of the Adjective," said Augustina. "Between the publisher and the critic, and the critic and the crowd, it bids fair to decline into a state of chronic invalidism. I have a sentimental attachment for the adjective; a good, virile one has many a time prevented me from the shedding of blood."

"Go on."

"The publisher and the critic and the crowd together have so twisted and wrenched and hammered and beaten the adjective that it is fast going its way to the ambulance and the hospital. The national government should be called on to insist upon all writers' abstaining from the use of this important little part of speech until it has recovered its old-time vitality and health."

"Well?"

"Now listen," and she rattled off a long list of words, and stopped for breath. "'Cohesive' is the last, a brand-new one, but it is already showing signs of senile decay. Suppose Fielding or Thackeray were to come back from the tomb: with what word could we hail him? Or suppose some one *should* actually write the Great American Novel?"

And this was the last word I could get out of her.